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LETTER-WRITING.*

" If there is any foundation for the prophecy of a recent French writer, that the telegram will ere long supersede the usage of letter-writing, one may be excused for attempting to catch, before it is numbered with the dead past and becomes the province of the archæologist, the lineaments of an art which has contributed so much to the happiness of civilized man. Not, perhaps, that there is immediate cause for alarm in an age which has shown remarkable toleration for "Letters" and "Selections from Letters," possibly because they supply a gossiping substitute for biography; but, doubtless, the inducements to shine in correspondence are fewer, as the field also is more limited, when we have two or three posts a day instead of as

many in the week, and when the rusticating statesman can look to the pile of morning papers on his breakfast-table for a fuller and less biassed survey of the last debate than in old times he would have got from the epistle of a political friend. Even in domestic correspondence it makes all the difference to the interest of a modern-day letter that its thread may be dropped anywhere, to be resumed easily on the morrow, upon lighter pleas than when there was less facility and frequency of transmission, and when, franked or unfranked, nothing less than a budget found its way into the post-bag. Such hope as remains lies not so much in old-fashioned inducements to completeness as in the cultivation, for its own sake, of a gift still capable of circulating pleasure; a gift still valued at its full worth where the traditions of cultivation are not yet discarded: a gift which has this peculiarity, that, so far from being prescriptively limited to the stronger sex, it has in modern times reckoned at least as many

First Series, 1867. Second Series, 1868.

2. History of Letter-Writing, from the Earliest Period to the Fifth Century. By William Roberts, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London, 1843.

NEW SERIES .- VOL. XII., No. 6.

^{* 1.} Half-Hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers. By Charles Knight, Editor of "Half-Hours with the best Authors." First Series 1868.

women as men among its most distinguished possessors. In the annals of letterwriting there have been "letter-writers and letter-writers," good and indifferent correspondents: but whereas many men's epistles have suffered in point of ease and expression from their devotion to method and close reasoning, their addiction to hobbies, or their inability to distinguish between a letter and a memoir, or a missive, it seems as if female fingers had that lightness of touch, and the female instinct that tact to know when a topic is becoming wearisome, and that often-noticed grasp of conclusions, without regard of premises, which, more than elsewhere, find their proper scope on the written page. might be straining a point to say that the best letter-writers have been women; or else men, whose style and tone have had some more or less feminine element : but, at any rate, it were easy to demonstrate that the essentials to success in this art are for the most part of such a nature that in them, with somewhat less than "equal husbandry," the woman may be the "equal of the man."

For what are these essentials? Not to go to Johnson's paper in the "Rambler" to discover, amid many platitudes, an obvious grain of truth as to "ease and simplicity," "even flow and artless arrangement," we might cite dozens of writers upon the subject, theoretical as well as practical, who reckon as its sine qua non the extemporaneousness of this class of composition. "Scribito extempore, scribito quod in buccam venerit," is a law laid down by Erasmus in a treatise "De Epistolà conscribendà," of which it is needless to say more than that it is far less readable than its author's letters. Madame de Sévigné, Cowper, Burke, and others enforce the same requirement; and, in truth, the slightest analysis of the ingredients of a good letter will show how much is embraced in this word "extempore." Negatively, it excludes affectation and unreality: positively, it insures spontaneity, and, as we should say in these days, a photographic transcript of the writer's mind, and of the circumstances surrounding him at the time of writing. Above all, herein lies the best security against aught of "dry or withered" creeping in where, as a patient inquirer into the History of Ancient Letter-writing observes, "the fruit should have upon it the bloom of our

youngest thoughts, and a maiden dew should be on its leaf." *

But it may be objected that this "offhand" character will not always or chiefly be found in the same individual as the grace and elegance which we associate with good letter-writing. Without going all lengths with M. Boissier, in his "Ci-céron et ses Amis," we may be content to accept so much of his dicta on this point as ascribes very much of epistolary success to a "feminine" desire to please. Vanity and coquetry—these are terms misplaced in such an inquiry, even if they do not militate against the extemporaneousness above mentioned; yet whereas men are apt to set lightly by the praise of a home-circle, or the laurel leaflet at the bestowal of a single member of it, and to reserve their best style for the public eye and an audience that can compensate their efforts with whole bay-trees, so to speak, the unselfish feminine instinct does not account time or tact wasted in directing all its artillery at the capture of an individual, and its whole aim at the creation of enjoyment which the sense of pleasure in creating renders mutual. And this not so much consciously as from traditional habit. We know not how else to account for the phenomenon which has puzzled many before and since La Bruyère, "pourquoi les femmes vont plus loin que nous dans ce genre d'écrire;" but, accepting this solution, we seem to trace the spring of manifold instances of naïveté, arch use of language, wit, and other charms, in letters that have won and retained popularity. It is so with Madame de Sévigné. It is so with Cicero. Nay, if this desire to please is synonymous with coquetry, where is there a more thorough sample of it than in that stateman's letters? The very frankness of his vanity (e.g. in his letter to Lucceius) not only disarms repulsion, but wins our confidence. In strength or weakness, we cannot help saying of him what he says of his brother Quintus, "Te totum in literis vidi." Another ingredient, which must find a place in the composition of a good letter-writer, or else be represented by some very skilful imitation of it, is "heartiness." The impression of sincerity is essential to a writer's acceptance; and should this impres-

^{* &}quot;History of Letter-Writing," by Wm. Roberts, Esq., 1843, p. xix.

sion prove base, and the stamp false, the charm of a correspondence is at an end. It is not, perhaps, bounden that this heartiness should be either very deep or very exclusive: but the amalgamation of the other requisites for a good letter with insincerity or even reserve is utterly unfeasible. If, however, a letter combines spontaneity, desire to please, and heartiness or cordiality, it can scarcely miss its favorable mark as an epistolary production through the lack of subordinate graces. Simplicity, life, play of fancy, flashes of unpremeditated wit, with a due mixture of the real and the earnest, will come under one or other of these heads, unless, indeed, the writer's dulness be such as would have forbidden excellence in other pur-

suits equally with letter-writing. That the elements of success in epistolary correspondence have been mainly such as we have indicated, a survey of the history of the subject would amply prove. As, however, our space does not warrant such a survey in detail, we must content ourselves with a rapid glance at the annals of letter-writing, reserving the right to pause here and there for a longer rest when some representative letter-writer arises to attract our attention. We do not propose to trace back to remote antiquity, or to discuss with the opponents of Homeric unity the precise nature of the "Bellerophontean letters." A lively sense of the value of the substitute which epistolary correspondence provides for conversation and personal good offices disinclines us to speculate on the σήματα λυγρά, which, whatever they may have been, were fraught with bale rather than blessing. Certainly, the most ancient letters-David's to Joab about Uriah, Jezebel's in the matter of Naboth's vineyard, and the rest-were in the nature of mandates or despatches rather than of free and friendly intercourse. They were "libelli" in the Roman sense, not "lit-Sir William Temple, who enjoyed the highest repute in his day as an elegant letter-writer, was led, perhaps, more by sympathy than study to credit the genuineness of the letters of Phalaris. And had no Bentley arisen to sweep away the pretty pile built up by these pretended letters, a very respectable antiquity might have been pleaded for systematic letter-writing; and readers might still be found to discredit the stories of the Brazen Bull, and the king that ate his offspring, as inconsistent with the civilization and affection displayed in his "fardel of commonplaces" to his friends and relatives. As it is, scepticism has proved its case in respect of most of the epistolary forgeries connected with the names of Greek authors and teachers, which accordingly serve no better purpose than to indicate the attraction of a later period to this form of literature, and its skill in supplying what was not by what might have been or ought to have been. The Pythagorean correspondence, especially that part of it which consists of Theano's letters to divers injured or inexperienced matrons, strikes us as betraying a much higher ideal of social and domestic life and its duties than is in keeping with the age in which it purports to have been written. And the letters attributed to Socrates, Xenophon, Aristippus, Euripides, and Alciphron are, no doubt, like most of the so-called "Greek letters," mere rhetorical essays. specimen, indeed, which we have of Xenophon's letter of condolence to Xantippe, after her husband's death, makes us think lowly of the invention of the forger who did not withal, while he was about it, furnish that strong-minded widow's reply. Neither is it much gain to the history of letter-writing that Bentley and Mr. Grote agree in pronouncing genuine the letters attributed to Plato; for the latter authority is constrained to admit that Plato, if a letter-writer, is not a graceful one, and that, "tried by our canons about letterwriting, his epistles seem awkward, pedantic, and in bad taste."*

In fact, it is not to Greece, but to Rome—the Rome of Cicero's day—that we look for a model, which has held its own from that day to this, of a perfect epistolary style. After Cicero's age, indeed, came in the didactic style of epistle, with Seneca; and with Pliny the younger a rhetorical, showy, less spontaneous composition, which bears the mark upon its face of being intended for publication. Cicero is the type of a perfect letterwriter, never boring you with moral essays out of season, always evincing his mastery over his art by the most perfect consideration for your patience and amusement. Towards this his skill and tact in depict-

Grote's "History of Greece," vol. x., p. 604, note.

his paper with living forms, and shifts the scene before they are felt to be wearisome. What life, what candor, what presentment of the scene and actors to the mind's eye do we recognize in that letter to Atticus which describes Cæsar's visit to him after his victories in Spain! The tactics of both are laid bare in a few graphic touches; but how cleverly, how distinctly, how sufficiently! In another letter to Atticus he writes amusingly of the boredom he meets at the hands of his next neighbors at his Formian farm, and sets visibly before our eyes the unseasonable visitors from whom he has half a mind to escape to his cradle, Arpinum.* Each letter bears the stamp of extemporaneousness. It is lost labor to assure his correspondents, "Fit enim nescio quid ut quasi coram adesse videar cum scribo aliquid ad te." He does so present himself in the mood of the hour-now sanguine, now desponding-but rarely without a pinch or two of that rare "salt" which he held a prime condiment of his epistolary banquets. It is in his letters to his epicurean ally, Papirius Pætus, or to the social Volumnius, nick-named for his convivial qualities Eutrapelus, or to other likeminded correspondents, that he opens most freely the treasure-house of his wit, and exhibits that admixture of vanity and desire to please which approaches coquet-Witness the engaging egotism with which he twits Volumnius with neglecting his (Cicero's) salt-works. + He hears that people take Sextius's jokes for his, and is disappointed that they have not his own mark upon them. From Pætus he angles for compliments on the tone and variety of his letters, t baiting his hook with deft allusions to his friend's old Roman wit and descent. To him also he is full of jokes about "peacocks for supper" at Volumnius's, in company with the frail and fair Cytheris (about whom, by the way, he is far more reticent than a later gossip, Mr. Pepys, would have been), and about other table matters which indicate that writer

ing scenes and characters to the life is a and reader set up for "gourmets." But great help. He has gauged his correspon- his desire to amuse shows itself even in dent's distaste for the abstract. He fills graver epistles. When, in much depression, he is complaining to Curius * of an arbitrary act of Cæsar's, viz. appointing Caninus Rebilus consul for the rest of the day, after Q. Maximus had died in the morning of the last day in the year, he cannot help salting his letter with a jest at the consul "under whose rule no one ever breakfasted," and another on the same worthy's vigilance, in that "he never once slept during his consulship." He is full of this sort of pleasantry; least so, perhaps, to Atticus, from whom he keeps back not one of the workings of his variable, irresolute, sanguine, but never insincere nature. Though his correspondence as a whole lays him open to the charge of seeking to stand well with both sides, and of saying, as in the case of Cato, one thing at one time and another at another about the same individual, we think that not the most Cæsarian of his critics would deny the thorough heartiness of his friendships, or that pervading kindliness of spirit, at the prompting of which his good-nature was apt to outrun his judgment. The warmth of his domestic, and particularly his fatherly, affections is abundantly seen in his correspondence; and his relations with his dependent, Tiro, bespeak sentiments far in advance of his age. On the whole, we should rifle the volumes of antiquity in vain to find a letter-writer who converses on paper so naturally, so engagingly, so much from the heart, as Cicero.

> To institute a comparison between Cicero and Seneca would be waste of labor. The end and aim of the latter is to clothe in the form of an epistle every quæstio or quæstiuncula of philosophy as it occurred to him. Does he start his twelfth epistle with a pleasant gossip about the symptoms of decay in his country-house reminding him perforce of his own "yellow leaf," one finds after a couple of sentences that it is prelusive to a discourse on the improvement of "each shining hour." Or another by telling us that all the world beside himself is off to a spectacle; it is with a view to enforcing by his precept, as well as example, the value of retirement and study. He twists moral lessons out of Vatia's villa (Ep. 55)

^{*} Ad Att., ii. 14, 15, † Ad. Fam. vii. 32. Elsewhere he says, "My wit is an estate which I will sedulously maintain." ‡ Ad Fam. ix. 21. See also Merivale's "Abe-

ken's Life and Letters of Cicero," p. 331.

and that of Africanus (86), and makes a matter-of-fact language. It is the same if sea voyage serve for a peg whereon to hang a picture of the waves of this troublesome world (77). Oftener, however, there is no ghost of an anecdote, joke, or fact to enliven his dreary disquisitions, and no better account of the difference betwixt his letters and Cicero's can be given than his own, namely, that Cicero's principle was to write whether he had anything to say or not, whereas his was never to put pen to paper unless to propound something edifying.* By this we know the man and the nature of his communications, of which we suspect that Lucilius must have tired by the time he had got over the first hundred. "There are some," says an early letter-writer of our own country, "who in lieu of letters write homilies: they preach when they should epistolize.'

Pliny's letters are not like Seneca's, for they possess elegance, life, and various interest. But they cannot pretend to be unstudied, having been revised and polished, if not originally written, for publication. Hence the air of coxcombry which clings to each letter as we read it, and of which the infection has extended to too much modern letter-writing. There is no doubt Pliny set up Cicero for his model: † his mistake was to aim at transferring to the familiar epistle the flow and finish of Ciceronian oratory. How Erasmus could have characterized Pliny's epistolary style as "negligentiunculus" is past comprehension. He could not call a spade a spade. If he hazards a doubt whether Silius Italicus is a born poet, and whether he does not bore you with his verses, it is couched in words chosen for size and sonorousness, and in sentences balanced by a jealously critical ear. † Where another man writing to his wife at the seaside for her health would tell her in so many words that he was anxious about her and would like to hear often, Pliny prefers his request in the sentence "Quo impensius rogo ut timori meo quotidie singulis vel etiam binis epistolis consulas," and words his whole letter so finely that a translator of it in the third volume of the "Tatler" has evidently thought his skill should be devoted to reducing it to

he writes from a friend's sick-room (i. 22), or gives an account of the habits of an octogenarian (iii. 1). All is written in the grand style. All is primness and red-tape. His very excellences-narrative and descriptive—are depreciated by prolixity, not without a slight suspicion of selfishness. We do not agree with those who say his letters came from his head, and not his heart, for he is at times wonderfully tender: but beyond a doubt the impression of heartiness runs a risk of being effaced by too manifest elaboration; and for internal evidence of Pliny's desire to please, the reader of his letters must look to the pains he spent on them. After him, however, there arose no Latin writer, whose letters have influenced modern epistolary styles. The letters of the Greek and Latin Fathers - of Basil, Gregory of Nazianzus, and John Chrysostom on the one hand, of Ambrose, Augustin, and Jerome on the other-represent a mass of material, possessing interest for the student of ecclesiastical history, but foreign to that of the rise and progress of familiar letter-writing. Although no strangers to the patristic writings, the early literati of modern Europe seem to have derived little in their style of Latin correspondence from later sources than Pliny: nor have we, in our turn, incurred any debt to these modern Latinists, preferring to go for what we needed to the fountain-head.

In his translation of the letters of Pliny, Melmoth finds fault with the scarcity, up to his time, of good English letter-writers, and professes inability to name another beside Sir William Temple. Dean Swift, too, prefacing that statesman's correspondence, notices "a just complaint that up to his time the English language had produced no letters of any value." fect he proposed to remedy by the publication of the letters of an "an author who has advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear." Cautious words, written with we know not how much inward reservation! For a man of the world and of affairs, a diplomatist and minister, Sir W. Temple was not only a skilful and cultivated writer, but also, in spite of his credulity touching "the two oldest classics," a passable scholar. His correspondence will chiefly interest the historian: yet it has its merits, positive and negative. It is chary of those compli-

^{*} Seneca, Ep. 118.

^{† &}quot;Est mihi cum Cicerone æmulatio, nec sum contentus eloquentia seculi nostri." – i. 5. Ep. "Ad Voconium,"

[‡] Ep. iii. 7.

ments, which so many letter-writers scatter broadcast, but enhances the acceptancy of such as are paid, by this very chariness. There are jets of humor, too, in most of his letters, and he has a happy way of putting the man he writes of before his correspondent in a few touches. Writing to Lord Arlington of a Dutchman, bound to him on a mission from the Hague, he says, "Your Lordship will find nothing to lessen your esteem of his person, unless it be that he is not always so willing to hear as to be heard, and out of the abundance of his imagination he is apt to reason a man to death." If we add that, as might be expected of one sotversed in negotiations of the first magnitude, he is a clear exponent of views and events; that, though no flatterer, he never neglects the expression of lively interest in his correspondents; and that in his letters, as in his other writings, he exhibits abundant tokens of a good conceit of himself; and we have the clue to the favor with which his contemporaries viewed Sir William Temple's letters. But "vixere fortes ante Agamemnona." Not to go back with Mr. Charles Knight, in the amusing "Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers," which have in part suggested the present essay, to such rough-hewn epistles as the "Paston Letters"* of the fifteenth century, or to dwell on such pompous inanities as those of Sir Symonds d'Ewes in the troubled times of Charles I., letters that might stand the test of stringent epistolary criticism might be found in the correspondence of the Syd-Lord Bacon's neys under Elizabeth. mother wrote a quaint, strong-minded epistle; her distinguished son, one that was full of matter, if a trifle addicted to conceits and antitheses. A letter of Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, elder son of James I., gives the impression of a lively and fluent pen and fancy. But, all things considered, we are inclined to regard the author of the "Epistolæ Ho-ellianæ" as the most successful letterwriter of the Stuart period-superior, at all events, to his junior, Sir William Tem-

with the year 1665, and in 1666 James Howell closed, at the age of seventy-one, a very remarkable career. The son of a Welsh clergyman on the borders of Brecknockshire and Caermarthenshire, and born in a district even now shut out by difficulties of access from the civilization of more favored regions, he was sent for his early education to Hereford Cathedral School, and thence, perhaps with an exhibition, to Oxford. But these antecedents scarcely prepare us for such knowledge of men and cities, such linguistic skill, such wit, wisdom, mature observation, and singular ease of style, as his letters, and indeed many of his other works, exhibit. continental travels had a commercial object; but his letters from abroad are full of lively and intelligent remarks on politics, society, and literature. His highest post was the (we fear unlucrative) office of Historiographer Royal to Charles II. after the Restoration; but his correspondence with many of the highest rank in Church and State proves him to have moved in a higher grade than he could have dreamed of "when he carried a calfskin satchel to school at Hereford, or wore a lamb-skin hood at Oxford." And this position must have been retained, if not won, by his epistolary skill, the memorials of which still find admiring readers, although his other works are well-nigh forgotten. It was great thing for him that he rightly conce. d of a letter-writer's

The published letters of the latter begin

"It was a quaint difference," he writes, in 1625, "the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration, that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side-robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourish, but a letter or epistle should be short coated and closely couched: a hungerlin * becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown: indeed we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms."

And his practice illustrates his theory. When he writes from Madrid of "our Prince's" wooing of the Spanish Infanta,

^{*} The first of these, in Mr. Knight's collection (series ii. p. 4), bears date 1476-7: and the main interest in those which he quotes lies in the directness with which the writer pursues the object of writing, viz, to enhance his fortunes by a matrimonial speculation.

^{* &}quot;A kind of furred robe."—Wright and Halliwell's Dict.

or from France of "His Majesty's" wedding Henrietta Maria; if he has to narrate the manner of Buckingham's murder, or Lord Chancellor Bacon's end; if he pictures to a correspondent the dangers of Paris after dark, or retails two practical jokes played in the retinue of the Duke of Alva; those who glance at these specimens of his style in Mr. Knight's pages will find him never tedious nor forced; ever watchful against detours and divergences; bent to set his matter before the reader with life and spirit. There is an affectionate and hearty tone in his more domestic letters: and his general correspondence is remarkably free from the priggism and the conceits of his age. One forgives, for example, the classical allusions, because they are not made too much of, in the following description of a newly-married couple, which gives a fair sample of his amusing vein :-

" I was according to your desire to visit the new married couple more than once, and to tell you true I never saw such disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life: he handsome outwardly, but of odd conditions; she excellently qualified, but hardfavored; so that one may be compared to a cloth of tissue doublet, cut upon coarse canvas, the other to a buckram petticoat lined with satin. I think Clotho had her fingers smutted in snuffing the candle, when she began to spin the thread of her life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up; but Aglaia with the rest of the Graces was in good humor when they formed her inner parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing : one would take delight to see her dance if masked; and it would please you to discourse with her after dark, for then she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a wife, but from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you and your faithful friend to serve you." *

Howell is an adept, too, at seasoning his letters with an anecdote or a "mot," as may be seen in the following extract, which has escaped the notice of compilers:—

"The King of France being lately at Calais and so in sight of England, he sent this Ambassador Monsieur Cadenet expressly to visit our King: he had audience two days since, where he, with his train of ruffling long-hair'd Monsieurs, carried himself in

such a light garb, that after the audience, the King asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French Ambassador. He answer'd, that he was a tall proper man. Aye, his Majestie replied, but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an Ambassador? Sir, said Bacon, Tall men are like high houses of foure or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished."

But he is happy enough when he has no such anecdote, and can generally make his point "e re natå." Writing to one Mr. Stone, he calls him, "My precious Stone;" and addressing an old friend in the county where he passed his school days, he assumes that the grass grows so fast in his fields, "that if one should put his horse there, he should not find him again next morning." In short, James Howell fulfils all requirements of a pleasant letter-writer, and was less than most epistolists of his age dependent on his matter for the charm of his correspondence.

About the same period the Rev. George Garrard edged himself into a correspondence with the Deputy of Ireland, afterwards the ill-fated Strafford; and in Charles Knight's second series are one or two letters of this epistolary jackai; one in particular narrating the origin of hackney coach-stands; but as what inspired his pen was the "magister artis ingenique largitor venter," he is scarcely entitled to posthumous renown for his not inconsiderable skill at his craft. Closer to Sir William Temple's age came a livelier gossip, Samuel Pepys, the dearest "chronicler of small beer" on ecord: but as none are unacquainted with his visions of fine women, his confessions how he killed time in St. Dunstan's Church, and his easy credence of his friend's protestations that he was another Cicero, and as besides he was more correctly a diarist, we pass on to more bonâ fide letter-writers. One such, to whom Mr. Knight's "Half-hours" introduce us, is a midshipman, son of Sir Thomas Brown, the author of the "Religio Medici," a capital specimen of an early "muscular Christian." Writing to his father from on board ship in the war between England and the Dutch, and actually in the "Annus Mirabilis," this lad can talk critically about Lucan's "Phar

^{*} Lett. 33, "Elegant Epistles," p. 208.

^{* &}quot;Familiar Letters," sect. ii., p. 2.

to the Dutch fleet in the Nore, and extemporize a very naive reply to his sire's their business, muskets sound like popguns." "He that often stands in the face of a cannon will not think anything terrible. In and after all sea-fights I have been very thirsty, which makes me always provide some bottles of quick and middle beer to carry with me, whereby, having found so great relief in the hot fight of last month, I have got six bottles from a gentleman on the Essex shore, which I reserve for that use." Cotton wool in the ears during action was not so important, it seems, as wherewithal to "wet one's clay" after it. Another letter-writer, Lady Rachel Russell, was nerved for her immemorial part, and for her correspondence with her husband during his imprisonment, and after his death with others, by a kindred spirit, differently tried. The key-note of her letters is "fortitude": and no reader can peruse them without being impressed by their spontaneousness, sincerity, and high resolve. But the story told of herthat having to leave one daughter's house who had just died in child-birth, for another's whose confinement was imminent, she had command of countenance enough to approach her surviving daughter with the words, "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day"-is more quotable than her letters, at least those after her great bereavement, when she has none to whom she can send such home news as "Boy is asleep! girls singing a-bed." *

But a little earlier than Lady Rachel, another ornament of her sex was writing letters on the other side the Channel, destined thenceforth to assert at least the equality, if not the superiority, of woman in this class of compositions. Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, in her famous letters to her daughter, has taught her sex the way to unite spontaneousness, attractiveness, and thorough heart, in a sustained correspondence; and her pages are so replete with anecdote, wit, and penetration, that they will bear any amount of re-perusal. Her daughter's marriage with the Count de Grignan, and consequent removal to his distant government of Provence, gave birth to this de-

salia," foresee the issue of counsels that led lightful series of letters: the sole approach to a fault in which is the mother's extravagant praise of her daughter's wit, goodness, advice how to stand the noise of great and beauty, -a fault which may count for guns in action. To sailors "intent on a virtue if we regard it as a pious fraud to retain the affections of her absent daughter. In a recent volume of poems Miss Smedley says :-

> "The periodic task Of written talk is hard to many hearts. Few only warm it with such living breath That it becomes a voice."

And among these few it may be doubted whether any have been, or deserved to be, more successful than Madame de Sévigné. The great secret of this is the unstudiedness of her letters, a feature which it needed not her own brilliant criticism on this point to bring into prominence. The ink ought to have been perfect that could keep pace with the easy flow of her sentences. At Paris, and in retirement; fresh from court gossip, or at her remote country seat, full of naught except the readings-aloud with which she and her intimates beguiled a rainy day, she equally poured out her heart in the most delightful budgets that ever enhanced the expectation of a postbag. Their pervading impression is ten-

"O my dear child!" she writes, "you are not mistaken in thinking my mind is always employed about you: if you were to see me you would see me continually seeking those who love to talk of you: if you were to hear me, it would be continually talking of you myself. I have not yet seen any of those who want to divert me, in other words, to hinder my thinking of you: for I am angry with them for it. Farewell, my child; continue to write to me and to love me!"

This is her most direct method of siege. She varies it by ruses and stratagems, in the shape of lively anecdotes, happy "mots," and most playful allusions to her daughter's remarks; and all this with no appearance of art, in a natural sequence, the charm of which is unspeakable. For skill in the mock heroic vein commend us to her description of the chef-de-cuisine Vatel's end; or of a fire in the same street.* Her account of Turenne's death, and the arrival of James II. in France, are dramatic sketches of a higher stamp,

^{*} Letter to Lord Russell from Stratton, 1681.

^{*} Letters 52 and 22, English translation.

and in depicting character, she speaks to the eye that she may affect the mind, with a distinctness that Cicero might have envied. Among her Ana, which, after the fashion of last century, were gathered into a pleasant duodecimo, is a story of a lady from the country who was so much struck by the jewels, music, incense, and array of bishops at the induction of the Abbess of Chelles that she could not resist exclaiming "Sure I am in Paradise." "A person, who sat near her, rejoined, No, no, Madame, there are not so many bishops there." Madame de Sévigné apologizes for telling this story, which, she writes, "is so hot that she cannot keep it." In one of her earlier letters occurs this pretty sample of affectionate raillery, which might serve as an argument against hating too vehemently, however great the provocation :-

"What you write about La Marans, and the punishments that will be inflicted on her in Hell, is altogether incomparable: but do you know that you will certainly bear her company thither, if you persist in your hatred to her. Only think of being condemned to her company for all eternity, and that surely will suffice of itself to put you upon making your peace with God by for-giving her. I am glad I thought of putting you in mind of this: it is certainly an inspiration from Heaven." †

Madame de Sévigné has exercised an undeniable influence on epistolary literature. Many of our aspirants to the praise, which she won without effort, have directly or indirectly borne testimony to this. Not only have they imitated her unstudied style, but her name is on their lips, when they would personify perfect letter-writing. Thus Gibbon, in his correspondence, recommends Mrs. Porten to

"read the letters of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter. I don't doubt of their being translated into English. They are properly what I called at the beginning of my letter, letters of the heart: the natural expressions of a mother's fondness, regret at their being at a great distance from one another, and continual schemes to get together again. All that—won't it please you? There is scarcely anything else in six whole volumes, and notwithstanding that, few people read them without finding them too short." I

Horace Walpole, too, than whom, to judge from the business and pleasure of his life, there could hardly have been a more competent critic, cannot speak too warmly of her charm. "She has the art," he writes, "of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance, and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited." Elsewhere he professes astonishment at a correspondent preferring Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters to those of Madame de Sévigné. This same Lady Mary-with all her faults second to few English letter-writers-must have felt her French rival's supremacy when she wrote, "Keep my letters: they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence." Her studious disparagement of the charming Frenchwoman, in her correspondence, betrays a sense of inferiority; and the cause of this inferiority is expressed to a nicety by Mr. Charles Knight when he says, "The Frenchwoman writes out of the abundance of the heart, the Englishwoman out of the clearness of the head." Whatever Lady Mary wrote bore the stamp of a strong head, a cultivated intellect, and a lively, not bitter, wit. She was on good terms enough with herself to be good-natured, and was perhaps too masculine to let good-nature compromise self-respect. Her letters, we can well believe, were extemporaneous, although they have about them an air of consciousness of epistolary skill. Her unromantic tone tells against her sometimes, though it must have stood her in stead as to keeping at arms' length "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." In the correspondence, which at first flattered her vanity, betwixt her and Pope, the man is the weaker vessel, and her adroit answers to his over-fervid professions merit the praise of prudence, even if she owes it to a lack of heart. In unaffected style, though not in his sardonic vein, she rather resembles Pope's correspondent, Dean Swift, than those earlier correspondents of his, to whose compliments and trivialities she gives the "coup de grace." It is a

pity that her very amusing letters abound

^{*} Letter 562, English translation.

Vol i. p. 126, English translation, "Half-Hours," 2d series, p. 200.

[&]quot;" Half-Hours," 1st series, p. 411. Mr. Knight's estimate is probably based on a sentence of Lady Louisa Stewart's in 1837:—" The head was the governing power with the one, the heart with the other." See Bohn's "Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu," vol. i. p. 109.

anecdotes, so much so that what Pinkerton makes Horace Walpole say of her, as if from childish reminiscence—"She was always a dirty little thing"-would be very true, if it were not an anachronism. But Horace Walpole had a family prejudice against her: and in all her correspondence it would be hard to find as much spite as he has concentrated into a single letter from Florence to Mr. Conway, which describes in the coarsest terms her "dress, avarice, and impudence."* Indeed she is as superior in abstinence from scandal to this detractor, as she is, in being natural, to her other assailant, Pope. Pope's "haunted chamber" at Stanton Harcourt is notoriously a common-place which did duty in other letters of other localities. And when he tried higher epistolary flights, as in a letter to Steele, they have what Warton calls "an air of declamation unsuited to a familiar epistle," and belong to the class of what a friend of Mr. Knight's has happily christened "composition letters." Now whatever Lady Mary wrote was the fruit of too teeming a stock to need preserving for a second repast, and too good in itself to need garnishing. One cannot justify the low moral tone, which is strikingly evinced in a letter from her to her daughter, Lady Bute, counselling her to encourage the Princess of Wales's partiality for Lord Bute, as it may be of service to their large family. But domestic happiness was no part of her life-programme, or of that easy creed which she professes in a letter to her sister, "I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a countrydance the hands are strangely given and taken while they are in motion; but at last all meet their partners when the jig is done" (August, 1721).

Lady Mary's letters from abroad are models of lively description: she is clever and amusing in her gossip; and when she writes earnestly, as to her husband to stimulate his ambition, she is able to throw maxims of common sense and worldly wisdom into plain, forceful, words. Theirs might have been a happier union had her wish, expressed to her husband early in their married life, been

in coarse and indelicate allusions and realized: "I wish Mr. Steele would learn you to write to your wife!"

> To that kindly wit and ready letterwriter she did full justice; and no man deserved kindly criticism more than Sir Richard Steele. He little dreamed of being judged by his letters, which, but for his "Prue's" disregard of his solemn charge, would never have recorded his one weakness - impecuniosity, and his many virtues - generosity, tenderness, chivalrous devotion to woman. Such as they are, his scraps to his wife are as full of drollery as of affection, and the sternest moralist would hesitate even to say so much in his disfavor as that "he was no man's enemy but his own." But Steele's character has been vindicated in an earlier volume of the Quarterly Review,* and his letters need mention only for contrast with his contemporaries. It may have been through the refined devotion to woman which breathes in his papers in the "Tatler," that the more cultivated of the sex took heart of grace to occupy a field, which they can so easily appropriate as that of epistolary composition. Sir Richard Steele died in 1729. Before that date Mary Granville had become Mrs. Pendarves, better known to us as the Mrs. Delaney, whose correspondence, extending over more than half a century, has been edited by Lady Llanover. This agreeable writer-one of the bevy of fair dames whose storming of the House of Lords in 1738 forms the subject of one of Lady M. W. Montagu's liveliest letters -lived to see Fanny Burney and Hannah More asserting equal claim with herself to the pen of ready writers. Horace Walpole—a link between two generations had hated Lady Mary, visited Mrs. Delaney, patronized Fanny Burney, and done friendly criticism for Hannah More, before in old age he devoted himself to a later female letter-writer, Miss Berry. These names represent only the front rank of female "epistolists;" but, after eliminating Walpole, Swift, Gray, and Cowper, how few are the male writers of familiar letters who outmatch them! In this quartet of letter-writers, qualities of heart ought to place Gray above Walpole, and Cowper, though in another generation, before This last may have had more

[&]quot; Cunningham's edition of "H. Walpole's Letters," i. p.57.

† "Half-Hours," series i., p. 317.

^{*} Quarterly Review, vol. xcvi., March, 1855.

⁺ For a calculating, worldly letter of Swift, see

heart than Pope, of whom he had much the best of it as a letter-writer, "from the very constitution of his mind, plain, sinewy, nervous, and courting only the strength that allies itself with homeliness." * But though his letters to Stella negative the charge of utter heartlessness, and those to Pope advance a colorable pretence of capacity for friendship, we cannot discover that the world would have lost much had his correspondence, so much coveted by the Delaneys and Lady Betty Germains, been cancelled with as much diligence at Stella's answers to her Dean's letters.

Hunger for preferment and ill-disguised scepticism are not the best inspiration for letters that are to go down to posterity. There is little interest in Swift's letters to Mrs. Pendarves; or, indeed, in hers to him, though her correspondence, as a whole, has its interest mainly from her living to a great age, and having begun early to commit her thoughts to paper. Her diaries and letters are a curious index to the "fuga temporum" and the ebb and flow of fashions. Few who remain can recollect even the going out of the fancy, which Mary Granville's letters recall, for dubbing men-who owned good English names-Gromio and Tranio, Alcander, Roberto, and Vilario. But such was the style in which this fair lady wrote of her male friends to the confidante of her secrets—a style singularly out of place at times, as in the passage where Mrs. Pendarves describes to Lady Margaret Harley the death of her first husband: "I stepped softly for fear of waking Gromio, and as I put by the curtain to get up, how terrified was I when, looking at him, I saw him quite black in the face." This same penchant for romantic names prevented Widow Pendarves till much later from seeing aught that could be misconstrued in being known to her intimates as "Aspasia." Let us hope it was Swift's unadorned style, and her second husband, Dr. Delaney's, less high-flown style, which led her to discard romantic sobriquets, and to be content with calling her husband "D.D.," and Mrs. Dewes, her sister, "Pearly Dew." Her change from gay to grave in the lapse of years is also noteworthy. Widow Pendarves is gayety itself, and a chronicler of gayety as omniscient as Horace Walpole, but without his adder's poison. Shift the scene a few years, and we find Mrs. Delaney deputed to write Lord Titchfield a letter of good advice upon entering Oxford.* This letter is quite a lay-sermon; but for the most part her letters are fairly lively, and, though always a little highflown, exhibit a versatility hardly compatible with previous study. There is in them sometimes a quizzical vein that strikes us as very feminine.

In her last years at Windsor, Mrs. Delaney was thrown much in the society of one who was more than her match in letterwriting, and her junior by half a century, Fanny Burney, the author of "Evelina, and, as Horace Walpole said, "a novelist royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins." There is singular life in her letters to Mr. Crisp, and in her glimpses of circles where she met Burke, Johnson, and Sir Joshua, more interesting topics in our day than the scandalous chronicles of her predecessors. Miss Burney is egotistical. She tells how Sir Joshua Reynolds said of her, "The women begin to make a figure in everything, though I remember when I first came into the world it was thought a poor compliment to say any one did anything like a lady." But her egotism is always amusing; and had her letters been more real and matterof fact, they might have been less attractive. Horace Walpole has always a good word for her, as may be seen more than once in his correspondence with Hannah More, a letter-writer who has two epistolary epochs, marked by her life in the world and her life out of it. With a clear head, sound sense, and great taste for literary pursuits, she combined an energy of purpose in benevolent undertakings which brought her into connection with the philanthropists, who in her day were all of one side in theology. At one period of her life she took pleasure in the gay world; but the time came when she found she could not mix in it even as

a duty. Yet nothing in her letters leads

that to Miss Jane Waryng. "Elegant Epistles,"

p. 433.

* "De Quincey's Works," vol. xv. p. 109-11.

† "Half-Hours," 1st series, p. 141.

^{* &}quot;Mrs. Delaney's Correspondence," vol. ii.,

p. 340-2.

4 "Horace Walpole's Letters," vol. ix., 134. "Half-Hours," series i., p. 184.

to the supposition that society exerted any distracting power over her in her gayest days, or that she was less good and useful then, than after she had detected that there was wormwood in Mrs. Montagu's Sunday tea, and had heard a voice at the Opera House, which said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" * Strangely enough, she drew a distinction between the Opera and the Theatre, and was a long time in weaning herself from the latter, for which she wrote dramas, of course secular. One of her most natural letters is on the death of Garrick, with whom and his devoted widow she lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. When, in later years, she had shut herself up in Cowslip Cottage, she could write letters to Horace Walpole (perhaps because she knew him to be a quiz) in a vein untinctured by narrowness or pharisaism. Indeed, in her least worldly letters there is always something to justify the value set upon her correspondence and society by so many eminent contemporaries; though it is hard to sympathize with her letters to Wilberforce and Daniel Wilson on education and light literature, or to help preferring her worldliness to her unworldliness when we find her objecting to Scott's poetry, because it does not contain "practical precepts" or convey "sound instruction," and praising Prior's "Solomon" for possessing these requisites. One might have thought that in her calm retreat she could have filched an hour or two from the task of "raising dejected pinks and reforming disorderly honeysuckles," or from the composition of "Cœlebs in search of a wife," to make acquaintance (which she did not) with one or two of Scott's novels.

Miss Berry's intimacy with Horace Walpole began in his later years, and as she was one of the latest, so was she also the most refined of his correspondents. Her letters bear out Lady Theresa Lewis's + estimate, in the "Introduction to

her Journal and Correspondence," * that "her judgment always dealt far more severely with every failing in herself than in others," and that "endowed with the strong good sense and power of thought more often attributed to man, she possessed a most feminine susceptibility of feeling." Perhaps these characteristics shine out more brightly by force of contrast, and yet Horace Walpole is scarcely Horace Walpole under her influences. The priggish, selfish egotist seems improved into a man of feeling by his elderly passion for a lady of twenty-five, and few women of her age and time would have used their triumph over his old heart less selfishly or ostentatiously, or have drawn less attention to a sentiment of tenderness, which, if mis-timed, was still complimentary. One of the most curious passages in this correspondence is where the "lord of Strawberry" infers from expressions in a letter of Miss Berry that she would have liked for herself or her sister some place in the Princess's household then in course of formation (A.D. 1794). She had written, "Much as attendance on princes and places at Court are laughed at and abused (by those who cannot obtain them), so desirable do I think any sort or shadow of occupation for women, that I should think any situation that did not require constant attendance a very agreeable thing." With nine-tenths of the world this would have been a hint. For such Lord Orford took it; and one really discerns in his letters of the 2d and 7th of October proofs of a readiness to put himself to trouble and incur obligations, if he could thereby gratify Miss Berry's wish. Her answer exacted no such sacrifice. At the close of a letter explaining that her expressions were general, she gratefully and gracefully acknowledges the zeal of her aged knighterrant: "I wish I had said or could say enough to satisfy my own heart with respect to you-to your offering that interest which I know you not only never prostituted to power, but never condescended to employ even for those who had every claim upon you, except those of the heart. While I retain these, be assured your interest will be a sinecure with

^{* &}quot;Half-Hours," series ii., p. 302.
† It is impossible to write Lady Theresa's name, without being reminded of the statesman, scholar, and philosopher, whose name she bore. Sir George Lewis's Letters have been very recently edited by his brother and successor, and will possess an interest for his many friends and admirers. He would not, however, have coveted the praise of a fluent and facile letter-writer so much as that of a critical and dispassionate thinker; albeit his published letters display his character in its more

playful and homely aspects, and are calculated to enhance the public appreciation of the gentle and lovable nature of the man,

^{* &}quot;Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry," Introd. p. xv.

respect to my further demands upon it." It is but justice to the vain man of ton, who has suffered so much at the hands of critics, as well as to the gentle letter-writer who was one of the very few that could see good in him, to believe that in the professions of these letters both were sincere. Mostly his tone to her is absurdly sentimental, hers to him being uniformly natural. Indeed she has high deserts as a letter-writer. Writing from abroad she is scarcely less lively and interesting than Lady M. W. Montagu, while in far better taste; at home she is more solid than Mrs. Delaney or Miss Burney, and of wider sympathies and toleration than Hannah More. Perhaps she had less humor than common sense; anyhow her ancient admirer failed to leaven her with the bane of his own letters, scandal meant

to represent humor.

Walpole's vast correspondence enough has been said collaterally; it is not desirable to endorse at length the almost uniform verdict on it. But its bulk should teach literary executors the duty of decimation. Like the Sibyl's books, Walpole's letters would be worth more if two-thirds of them had been destroyed. Lord Macaulay concedes their apparent unstudiedness, but doubts whether "this appearance of ease is not the result of labor." Cunningham affirms from ocular demonstration that brief memoranda were made for many of the letters. But though Walpole may have premeditated his matter, their manner may have been strictly extemporaneous. One who lived to write letters, and died when he could write them no longer, can hardly have needed to study their composition; and he himself declared his style to have resulted from the letters of Gray and Madame de Sévigné. An ingenious confession! Faultless models! It were to be wished he had copied these at all times; for Gray's is the chastest of styles, and Madame de Sévigné the most natural of epistolists. Horace Walpole is at times uneven and cumbrous, and never unaffected. every essential of a letter-writer his schoolmate must rank before him. He has more ease, more manliness, and a more naturally playful style; and though he can gossip charmingly, he is no scandal monger. Most happy when, writing of places, or poetry, or subjects more abstract than people and their peccadillos,

he declines to "turn public bagman trained in Walpole's stall," * he realizes our idea of an accomplished scholar unbending with alacrity from the austerities of composition, to entertain his correspondent and secure relaxation for himself. Weigh his letters against Walpole's in a true balance, and can we doubt which will be uppermost? How superior is he in descriptive power, of which an instance may be cited in a letter to Nicholls, after a tour in Hampshire; † how much heartier in his pleasantry, as, when he prepares the same friend and his better half for the difficulties of a college lodging! And if he writes "like a book," all neatness, rhythm, and order, this habit has been contracted in severer studies, and attends him unbidden in his letters. In comparison with Horace Walpole's, these are anything but numerous; and Dr. Warton's motto from Lucretius for Gray's poetry might, with a slight alteration, equally fit his epistolary remains:-

" Suavidicis potius quam multis versibus edam, Parvus ut est cycni melior canor."

Yet, though Mr. Charles Knight accounts Gray "the best letter-writer in the language," it is a question whether-considering his materials, his remoteness from busy life and society, and his consequent paucity of external topics—his fellowcrafts-man Cowper may not dispute the palm. The life-cloud of mental depression which so painfully affects his autobiography, clears off, for the most part, when he indites his letters. The characteristics of these are a mixture of grace, vivacity, tenderness, and good sense. His easy style is set off by a playful wit. And what he writes is so manifestly unstudied, that with an intelligent correspondent there could be no need of his assurance; "Now upon the faith of a poor creature I have said all that I have said without the least intention to say one word of it when I began; but it is thus with my thoughts: when you shake a crab-tree, the fruit falls: good for nothing indeed when you have got it, but still the best that is to be expected of a crab-tree." § His epithet "disgusting"

^{*} Mathias, "Pursuits of Literature," Dia-

Correspondence with Nicholls, Mitford's edition of Gray's works, vol. v. p. 58.

Lucret. iv. 181. S "Half-Hours," series ii., p. 89.

was perhaps overstrong to apply to Pope, as a letter-writer, because he valued no sentence that was not well-turned, and no period that was not pointed with a conceit; but it indicates the antipathy of his own taste to fine letter-writing, and is in perfect keeping with his own contrary practice. As to his depreciation of his crab-tree fruit, happy those, say we, who were privileged to shake the tree. For with fine feeling and good sense there was a flavor of natural wit. At one time, apropos of winding thread for Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin, he' writes-"thus did Hercules, and thus probably did Samson, and thus do I;" and adds, that he can match those heroes in this, though not in killing . At another time a stout obese draughtsman of lace-patterns at Olney supplies him with a quaint fancy; a man whom he supposes "to make his belly his only friend, because it is his only companion, and it is the labor of his life to fill it." Now he delights in some odd reminiscence, as, for instance, how he used to drive a female cousin in a "whiskumsnivel;"* now in a horticultural figure (after the gardener's fashion in the "Waterman"), where he addresses another cousin, "My dearest Rose, whom I thought withered and fallen from the stock, but whom I still find alive." Very few letter-writers have such fascination as Cowper, a fascination quite apart from his repute as a poet, and due entirely to his peculiar epistolary style. The excuse of a slack correspondent-who complains that he has nothing to write about-would fail him for very shame-facedness, if he applied himself to the letters of Cowper, and learnt from them how much may be made out of how little!

In the recently published "Life of Miss Mitford," related in her letters to her friends, perhaps the most delightful substitute for an autobiography in the shape of the correspondence of a lifetime that the present generation has welcomed, it is interesting to find a letter of early date (1811) to Sir William Elford, in which the yet young authoress of "Our Village" awards the palm of epistolary distinction to Cowper, whilst assessing justly the rival attractions of Walpole. "Cowper's letters," she writes,

"have, to me, at least, all the properties of grace; a charm now here, now there; a witchery rather felt in its effect than perceived in its cause. The attraction of Horace Walpole's letters is very different, though almost equally strong. The charm which lurks in them is one for which we have no term; and our Gallic neighbors seem to have engrossed both the word and the quality. 'Elles sont piquantes' to the highest degree. If you read but a sentence, you feel yourself spell-bound till you have read the volume." (Vol. i. p. 153.) We can scarcely err in attributing to the charming critic of these diverse styles a singularly happy blending of both in her own correspondence. Miss Mitford has all the playful wit and frank spontaneity of the recluse of Olney, whilst her interest in the sayings and doings of the political and literary world, her keen appreciation of current gossip and tabletalk, and her disposition and temperament the very reverse of morbid, have all contributed to impart to her letters a pleasant flavor of the epistles of the lord of Strawberry at his best and kindliest moments. Amongst her voluminous readings we have her word for it that these two epistolists occupied honored place, whilst she was repelled by the stiffness and affectation of Pope, and objected even to the studied smoothness of Hayley. Whatever her models, Miss Mitford's place among English letter-writers is one which, through the editorial work of Mr. L'Estrange and Mr. Harness, has mounted to an ascertained eminence; whilst her "Life," recently noticed in these pages, is a rare treat to the lovers of biography. The effusiveness which characterizes her earlier correspondence becomes gradually subdued as she passes the meridian of life, but her warmth and simplicity, geniality, and lively interest in her friends and in the world around her, continuing undiminished to the last, give an impression of "heart" to letters dictated by an exceptionally clever and observant head.

There are other and more recent letterwriters, whom it must suffice to name: the full, clear, kindly Southey; the genial. Sir Walter Scott, whose letter to Southey on his obtaining the Laureateship is a model of hearty congratulation; the grotesquely humorous Charles Lamb; the droll wit of Sydney Smith; and the pen of Hood, dipped alike "in the springs of

^{*} Lady Hesketh's nickname for a gig. See Introduction to Cowper's Poems in Bell's "British Poets."

laughter and the sources of tears." And the list might be supplemented by the names of other letter-writers, long or lately passed away, whose correspondence was above price to its direct recipients, and would find its value justly estimated by posterity.* It is extremely undesirable that discouragements should be multiplied to the cultivation of letter-writing in an age, when it requires self-discipline to write letters at all; and, therefore, we desire to touch but lightly the blot most conspicuous in most published collections. There may be conscious letter-writers, who would fain be "put in a book" when the hand that held the pen can no more do its office. Yet not even these would look complacently on the prospect of surviving in three or thrice-three octavo volumes of correspondence, which, by reason of press and "damnable iteration" of matter, could never possibly be read. A remedy for this would be found in less editorial scruple as to weeding what is either superfluous or purely "compositional." Modest, sensible writers would have more inducement to write with that freedom and lack of constraint without which a letter is worthless, if there were less reason to fear that all they wrote about "everything and nothing" would find its way into print. And, as to the other class, there would be less encouragement for that dissembled labor in composition, which is referable to the hope of eventual publication, and which Colton in his "Lacon" likens to the "dishabille in which a beauty would have you believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at the toilette." Our very best letter-writers have written

on the spur of the moment, with no ulterior aim; and art in letter-writing has no chance against nature.

But to leave the question of future publication, a question not of the essence of letter-writing-is not the art or gift "per se" deserving to be cherished? If it can abridge distance, beguile loneliness, enliven old age, add zest to the friendships of middle life, and communicate home-influences to the boy or the girl at school, its office and mission is worthy of maintenance. We leave out of consideration "the banished lover and the captive maid," for whose sake Pope's Eloisa supposed heaven to have "first taught letters;" although the remotest prospect of either contingency should stimulate young ladies to the attainment, in which their grandames shone pre-eminent. There is for them one sovereign specific "for wafting a sigh from Indus to the Pole," in a way more time-honored than the Electric Telegraph: to sit down pen in hand, and let a clear head dictate the promptings of a free heart. Reading and cultivation will, no doubt, tell upon style and matter; and facility of expression may be enhanced by practice in composition; but as there is a nearer prospect of higher education for women, and as "English" is every day less ignored in boys' schools, we may expect to find these conditions of success become equally attainable. In one point, leisure, the ladies have an advantage, which, if they imitate Hannah More's abnegation, they will decline to exchange for woman's rights or the franchise. They will prefer to emulate the Sévignés and the Berrys, and to bind the busier lords of creation with fetters they will have no inclination to shake off. This power involves no store of tropes and metaphors, nothing but their native tact, and the neatness which is an article of their creed. "I think it as improper and indecorous," writes Savage Landor's Pericles to Aspasia, "to write a stupid or a silly note to you, as one in a bad hand, or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have a worse name, if it relaxes in its attentiveness to please." * Where the precautions necessary are so few and simple, there need never be a failure of pleasant and successful letter-: aters.

^{*} Such a supplement, slight but amusing, will be found in Mr. Seton's "Gossip about Letters and Letter-Writing," published this year (1870), a little volume which deals, in gossiping fashion, with the manner as well as the matter of letter-writing. As to matter, we imagine that the author would not lay claim to more than an acute filling in of the outlines furnished by Charles Knight, though he gives one peculiarly thankworthy addition to the list of first-class female letter-writers, in the person of Lady Duff-Gordon. Not one word of what he says of the unaffected style, catholicity of spirit, and largeness of heart, of the daughter of Mrs. Austin, is superfluous. Mr. Seton's gossip about præloquiums and postseripts, laconic letters and love-letters, autographs and handwritings, legible and illegible, will help to beguite a stray half-hour very passably.

Colton, "Lacon," vol. i., cxxv.

^{* &}quot;Pericles and Aspasia;" Letter cxlii.

Fortnightly Review.

FATHER ARNDT.

Some particulars of the life and doings of one so famous as Ernst Moritz Arndt, the author of the well-known German Fatherland song, and the man who may best be regarded as the representative of that yearning spirit of German unity now so wide-spread, cannot, we think, fail in interest.* Born at the close of 1760, at Schoritz, in the island of Rügen, the son of a farmer and land-agent, he speaks of himself as sprung from aboriginal peasant-stock, and, serfdom still prevailing in his birthplace till after the beginning of the present century, when he himself contributed to its abolition, compares himself also with Horace, as being the son of a freedman. The scene of his childhood is Rügen, the "lovable island" whose shores and hills and forest meet continual mention in his songs. And a rare vigorous life he led there with his brothers and playmates. Out of doors his father, busy, strict, and watchful, hardened and disciplined the lads whom a gentle and pious mother trained and instructed within. Ever a lover of simple nature, we need not wonder that so many of his verses should describe his childish occupations among the flowers and birds, the trees and the cattle; as, for instance, when he says-

"Still the angels of heaven were with me, Watching my father's herds beside the thundering sea,"

We may best understand how completely reality and imagination combined to make one life for him at this time, by perusing his "Stories and Recollections of Childhood." The fullest charm of childhood pervades these sketches, written in his later life. Its peculiar commixture of gravity and humor makes the book delightful reading for young as well as old; and for this reason, that the simplicity and sweetness of the child always remained in

the character of the man; or we may even better say, because the character of the man was in him as a child. It was his simple, pious bringing up which enabled him as a young man to persevere in a selfimposed course of mental and physical discipline to which, in turn, were no doubt mainly due the vigor of mind which enabled him to stamp his influence on three generations of his countrymen, and the vigor of body which sustained and bore that vigorous mind through more than ninety years of time. He gives in his "Recollections" a touching account of how, under temptation, the dread of degenerating into a base, contemptible weakling, made him run away from school at eighteen, and how, in a sort of prevision, he persevered for many years in the strictness of life which he felt might qualify him for being useful in those struggles of his country which his thoughtful mind foresaw must come. Having finished his university studies, with the intention of becoming a clergyman, having even been licensed to preach, and having exercised the permission with considerable success, he yet, from some conscientious doubts as to his own fitness for the office, abandoned his intention of seeking orders. Public life, in some sort, was his vocation; he felt it to be so. His private life had been a proper and instinctive preparation for it. It has been said that the times he lived in made him the man he was; but the fact is, that no man ever more completely made himself what he was than Arndt. And he did it by the moral discipline to which he so early subjected himself, by learning in his own person the practical lesson that to reach excellence requires effort-nil magnum sine labore; in fact, it was not Arndt who needed the times, but the times which needed him.

Free to follow the natural bent of his inclinations, we find him starting forth on his travels through the world. He was one of the most "livable" of men; fresh, genial, candid, and hearty, one who journeyed, not to collect manuscripts or to decipher parchments, but to study for himself the nature of men and of nations. In the many volumes of his travels, published between the years 1798 and 1803,

^{*} In placing such particulars before the reader, although able, in many points, to speak of the dead old patriot from personal knowledge and recollections, we are mainly indebted to an admirable article on Arndt which appeared in the fifth volume of the Preussischer Jahrbücher for 1860 (the year of his death), and was largely, reprinted and circulated at the time.

his cheery, genial spirit is as evident as the comprehensive interest he took in matters unpolitical as well as in the actual politics of the time, in the history which was being made from day to day. After nearly two years of journeying (for the most part on foot), he married a college love, and settled in a professorship of history at the University of Greifswald, in the year 1800. His wife died, however, the following year, leaving him with an infant son. It seemed almost as if his destiny required him, in all the stormy days which were about to pass over Europe, to be free from domestic complications, in order better to act the part which afterwards fell to his share. We find many traces of sorrow and anguish in his poems from this time onwards; but even this bitter trial was not able to shatter the inward confidence and abiding faith which he had gained. From that time forth he was, both in courage and in piety, raised far out of the reach of all the buffets and troubles of destiny, above all enduring doubt or despondency.

In or about 1802 or 1803, he wrote his first political work on the wrongs of the serfs in his Swedish home (Rügen, and that part of Pomerania in which he lived, were Swedish till 1815), which for a time was thought to have brought him into some peril, but in the end helped to do away with the system of serfdom altogeth-

er, with its concomitant evils.

About the same time we find in his Travels through parts of Germany, Italy, and France, his first judgment of the French Revolution of 1789; not an unfavorable one, though he had afterwards bitter cause to modify his views. He shows in this work the liveliest interest in what may be called the humanitarian aspect of the Revolution, and especially in the benefits conferred upon the peasant class of France by its newly enjoyed freedom. Without failing to notice the immorality and the ambition of the French, he celebrates their amiability with the warmest praise; he gives them full credit for disseminating throughout the universe the "holy law of humanity," and in honest admiration pays homage to the "mighty genius of Napoleon."

Arndt's nature and education alike made him able to appreciate this humanitarian merit of the French revolution. His notion of the dignity and force of true manhood was of the soundest; with greater truth and energy, in a more uncompromising manner than any other, he could undertake to combat the heartless assumption of the time, which would have reduced to a mere nothing all that was vigorous. healthy, and natural. And this he did by an outspoken condemnation of the whole over-intellectual tendency of the time, and by insisting on the maxim that knowledge without power is a vain thing. In fact, such was the subject of most of his writings up to the year 1805; it formed also the basis of most of his other works up to the turning-point of his destiny in the year 1811; and remained, though possibly not so prominently as before, the key to his modes of thought and action up to the period of his death.

Already a clearer comprehension of the tendencies of the Revolution induced Arndt to make the French people and their doings form the background of the picture, which, in his work, "Germanien und Europa," he drew of the mistaken culture of the time. After a short period of uncertainty, his opinion of the French nation returned very much to the point to which his earlier education had brought Admiration of the heroic figures of Gustav Adolf and Frederick the Great had hindered his being too much dazzled by the brightness of republican experiments. His realistic turn of mind, what he himself styles his "Philistine nature," had protected him betimes from that extravagant enthusiasm into which the first acts of the Revolution beguiled so many great men of the German race. It was no more than natural that the aversion he felt from "the diluted intellectuality" of the period should gradually become a politico-national aversion to France and Napoleon. Arndt himself has graphically set forth the history of this self-development; describing the process whereby he became a political person at all, not to say the first herald and standard-bearer of German unity and freedom; how, albeit first a Swede rather than a German at heart, the behavior of the French in the south-west of Germany had filled him with vexation and impatience; how the disgraceful treaty of Luneville had disgusted him, and how the Austrian disasters in 1805, and the Prussian in 1806, had changed his impatience and vexation into anger and rage. "When," he wrote,

"after vain struggles, Austria and Prussia both were fallen; then first my soul began to love them and Germany with real love, and to hate the French with a true and righteous rage. Just when Germany had perished by its disunion, my heart embraced the full notion of its oneness and

its unity."

The first part of his "Geist der Zeit" reflects the feelings of the year 1805. Its very title, "Spirit of the Time," indicates that the writer viewed events not as mere historical and political facts, but as signs and products of the age itself. The object of the work is not either to chronicle or criticise events themselves, but to make their importance understood, and to explain their occurrence as arising from causes deep-rooted in the very nature of The Prophets of the Old Testhe times. tament took much the same view of their political and national duty; and even so, Arndt was a preacher, not so much of politics, as of the religion of politics; not as a statesman, but as an inspired orator he speaks, emphasizing most vigorously the spiritual and moral causes of the ruin so widely spread, laying the axe to the very root of the rotten tree. He begins with himself,--"All," he says, "has resolved itself into mere incorporeal form, into unembodied spirit; how can any individual resist this tendency? And yet," he goes on, "perhaps even for this very reason, there remains but one deliverance. Only through that wherein we have been weak can we hope to become strong; the fire that consumes us must be made to enlighten us; we must be led back from the height of extravagant intellectuality we have attained, to the common sense and common feelings of which we have lost

It is in this sense that he sketches in bold outlines the spirit pervading both the writings and the actions of his contemporaries; he compares the manhood of the present with that of the past, and passes in review the nations of ancient and of modern Europe, as history had displayed to him the one, and personal observation Written under the immediate the other. influence of the news from Ulm and Austerlitz, the book speaks the passionate, glowing feelings such disasters inspired, appealing earnestly to every individual to rouse from the fatal apathy to which the spirit of the time had brought them, to feel,

to hope, and to labor for their prostrate fatherland.

Still the chariot of destruction was unstayed, nor was it long before it crossed the path of Arndt himself. It could not well be otherwise; one who, so boldly as he, had shown the folly of much of the socalled professorial wisdom, could not long be endured in the professor's chair himself. In the following year we find him, not dismissed, but occupied in the Swedish Government office in Stralsund, instead of lecturing at Greifswald. here he was dangerously wounded in a duel by a Swedish officer, whom he had challenged for an insult to the German name; a sort of forecast of the troubles into which the zeal of his patriotic heart was to bring him. And soon the tide of war spread even to the Baltic shores, and the man who, with greater daring than any other, had thrown down the gauntlet before the foreign tyrant,—the man who, by his glowing words, had endeavored, and not all in vain, to rouse the German heart against Napoleon, found himself compelled to fly the country as an outlaw. In Stockholm he obtained both shelter and occupation. While employed on Swedish affairs in the Government office at Stockholm, his heart was busy too with German ones. As day by day events grew more and more serious, he accompanied them by his prophetic utterances. In the autumn of 1806, in January and July of 1807, in the fall of 1808, he produced the various writings of which the second part of his "Spirit of the Time" consists; a work which he himself describes as "ein wanderndes Bild der Zeit." In this again he preaches upon his former text. His argument tends to show that the outward conditions of the world can only be altered by the inward force of feeling and thought, and that the powerful arm of religion is needed to meet the dread necessities of the times. metaphysical idealism he opposes that living idealism which recognizes in history the will of God, and interprets that will by the dictates of the human conscience. Fichte himself never enforced this point with greater force and beauty. miseries of the times he portrays with merciless minuteness, insisting that to restore healthy action to the diseased body, the disease itself must be deeply and thoroughly investigated. Not content,

moreover, with merely stirring the consciences of his compatriots, Arndt passed from the mere theory of renovation to show its practicability; and by now he had learned to take a closer measure of the character of Napoleon. His hope of the dawning of a day of reckoning was based principally on these two considerations, the utter badness of the man himself, and the intrinsic meanness of his greatness. "For how," he asks, "could it be possible for a tyrant, with soul so narrow, faithless, sanguinary, and grasping, to have accomplished such a work of desolation except through the greatness of our weakness and our errors?" Among others of these errors, he points out those of the German political constitution, or rather want of constitution, that impolitic justice of the nation which, afraid to abolish even that which was obsolete, had to see it done by others in its stead. And this in turn he attributes to the worthlessness of the nation's rulers and leaders, which he does not shrink from characterizing: Firstly, the languor, the un-German feeling, the venality, the straw-splitting unconscientious sophistry of public writers; and, secondly, the unprinceliness of princes, the rivalries and short-sighted policy of Prussia and Austria. Again and again he renews his rallying cry, repeats his enthusiastic utterance of the hopes he felt of victory and national renovation; and ends by indicating in what that renovation must consist. Not in any restoration of the cumbrous old system of the Fatherland, with all its useless forms and complications; not in mere trifling repairs and temporary patchings-up, but in the establishment of a close and comprehensive band of union! Austria and Prussia alone, he insisted, should bear rule in future,—the other German princes might learn to obey them for their Fatherland, at least as easily as they had learnt to obey Napoleon against their Fatherland.

Such, in the main, was the tendency and line of thought of this book, which Stein declared to be written with "appalling truth." Its effect was enormous; so much so as to make it a sort of text-book for all who shared the author's opinions. The dissemination of this book was one of the means adopted by "the great agitator" Stein to rouse the spirit of the Germans in 1812, for the war of liberation. One of the suggestions contained in his celebrated

memorandum (addressed, on the 18th of July in that year, to the Emperor Alexander), on the development of the resources of Germany, was to distribute widely a new edition of this second part of the "Spirit of the Time"; another was that its author himself should be invited to St. Petersburgh, there to employ his pen in

furthering the good cause.

Meanwhile affairs had taken a turn in Sweden, which made Arndt's position there so far from secure, as to induce him to leave Stockholm, and at all risks to return to his home; conscious enough of the crisis which was approaching, aware of the fact that his life was scarcely safe in any corner of Europe where the power of Napoleon extended, he felt it essential to settle his affairs, and to make preparations for a still farther flight. His attention was turned to Russia, then almost the only refuge in Europe for men desirous of promoting the downfall of Bonaparte. And, strangely enough, he made his arrangements and a great part of his journey to Russia in entire unconsciousness that, at the very capital to which he was journeying, the great Von Stein was impatiently waiting his arrival, having many weeks previously sent inquiries in every direction, inviting Arndt's assistance in the great work he had in hand.

History can hardly show a finer picture than the co-operation of these two men, in the task of raising up and inspiriting the nations against the foreign conqueror; nor does Arndt's history contain any chapter more striking than that which is formed by his book,* written with all the vigor of youth towards the close of his long life, and narrating the history of his connection with the famous minister. The men were admirably suited to each other. In force and heartiness of patriotism, in warmth both of hatred and of love, in elevation and purity of spirit, in morality of life and genuine piety, the plebeian Arndt and the patrician Stein stood absolutely on a level. Those two men performed in company a considerable portion of life's journey, and in such a manner as to make us look upon them as the two purest representatives of the patriotic spirit of a great period, as well as of the national idea to which this great period gave birth. Where we bow

^{* &}quot;Meine Wanderungen und Wandelungen mit dem Reichsfreiherrn von Stein."

with admiring respect before Stein, we approach Arndt in familiar affection. We look up to the man of mighty action; but we fraternize at a glance with him of powerful and convincing speech, now daring and now gentle. Though Stein has often been styled the Luther of his time, it is the complex of Stein and Arndt which alone can represent the great reformer: Luther would have acted as Stein did; he would have lived and loved, have sung and spoken, as Arndt.

For Arndt's songs and other writings bear exactly the same impress of popular simplicity as those of Luther; the same straightforward, unaffected directness distinguishes them; the same burning appeal do they make to the hearts and feelings of the many, the same marvellous power do they display of welding together the spirits of men. His writings, both in verse and prose, form of themselves a sort of history of the great liberation period; it may be permitted us for choice to refer a little more directly to his poetical productions. Many a page of his writing has already disappeared beneath the wave of time, as many another will have to disappear; but—and this is the special privilege of poetry-the rude sweet songs he sang which helped his brethren to combat and to conquer, will still sound on from lip to lip and live from age to age.

The earliest of his poetical productions which has come down to us is a song on the Hermannsschlacht. It shows at once under what literary influences he had grown up; that in the very period of the resuscitation of German poetry, he had learned to take delight even in the first fruit of Goethe, Klopstock, Bürger, Voss, and Stolberg. Most of his earlier poems are simply innocent and insignificant, the best being social and convivial songs, and verses of occasion. It was from the Greeks he learned how perfect an interpreter poetry can be of patriotic feeling. He accompanied the prose of the second part of his "Spirit of the Time" with translations of Kallinus and Tyrtæus, and subjoined to them some war songs of his own. By the year 1810 his rage at the humiliation of his country gave him a still greater command over the forms of poetry. He ceases to write verses as a mere pastime; living now but a single life, for a single purpose, he no longer looks on poetry and politics as separate things; he

recognizes their unity in strains of fervent prayer, in calls to combat, even in cries for vengeance. All mythological trifling disappears from his verses once for all; he sends a new breath of hope and courage through the world. What had been the mere rhapsody of the poet became a living fact; Germany had found its new Hermann; there were battles once more to sing of, and heroes who had won them. "What is the German Fatherland?" is a question to which his soaring confidence suggested the noble answer,

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein,"

Inspired by the valorous deeds of his countrymen, ay, as it were, out of the thought of their own hearts, he sings to them the brave, bright, hearty songs which thrill their very souls. We venture to offer a few specimens, purposely selected from the less commonly quoted of his songs, to illustrate the homely force and vigor of his muse, and to explain the effect they naturally produced on the multitudes of his fellow-men whose hearts they stirred. Here is one from the year 1812, describing the noble but disastrous enterprise of Schill, and his death at Stralsund. It is written simply as a broadside ballad, but none the less, such is the power of the song, has engraved the name of the popular hero far deeper on the pedestal of fame than the most detailed and comprehensive history could do. The ballad tells its own story, and needs no commentary :-

THE SONG OF SCHILL:

There rode from Berlin a bold captain with speed, Six hundred brave troopers they followed his lead! Six hundred brave troopers, whose courage was good.

They all were athirst for their enemy's blood.

And out with the troopers and chargers to strife, Marched a thousand brave marksmen, regardless of life;

Ye marksmen, God bless every bullet ye load! May each shot send an enemy under the sod.

Brave Schill is the leader who speeds to the fight With the tyrannous Frenchman to measure his might;

No king and no kaiser commissions his band, He battles for freedom and dear Fatherland.

At Dudeldorf stain they both deeply and red The Magdeburg soil with the French blood they shed; Two thousand they cleave with their weapons so bright,

And make all the rest seek for safety in flight.

They dash at Stralsund, for their courage is high, It were well for you, French, if ye knew how to fly;

It were well for you feathers and pinions to find, When brave Schill is coming, who rides like the wind.

Like a tempest right into the city he rides, Which Wallenstein once had beset on all sides, Where once the Twelfth Charles had yielded to sleep.

When its towers were still tall and its fosses still deep.

Woe to you now, Frenchmen! your life-day is

The swords of the troopers are dripping with gore;

The patriot blood in each fierce bosom glows, And they feel it a virtue to slaughter their foes.

O valorous Schill, thou suspectest not yet What a villanous snare for thy feet has been set; How they gather by land, how they gather by sea, And, snake-like, the Danes are encompassing thee!

O valorous Schill! valiant only in vain, Why cleave not thy way through the foemen again?

Why remain within walls with thy troopers so brave? Alas! but to find in sad Stralsund a grave,

O Stralsund, sorrowful Stralsund!
In thee the brave Schill found his fatal wound;
A ball through his heart laid the bold chieftain low,
And the cravens insulted the corse of their foe,

For an insolent Frenchman audaciously spake, "Like a dog to his burial this leader we'll take; Like a thief who has hung upon gallows or wheel, And whose corse to the ravens has furnished a meal."

With no dirge and no mourning they bore him

With no drummers to beat, with no fifers to play; With no musketry volley, or cannon's loud boom, Wherewith men should honor a brave soldier's tomb

They hacked off his head from his shoulders; they gave

To his mangled remains an unsanctified grave; There he lies till the judgment day, taking his rest;

May God wake him up to the joy of the blest.

There sleeping the bravest of warriors lies, And though over his bones no proud monument rise, Above him there needeth no epitaph stand, His fame never dies in the dear Fatherland.

We need apologize to none of our readers who either know or can refer to the original for the ruggedness of this translation; it is a simple soldier's song, which much refinement would be apt to spoil, and may stand as a specimen of subject; here is another, "the Song of Gneisenau," which we offer as a specimen of spirited form:—

"At Kolberg on the meadow-green,
Juchheididei! Juchheididei!
But little care for life is seen,
Juchhei! Juchhei! Juchhei!
From cannon's mouth the thunders go,
While musketeers blue beans do sow;
No stalk or stem grows out from them
At Kolberg on the green,

"At Kolberg is a merry ball,
Juchheididei! Juchheididei!
Round moat and rampart, trench and wall,
Juchhei! Juchhei! Juchhei!
So hot the dance, so fierce the strain,
None fall who ever rise again;
Their dance is o'er for evermore,
At Kolberg on the green.

"O name the bride who gives the ball, Juchheididei! Juchheididei! At which so many dancers fall, Juchhei! Juchhei! Juchhei! Her name is Kolberg town so fair, She wakes the music, tunes the air, That makes so fleet the dancer's feet, At Kolberg on the green.

"And name to me the bridegroom proud, Juchheididei! Juchheididei! A hero good, of German blood, Juchhei! Juchhei! Juchhei! A chief of sturdy faith is he, With whom his comrades love to be, His name, I trow, is Gneisenau, At Kolberg on the green.

"At Kolberg on the meadow-green,
Juchheididei! Juchheididei!
Bold Gneisenau is dancing sean,
Juchhei! Juchhei! Juchhei!
So furiously he leads the dance,
So keenly that the men of France
But lose their breath at last in death,
At Kolberg on the green.

"'Twas thus at Kolberg on the green,
Juchheididei! Juchheididei!
But little care for life was seen,
Juchhei! Juchhei! Juchhei!
And of the French full many a one
They buried when the dance was done,
For whom too keen the pace had been,
At Kolberg on the green!"

If we can imagine these songs written and distributed, as they were, at the very time when the thoughts of men were fixed on the actual events they celebrate; if we could imagine them sung on the march, in the barrack, by the watch-fire, in the all that was German to strive against all that was French, and every man who bared his sword for Fatherland could feel that he was fighting for his country and his God, we may be able in some degree to understand the measure of acceptance which this great war-poet's songs met with at the hands of the people, and the great share he had in kindling the patriotic spirit which set the nation free. Such were the songs he wrote for soldiers, when all were soldiers, to animate them before their foes. But he had higher views; he felt it well to solemnize the battle-duty they had undertaken as a holy sacred thing; for this purpose he wrote his wonderful "Catechism for German Warriors," accompanying it with a number of stirring hymns and poems. They are at once more manly than the eloquent outpourings of Körner, more martial than the chivalrous lays of Schenkendorf. In their rhythmic swing we seem to hear the trampling quickstep and the rolling drum, while in their sense we recognize the joy of battle and the patriot rage, contempt of death, and trust in God, who only gives the hope of victory.

After the great decisive battle which delivered Germany from the ban of foreign servitude, we find Arndt, in his next literary production, occupied in commenting upon the past, and preparing men's minds for the future. His first jubilant words were addressed to "the Prussian people and army." We have already noted the course of his political development; how his Swedish heart became German, and thenceforth was filled exclusively with love and zeal for Germany. His address of thanks to the people and army of Prussia denotes another phase in the history of his convictions. Ten years before, eight years before, he had been harsh and onesided in his estimate of Prussia: he had openly expressed his dislike of the despotic northern state, and charged the monarchy of the Great Frederic with the crime of having severed the last bond of union between the north and south of Germany. But now all this was changed. It had become manifest to the world what vital power could underlie the icy stiffness of the northern nature, and what perils, cheery geniality of the south. Prussia had shown what it was to be a real power, from France, must we not admit, in the

days when indeed there was a cause for and it was essentially the Prussian State which had brought about in practice that regeneration of which Arndt had been so indefatigable a preacher. Here again, Arndt had not changed his views; but Prussia had changed her position. The Prussia of 1813 was very different from that of 1805, and it was the alteration of its spirit, proved by the splendor of its achievements, which Arndt rejoiced to see and to celebrate. He looked with reason on the Prussians as the "founders of German greatness," as the "glorious pioneers of freedom and honor." In Prussia he recognized the cornerstone of Germany, and became a Prussian, as he says himself, "in fullest confidence and love."

But, as we have hinted, it was not merely in congratulations for the past, but in teachings for the future that the activeminded patriot continued busy. It was immediately after the crossing of the Rhine by the Allies that his pamphlet, "The Rhine, a German river, not a German frontier," was distributed from head-quarters. Let those who live and watch events to-day, so startling to men who have never troubled their heads about foreign politics, see to whose writings and to whose inspiration the marvellous movements, the sublime though appalling unity of a purpose new perhaps to many of us, but stereotyped in German hearts for generations, must be considered due. This work of Arndt is, so to speak, the political version of his poetical Fatherland song; it is his deliberate argument, drawn from history, law, and policy, that with the possession of the Rhine France must always preponderate over the rest of Europe. The essentiality to a true balance of power of having the Rhine entirely German is what he urged with a fierce persistence, and the energetic cry of warning, "Now or never!" The time passed then away, or Europe might have been saved from many a misery, and the hearts of thinking men been spared the anguish we must feel to-day, as hour by hour two noble nations are striking blows which make the world shudder, and shedding blood which might turn oceans red. And if in those far days he found no sympathy sufficient to enforce the views he held, if he were thought by some to sing too persistently even in a political sense, could lurk in the the same song, requiring the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to keep the Rhine light of modern events and feelings, that Arndt's views were far-sighted, his political instinct accurate, and his counsels prophetic?

It was not to be supposed, considering the services he had rendered, that when, after the final downfall of Napoleon, the land had rest, one so eminent as Arndt should have been overlooked. In 1817, he was appointed Professor of History in the University of Bonn, where he married, built himself a house, and resided for the remainder of his life. He was now close on fifty years of age, and none could begrudge him that hardly-earned repose which such a position of ease and honor might be thought likely to secure. But even, so to speak, as he laid him down, he felt the thorn in his couch which was destined to disturb his rest for many a weary year. Already, in the autumn of 1815, he had marked changes in the sky, currents in the atmosphere of German politics. Although the old spirit burned in his own heart with unquenchable ardor, those who held the helm of the delivered nation were ready to neglect and even to distrust such men as Arndt. Forgetting, with unexampled swiftness, all the miseries the land had suffered, and the men who had delivered it, they swayed round gradually to the old arts and subterfuges of government; they seemed to consider that the nation itself had done sufficient, that the time was come for it to abdicate the functions it had exercised, and to make room again for those whose misrule had brought it down to infamy and shame. How, in the presence of this discouragement to all truly patriotic hope, could the heart fail to burn within the prophet of 1805 and 1808, the proclaimer of the rising, the awakener of the spirit of 1813 and 1814? How was it possible for him to hold his peace, when, in public and in private, suspicion and calumny, stupidity and badness, made their voices heard? And so it was that in 1818 he published a fourth part of the "Spirit of the Time." The first chapter, entitled "Behind us and before," sounds the key-note of the whole; from beginning to end the work is a declaration of war against the already powerful political reaction. The man who could write, "We have lived again to possess a Fatherland; German honor and German freedom have again become a living reality; and in wrath and hatred,

or in love and joy, millions of German hearts have learned to beat in unison," might feel himself with certainty the organ of the million. He was not merely uttering a sentiment, but stating a patent, incontrovertible fact. He never aimed at writing anything specially unusual or specially brilliant; but he could boast of setting forth always, and in all circumstances, the plain simple truth; and in none of his writings is the habit more pronounced than in the book we are considering. The sudden change of political atmosphere was one likely to put most spirits to the proof; and this work showed that Arndt at least could bear the test, whoever else might fail.

duty. He tells us in the preface that he had spoken out his views as unreservedly as if no such being as a censor of the press existed. But he knew well of their existence, for Kamptz and Company were already busy on their unhallowed work. Arndt's plain speaking brought down upon him the whole pack of literary spies and informers. On the 30th of January, 1819, he received a Government censure and warning on account of his book, accompanied by a threat of removal from his office. The assassination of Kotzebue in the following March, gave the signal for the raid upon universities, professors, and students. In July, Arndt's papers were seized; in November, his suspension from his functions was decreed, followed by an irregular investigation, which dragged its

slow length along for nearly three years.

Unable to prove anything against him, his

judges had not the generosity to acquit

him; his papers remained impounded, and

his office suspended, for no less a time

than twenty-one years.

He wrote it as a matter of patriotic

The records of this unexampled proceeding are now before the world. A generation of human life passed after their occurrence before Arndt was permitted to publish them; and they make his innocence, nay, more, his excellence, as clear as the noonday. They show an incon ceivable contrast between the man's merits and his treatment; exhibiting, at the same time, on the part of his inquisitors, a marvellous mixture of stupidity and malice, an absurd combination of the Torquemada with the tipstaff; above all, they set before us the otherwise incredible change of the times; the sad slackening

of all the so lately high-strung public spirit, producing reaction of thought even in the better judging, weakness and yielding even in the best. Hardenberg's regard and friendship for Arndt was powerless to aid him; the minister had, as ministers often must, to hide his shame at the unworthy part he had to take by censuring the tone of Arndt's communications, and the only consolation Von Stein himself could give to his old colleague was to point him to an appropriate verse in David's Psalms!

His own behavior was incomparable. In his appeal to the Chancellor, relative to the confiscation of his papers, he writes :- "They may take away my place, but never my position." He entreats nothing but to be tried according to right and justice; and, in the prospect of such a trial, says, "I rejoice in it; for I know that it will prove me, as clearly as the day, to all wise and reasonable men, to be in my principles and views a man more experienced, more intelligent, and more moderate than most of my contemporaries; I may even say than most of those who guide the councils of their kings." And then he breaks out in a tone of pain, wrung from him by the wrong he suffered :-

"Is not all this a bad and troubled dream? Such dreams I used to have of Napoleon; but that I, I, in Prussia, should be called a promoter of associations perilous to the Prussian state and people; that I, a noble quarry, should be hunted by those invisible, intangible bloodhounds, envy, hate, and falsehood, till, if it were possible, the last warm heart's blood of love for my country and my countrymen should dry up and stagnate—this indeed is a dream too bitter to my soul."

Throughout the long time that this heavy cloud rested upon him Arndt was not idle; in literary and other pursuits he found what solace could be found for troubles such as his. Several of his works are due to this period; but he was seventy years of age before his "Recollections" were given to the world. If he lacked, as he did, some of the essential qualifications of the historian, he is a master in the characterization and presentment of persons as well as of peoples. His descriptions of such men, for instance, as Stein, Blücher, Scharnhorst, become almost embodied figures before the reader's eyes.

It is this power of description which gives to Arndt's "Swedish Stories" the value they possess, and throws such an incomparable charm over his "Recollections," and his "Wanderings and Intercourse with Von Stein."

It has been well said that the life of great men is almost always a tragedy. They pass over a zenith of vigorous effort and high hope to sinking fortune and success, and the end is lost in silence, disillusion, and resignation. It was thus that the great Von Stein departed, and only too much of the same tragic destiny was intermingled in the fate of his colleague. But he missed in its fulness this portion of the exceptionally great. His lot was not that of a mighty, but of a good and honest man. He had lived to witness the frustration of aims, to the furtherance of which he had devoted the best vigor of his life-time; to see good turned to bad, and right to wrong before his very eyes, and in his own person to receive "evil for good, and hatred for his goodwill;" but the time of his trial came to an end. After twenty years of wrong, after he had reached the threescore years and ten allotted to man, he was still to live another twenty years; and, as some sort of recompense for all the neglect and persecution he had suffered, was destined to enjoy throughout that time a complete rehabilitation and constantly accumulating proofs of the respect and gratitude of his countrymen; and so, through the age of a new generation, to outlive the tragedy of his own life.

King Frederic William IV., on ascending the throne in 1840, of his own motion reinstated the patriot in the exercise of his suspended functions, an act of justice which was welcomed by the university and town of Bonn with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. With the heartiest acclamations he was elected rector for the ensuing year by the students, his works were reprinted and published in several successive editions, and a new German generation learned to value the wisdom and the energy of the long-neglected man to whom his country owed so deep an obligation.

When the revolutionary storm of 1848 caused so many thrones to rock, and shook down from them such a shower of promises and assurances that the peoples were drunken with their new freedom as if with new wine, Arndt showed himself to be one

of the most sober, without at the same time failing to hope with the sanguine. His first thought was, "how much more easily and gracefully all that was taken by storm then might have been yielded between 1815 and 1820." But the one hope of the time then widely held he embraced anew, with all the passionate ardor of his youth,—the hope of at last beholding a great and perfect German unity accomplished. But he warned his countrymen against losing sight of the great dangers which might turn all the brightness of their new-born hopes to gloom and confusion. In his "Chapters for Citizen and Peasant," while, with the usual prudence of age which past experience taught him, giving earnest counsels of moderation, he unites the rarer prudence which makes him willing to add new ex-periences to the old. With all his might he warns his countrymen against the adoption or imitation of French ideas, against republics, great or small. On the good old text, "ora et labora," he preaches down all socialistic soarings; he urges the duty of healing the sores of social life by more earnest trust in and seeking after God; but, on the other hand, frankly gives up his old prepossessions in favor of reestablishing the system of guilds, as rendered impracticable by the circumstances and feelings of the time.

It was as a representative of such views that Arndt took his place in the famous National Assembly at Frankfort, and it was a scene never to be forgotten by those present when, in answer to loud calls upon him to speak, the old patriot of nearly eighty years of age took his place in the tribune, and, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the assembly, began his address by the characteristic declaration that "he felt himself to stand there as a sort of honest old German conscience."

We need not recapitulate the history of that assembly, futile as it was in results. A time came, such as always must, when men try to have summer before springtime, a period of mis-government only matched by the willingness to be misgoverned which accompanied it. A time when Arndt could write, "I stand upon the verge of existence; and, besides this, on the verge of an abyss and volcano of the time, which seems to me to have

hopes of Germany." But though he could utter such a lamentation, the spirit of his brave old motto, "Nunquam desperandum de patrià et de cœlo," never deserted him. The careless generalization which leads so many old men to console themselves for changes by talking of the ups and downs of the world, was one which brought him no comfort; in his case the indifference of age only went side by side with the full, high, hearty hopefulness of youth. In his pious mind earthly and temporal things no doubt often seemed as naught to him compared with higher things, but the reflection always brought him back with fresh vigor, cheerfulness, and courage to do his part in the present. In this spirit it was that he wrote on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and, under the title "Pro Populo Germanico," produced the fifth part of his "Spirit of the Time," and it was in this spirit that almost to the last hour of his long, long life he was ever ready with word and work to do his best for the fellow-men he loved, and the cause for which he had labored as a holy one and good. It is true that age made some of his literary characteristics more prominent than before. Both as a narrator and an orator (for his literary style was oratorical), his later works show a decided mannerism; but this was never an affectation. It was the mannerism which belonged to his nature, which represents all the more strikingly to those of us whose privilege it was to know him personally, not merely the thought, but the very accent, gesture, speech, and presence of the wonderful old man. There never lived a man on earth more simple, more genial, or more hearty. With a large heart and generous soul, he could, and did, in spite of many trials and sorrows, most thoroughly enjoy his life; with a simple, trustful faith, fortified by many a year's experience, he could contemplate death without a fear. Whatever his political disappointments, he was yet permitted in his old age to see for his country some distant gleaming of the light of German unity which now seems rising high. He was spared to share the hopes to which the change of Prussian policy in the year 1850 gave rise. And not only so, but he was made to feel how much of the high hopes men then held, were felt to be swallowed up and swept away for many a due to the long devotion of his earnest, year to come the noblest and the highest faithful life. His ninetieth birthday, Dec.

26, 1850, was a festival for all Germany, even in the weaknesses of his character. Every honor that could be devised was paid to him by his compatriots from every part of that Fatherland whose bounds his famous song so well had set, and if ever a man had reason, as far as this world is concerned, to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," it was he. Within a month after this striking celebration, he was laid in his last restingplace in the cemetery of Bonn, taking with him to his grave the assurance that the great time of union for the great nation of his love was coming, and that all his efforts, his sufferings, and his teach-

ings, had not been in vain. We have endeavored to place before our readers a picture of this truly great man, drawn from his life, his writings, and our personal knowledge. We are but too conscious of its incompleteness. He was a man in the fullest and highest sense of the word; and in every point of view in which we can regard him, we find essential, thorough manliness his most striking characteristic. He was one, as we have seen, who from his earliest years could, as a matter of conscience, discipline and bring under subjection his own ardent, vigorous nature, and was for this reason the better fitted to preach such self-discipline to his fellow-men. But it is not only as a man, it is as a German, we must regard him; "Father Arndt," the most German of the Germans, as he was fondly and constantly called, was a German not only in his feelings and doings, but in the minutest traits, in the virtues, and

He combined with the sharpsightedness and directness of the north, the cheery, geniall nature of the south. At times, perhaps, he was a dreamer, but only to wake more vigorous, and fight more mightily the battle of life. His very religion, deep, earnest, and vital as it was, was essentially German in its heartiness. Time, with all the changes it can bring, could never eradicate an affection which he once had taken to his heart; and his friends, even those who abandoned him, had reason to admire in him this marvellous stanchness of regard. And if individual friends had cause to do so, how must that Fatherland admire his patriotic stanchness, that Fatherland which was the beginning, the centre, and the end of all his faithfulness and devotion? He was himself the incarnation of "German steadfastness," the living aggregate of all those qualities which he himself ascribes to the "pure German spirit," and which he felt should pervade the German people.

Not till all the divisions of that Fatherland be healed, not till Germany holds, in the very might of its unity, a position which shall make it unassailable by any foreign foe, and free to live and grow and prosper in firm peace, secure from doubts and fears and threatenings, will she have paid the debt she and her children for generations will owe to his example and influence; and not till then will the only fitting monument have been raised to

" Father Arndt."

Saint Pauls.

THE FISHERMAN OF AUGE.

CHAPTER IV.

LES REGATES.

DESIRE'S courtship went on smoothly enough to outward eyes. Marie continued to smile sweetly on him, and Madame Triquet generally walked home from church on Sundays with her gossip, the wife of the coiffeur. She would also occasionally take Marie's place in the shop, and give the lovers a five minutes' talk. And yet Désiré was not as happy as he expected, -perhaps no one ever is; but although he loved Marie more passionately than

ever, he could not feel satisfied that she loved him.

She was no longer timid with him, but her manner was quite as cold, quite as unresponsive, as on the day when he had placed his ring on her finger; more so, for then she had blushed and trembled. Now her sweet calmness was almost irri-

However, in one month more she would be his wife, and then all would be right. The fête de l'Empereur was close at hand, and he was to accompany Marie and her mother to see the regatta: the second Le Callac, and to take possession of his new post.

Although this journey would separate him from Marie, he looked forward to it as a means of shortening the time before him. His new duties, a new way of life, would help to distract his thoughts and make him less anxious, for much of Désiré's light-heartedness had vanished with his betrothal. This might be partly caused by Madame Triquet's constant and domineering interference; lately, whatever Désiré did or said was sure to be wrong with her. The young man did not choose to quarrel with Marie's mother; but he had naturally a fiery spirit, and on each occasion he felt it more difficult to restrain himself. A temporary absence from this danger would be a great relief.

He had obtained permission to take service with the Captain's friend; but he would not be able to get his entire discharge from the army till the evening before his marriage, so that on the morning of the festival he went into Caen in full regimentals, and took his place for the last time among his comrades in the grand semi-ecclesiastical, semi-military service in

the Church of St. Etienne.

Désiré's eyes were more taken up in finding out Marie and her mother among the dense crowd of women which filled the lower end of the nave and aisles than in gazing at the splendid assemblage of richly robed priests, and the decorated and embroidered military and civic dignitaries grouped round and about the high

Monsieur de Gragnac, who was pacing up and down the nave with another officer, their drawn swords gleaming on their shoulders, suddenly gave the word to the soldiers who lined either side-

" Portez genoux!"

Désiré started awake. He had forgotten everything but Marie, and the swelling organ had helped to dull him to outward things; but now the crashing of the trumpets and the reverberating thunder of the drums as the band struck up a furious military march, effectually dispelled all dreaming. Another burst from the two immense organs, almost drowning the priests' voices; again the word of command, and the clash of arms; then the drums and trumpets bellowing as if they tried to shake the lofty stone groining creased Madame Triquet's irritation.

morning after the fête he was to start for overhead; the Benediction, and the ceremony was over.

> All who had formed a part of the pageant fell into a procession, which only halted when it reached the Préfecture. Désiré sought eagerly for Marie in the lane of gazing faces on either side the street as he marched along with his companions. In vain! It was a real relief when at length he was at liberty to go and findher.

> La Veuve met him at her shop-door. "Eh, bien; eh, bien, Monsieur Désiré; this is pretty conduct for a lover! We shall all be too late for the boat-race; the best seats will all be taken! If I had dreamed you meant to keep us waiting in this way, we would have started alone.

"Where's Marie?" he said roughly; for his previous anxiety at not seeing her anywhere had not improved his stock of

"Ah, voilà, that is it! Where should she be, but crying, poor little angel, in the parlor, for fear she should miss the show?"

Désiré knew in his own mind that Marie was crying because he did not come; but, instead of saying so, he pushed his way into the back room, and found the little maiden arranging her cap-strings before the looking-glass.

She was very pretty in her fête dress. Her soft white tulle cap, with its wreath of white satin bows over the forehead, suited her fair complexion admirably, and her plump little figure looked charming in her new gown of sprigged cambric.

Désiré had caught her in his arms and kissed her before La Veuve followed him; but her voice was now heard urging speed, and Marie seemed quite anxious to escape from her lover, that she might arrange her striped shawl to the best advantage before the glass.

As they went along the crowded streets he managed to whisper to her that, when she was really his wife, he would not be

set aside for a shawl.

"But, Désiré, I must always be well arranged, must I not?" and Marie pouted a little for the first time since her engage-

Every one was so hurrying along from all parts of the town towards the Basin of the harbor, that it would have been very difficult to take any but the direct route. The haste and excitement of the rest in-

"We shall be late! ah, how late we shall be! Ah, ciel! what a thing it is to have to do with a man without any spirit of management! Ah, if only my poor Triquet had been alive! We would then have had places secured beforehand. No need to hurry and heat ourselves in this ridiculous manner. We are disgraced before the world ! '

But Désiré only shrugged his shoulders. He had a vivid remembrance that in former times Monsieur Triquet came in for even worse scoldings than this, and that he himself had often felt thankful he had his own gentle mother instead of little Marie's.

When they reached the Basin, lined along each of its broad stone quays with rows of chairs and benches, there was not a front seat to be had.

La Veuve darted a scorching glance on Désiré; but there was no help for it. He told her she had best be quick, or she would have no chance even of the second row. which was filling fast. As soon as he had placed them, La Veuve imperiously bade him come on the other side of her; but he told her he was not tired, and preferred standing behind Marie's chair.

He was vexed-there were tears in Marie's eyes. He did not think she would have cared so much about a front place. Poor little dear! he wished he had not been late.

He bought her a galette from one of the numerous hawkers, quite forgetting that she would naturally despise street pastry. She thanked him; but she was not hungry; she only wanted to see the She seemed unnatural, excited, restless,-not a bit like his own quiet little love. Ah, Désiré! you are not the first man who has discovered that a fêteday is apt to be a sure touchstone of a woman's temper.

He was too much vexed to follow the wisest course in such a position, -- to forget self altogether, and enter into the universal gayety, of which the soldiers, scattered plentifully among the smiling, brightly dressed spectators, were great promo-Some of the grander folk were seated under a tent at one end of the Basin; but all the jokes and laughter came from the merry-faced wearers of caps and blouses. Such caps! of every variety, from the shopkeepers in point de Bruxelles, and their daughters in tulle and flow- sciousness every gesture betrayed.

ers, to the humble maid-servants in the pretty caps made of embroidered cambric and Valenciennes lace,-for a French girl must be poor, indeed, if she does not possess one expensive cap. Contrasted with the real Caennais head-covering,-a close-fitting skull cap of net or muslin, with something very like a white cock'scomb standing up across the forehead,here and there on the head of some wellto-do farmer's wife, who had come in for the occasion, dressed in her rich brown figured satin gown, with her embroidered crimson velvet neckerchief, tucked down in front under the square bib of her black silk apron, rose the ponderous white structures now rarely seen except at Vire, and occasionally at Bayeux. Their wearers had all shining golden earrings, and crosses or medals hanging from their necks.

But it was a very orderly crowd; full of mirth, but also of courtesy; each one being addressed as Madame or Monsieur, and much bowing and raising of hats being interchanged among the poorest.

The boat races were very unsatisfactory. The men did not row together; their boats were large and lumbering; there was no trimness, no order; the vehement cries and gesticulations of the coxswains forming a strange contrast to the loose, disorderly pulling, and provoking the incessant laughter of the spectators.

The "course de bâteaux étrangers" began,-said "étrangers" being two of the most villanous-looking crews that ever handled an oar, any national characteristic crushed out of their faces by the low monotonous brutality which made a strange resemblance among them.

A well-dressed man had been hanging about in front of the first row of seats, rousing the indignation of some of the older women by interrupting their view of the sports, but smiled on by the younger ones, spite of the free, almost insolent, admiration he bestowed on them. came up now and stood near Madame Triquet.

He was tall, stout, and, what is often considered handsome, he had a fair, sunburnt complexion, with curly auburn hair and beard, a good nose and mouth, and bright blue eyes. To Désiré, who had been silently watching him, he looked a thorough coxcomb, all the more offensive from the well-to-do, purse-present conLa Veuve looked up suddenly, and caught Désiré's fixed gaze.

"Eh bien, mon garçon! what ails you? Why should you give such sour looks at your betters."

She said it smilingly, as if she meant a rough joke; but he had already over-strained his forbearance towards her.

"Betters, madame!"—his eyes flashed, and he reddened deeply—"ma foi! you forget to whom you are speaking."

Madame Triquet burst out laughing, and Désiré saw his folly in a moment.

"Do you mean seriously to compare yourself," she said, "to Monsieur Auguste Leroux? Do you know that he has inherited all his father's money? Old Leroux is just dead, and he,—that handsome young man,—himself rents the large farm at Ardaine, the beautiful ruined abbey, with a fortune of hay and fodder inside, and another farm on the way to Auge."

She looked triumphant, as if to say,

"Match that if you can!"

But the young soldier was not looking at her. Monsieur Auguste Leroux had approached nearer, and was regarding Marie with the most open admiration.

Just as Désiré was going to jump over the two rows of seats to the front,—his next move would perhaps have sent the Adonis of Ardaine into the Basin,—the young farmer stood on one side, to allow an officer to pass by. It was Monsieur de Gragnac. He stopped and beckoned to Désiré, who sprang across the chairs, heartily glad to find himself in front, where he could shelter Marie from insolent admiration far more easily than when standing behind her.

Monsieur de Gragnac had a message to send to his friend at Le Callac, and Désiré said he would call for it before he returned to Auge the next evening.

"Then you sleep in Caen to-night?"

"Yes, monsieur, at the house of the father of one of my comrades; it is the last Sunday I can spend with Marie,"—he lowered his voice,—"before—before our marriage, and,——" his eyes led the Captain's attention to Marie.

"Ah! I understand," said De Gragnac, with good-humored pity. "Then in a month's time, Lelièvre, you mean to give up your liberty? Is that young lady your fiancée? I compliment you on her looks," he said, dropping his voice as

Désiré had done, "and I hope you may be as happy as you expect."

Monsieur Auguste Leroux had been thrown into the shade while this dialogue was going on, the interest of the spectators had been drawn to the apparently confidential nature of the talk between Désiré and a captain with so many decorations; and when, after returning the young man's military salute, Monsieur de Gragnac gravely raised his cap to Marie and her mother, even La Veuve herself had no longer any eyes for the farmer.

She burst into an animated panegyric of the Captain's face, figure, manners, legs, and everything belonging to him, with a glibness truly worthy of her sex and

nation

Désiré seemed quite in her good books again. She perhaps considered the notice the Captain had bestowed on him had raised him in position, and the next time Monsieur Auguste passed, honoring Marie with one of his most deliberate stares, Madame Triquet whispered to her to frown, and bristled all over with the fierce virtue of her indignation.

Désiré felt relieved. After all, it was much better that he had not exposed Marie to remark by any public show of annoyance. Poor little dear! no doubt the fellow's insolence had vexed her quite enough, without any further mortification.

And so, when the regatta was over, when the swimming-matches, evolutions on greased masts, and the duck chase, had all been greeted with vehement applause and laughter, the three returned to the pattissier's in a far more amiable mood than when they had left it.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY AFTER.

Next morning, Désiré went with Marie and her mother to High Mass; but, coming out, he left them at the church door. It was better to get his instructions from Monsieur de Gragnac, and then he could spend all the rest of the afternoon quietly with his beloved, Madame Triquet having asked him to eat his mid-day breakfast with them. He was very loath to leave Marie to walk home without him, but he hurried off, past the church and the Place St. Pierre, and down the Rue St. Jean, to the turning leading to the old Oratorian convent where his officer had lodgings.

Very pleasant lodgings, in a quiet courtyard surrounded on two sides by what was left of the quaint old building. The picturesque dormers, with their grotesquely sculptured gables, were fringed below by a handsome cornice, with a broad band of Greek fret design, hidden in some places by the luxuriant vine-branches, that not only covered the whole frontage, but threw fresh green arms to the very summit of some of the gables. Just now the principal side of the building—no longer a convent, but occupied by a variety of tenants—was bathed in sunshine. Some of the windows, opening inwardly, showed an almost black darkness, framed by the intense green of clustering vine-leaves.

At one of these windows sat Monsieur de Gragnac, enjoying a book and a cigar. He smiled and nodded when he saw Désiré, bidding him come up at once. He gave him the message to his friend at Le Callac, and then, seeing the young soldier's confused, hurried manner, he did not keep him long, but wished him good success in his new venture.

The Captain sate at the window watch-

ing Désiré as he recrossed the court-yard with the springy, elastic step of a man who feels that Hope is leading him to

Happiness. Monsieur de Gragnac shrugged his shoulders. He was thinking of Désiré. He' did not know how striking his own dark, martial face, with its stern lips and piercing black eyes, looked in the green framework.

"He is a very fine fellow. I have never seen a trace of shirking in him. It is absurd in me to trouble myself so much about a man whose service has been so short, and yet I feel quite vexed that he is to marry that little girl. She is pretty; but that is all. I studied her face well yesterday, and I could see nothing in it to distinguish her from any other meeklooking, blue-eyed, fair-haired simpleton. She may be loving, but I doubt it; and a cold, quiet woman is always obstinate, and an obstinate woman is -- Poor Désiré!" The Captain's shoulders were again expressive, and he lit a fresh cigar, and turned to his novel, by way of distracting his sympathies.

Quite unconscious that he could be the object of any feeling but that of envy at his coming happiness, Désiré hastened on. As he crossed the Place St. Pierre, he had to make way for a melancholy procession,—a priest, bearing the Host, hurrying at his utmost speed to some dying person, followed by his assistants, while beside him ran an old woman, almost shrieking in her agony of mingled grief and impatience. Désiré crossed . himself devoutly, and then he shuddered; it seemed like an ill omen on the threshold of his joy. Hastily he turned up the Rue Notre Dame, -almost running till

he reached the patissier's.

A man came out of the shop so suddenly that, if he had not turned in the opposite direction, he and the young soldier must have ran violently against one another. There was nothing unusual in seeing a customer come out of Madame Triquet's, especially on Sunday; but some undefined feeling made Désiré stand looking after this one instead of going into the shop. He had not seen the man's face, but there was something that roused unpleasant recollection in the bulky figure and assumptive walk.

Désiré started, and then turned scarlet with indignation. There could be no doubt about it; it was Monsieur Auguste

Leroux.

"Well, Désiré, mon garçon; thou art hungry. Come in; breakfast will be served in an instant."

La Veuve was standing in the doorway. She spoke with hearty good-humor. She either did not, or would not, see what Désiré was lingering for.

"Has Monsieur Leroux seen Marie?" he said passionately; he thought the

widow was cajoling him.

"Seen Marie! what does the boy mean? Ma foi! art thou so jealous that a hungry man cannot come in and eat a galette, but thou must think thy rights invaded? Ciel! thou art a veritable Barbe Bleue. Come and eat a galette, too; jealousy only thrives on an empty stomach."

Marie received him affectionately. She seemed merrier than usual; her face was deeply flushed, and she was in a perfect flutter of excitement. Once, when her mother left the room for an instant, she contrived to whisper that she was sure he had been vexed with her yesterday, and she had been trying to think what she could have done to deserve it.

"And it has made me so sorry,

Désiré!"

Her tender blue eyes looked very soft as she said this, and her round bloomlike cheek nestled itself so closely against his shoulder, that Désiré could only wonder at his happiness in having gained the love of such a little angel. He had just time to tell her so before La Veuve came back.

There was no repose in Madame Triquet. And her rapid, vivacious speech,

rendered this still more fatiguing.

"Eh bien!" - she came in almost breathless with haste,-"we shall be late at Vespers. Do you know, my children, that unpunctuality is ruin both to purse and mind? Come, come, Marie! where's thy shawl? Come, Désiré, look alive! or I shall have to start by myself."

If Désiré had believed this last threat, he would have sate still; but he knew that it was only just half-past two, and that vespers at St. Pierre began at three o'clock. The only way of quieting his tormentor was to affect readiness.

Service was soon over; as they came out of church, they met the young farmer Leroux face to face; and to Désiré's intense surprise, he first raised his hat, and then shook hands with Madame, and nodded to Marie, almost familiarly.

Leroux placed himself before them, so as almost to prevent their progress; but La Veuve had taken the soldier's arm, and Désiré now closed it so firmly on her hand, and pushed forward so resolutely, that the farmer was obliged to make

Désiré looked quickly at Marie.

She was laughing, positively laughing; but whether at Leroux's discomfiture, or at the frown on his own face, he could not

He was not left in doubt.

"Ma foi, Désiré!" said Madame Triquet's sharp, shrill voice; "thou forgettest that thou art not the only man in the world with eyes. Pretty girls are made to be looked at."

And before he could answer, Marie's sweet tones whispered-

"Thou must not be jealous, Désiré. I should never live happily with a jealous husband!"

He was too deeply wounded to speak now. He knew he was not jealous; and he told himself that if Marie really loved him, she would not have laughed, especi- plaining, her patient gentleness had been ally before her mother, at anything that vexed him.

But as soon as they reached home again, and she said, in her pretty winning way, how different next Sunday would be, and how triste everything would seem till his return, his ideas underwent a change. He called himself a jealous tyrant, and an ill-tempered one, too; and when the time came for starting homewards, it was all but impossible to tear himself away.

There were tears in Marie's blue eyes as she said her last good-by; there was a glisten even in those of her mother. Madame Triquet kissed Désiré on both cheeks, calling him "her poor Céline's boy" as she did so, and then both mother and daughter stood on the door-step, and watched him down the street.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FISHERMAN'S SECRET.

DÉSIRÉ walked along happily enough at first. It was not yet five o'clock; the diligence had not started, but he must travel very early next morning, and he felt it was wiser not to walk. He had still some matters to settle with his father before leaving home; he might just as well wait for the diligence in the fields as in the dusty He walked on till the open country lay before him, and then he turned round and looked at Caen. There it lay, basking in the sunshine. Except the bell for second vespers sounding in a little village church on the right, and the cry of the crickets in the grass, the city lay silent, as if in sleep. Though only two miles distant, not a sound or sight disturbed the stillness; the only sign of existence was the curling smoke of the steamer as, leaving the harbor, it took its way along the river; the very plough stood still, resting in the midst of a halfcompleted furrow. All spoke of ineffable peace. Désiré's thoughts wandered off to the new home he was contemplating. Ah, how full of love and peace it would be! Marie should never shed the tears his mother had so often shed from anxiety at her husband's long absences, or from sorrow at his unkindness; as he thought of his mother, his spirits sank.

Hers had been a love-marriage,-at least he had been told so, -and yet, ever since he could remember her, she was far oftener sad than merry; not comone of the causes of alienation between himself and his father; even as a young that the cold, indifferent, sometimes harsh treatment she met with was an ill return

for her goodness.

Could he ever grow hard and sneering as his father had? And then he thought of Marie, and this seemed impossible; there was but one thing that could make him cease to love her, and that would be if, after she became his wife, she did not return his love warmly." "And I should never have thought of such a thing if Monsieur de Gragnac had not put it in my head. But I am foolish!"

However foolish it might be, the thought was not to be easily dismissed. And then another, which had been kept away, came and joined company with it. Ought not Marie to have been angry with Leroux when she saw how vexed he himself looked? and instead, she had smiled when the farmer nodded to her, and then had laughed at Désiré's annoyance? no! he would not be jealous. It was natural that a pretty girl should like to be admired. It would all come right when they were married; he could speak seriously to her then, without fear of La Veuve's interference. Marie was so naturally good and gentle she would be just like his mother. Ah, if she had only lived to bless their marriage!

Here the arrival of the diligence broke up the stillness and his reveries, and he soon found himself approaching home. He left the vehicle at the cross-road; but although he was close to the fisherman's cottage, he did not enter it. It was not quite dark yet; he thought he would take a turn along the sea-shore. He could not face his father with his mind full of his

mother's constant unhappiness.

A few steps on, he met Mimi Fayel. The girl tried to pass him, but Désiré placed himself in front of her. She looked sad, he thought, and just then he remembered how fond his mother had always been of Mimi.

"Bon soir, Mimi! What do you do with yourself, one never sees you?"

Mimi looked up at him, and she smiled. She had a wide mouth, but her smile showed that rarity in a Norman peasant, white and regular teeth. There was a singular shy sweetness in the look she now raised to Désiré.

sieur Désiré. Ma foi! you are always knife in his hand.

child he had felt, rather than understood, on the road." And then she blushed violently.

"Well, Mimi, I think you know what I go to Caen for. Will you not give me your congratulations?" and he held out his hand.

Mimi's color flickered, and then she looked steadily in the young soldier's

"I have heard, Monsieur Désiré, and if you are as happy as I wish you to be, you will be content. I am glad, too, you are going away from Auge. You could not be happy here, let Jacques say what he will. Bon soir!'

She passed on, but the deprecating look which had come with her last words puz-

zled Désiré.

He walked on the sands at first; the tide was rising fast, and he was forced to keep along the road beyond them, overshadowed by the dark gray cliffs. His thoughts turned quickly from Mimi to his father. What could be the meaning of his strange looks and ways? Grief for his wife's death, and a tinge of remorse for his conduct to her, might account for his avoidance of human fellowship; but not for those shuddering starts and the livid paleness that at times so alarmed his son.

Suddenly Désiré stood still, arrested by a new fear that dawned on him.

Was his father mad?

But after a minute's reflection, he told himself no; it was impossible. No man could be so intelligent and accurate in business matters whose mind was sufficiently deranged to cause such startling

Désiré had paused just where the cliffs, or rather mud hills,—the soil pulverized so easily that they were constantly taking new forms,-were cleft by the dry bed of what was in winter-time a small river. Even now, in daylight, you could track its course for some distance by the masses of rock among which it ran.

Without thinking where he was going, absorbed in the strange mystery that shrouded his father, he wandered up the cleft. Suddenly he stumbled over one of the rocky projections, and uttered a loud exclamation as he saved himself from

falling.

From whence he knew not, but seemingly from the stones close beside him, a "But you are so seldom in Auge, Mon- man sprung on Désiré with an open As the indistinct light shimmered on the blade it revealed the features of Martin Lelièvre.

The recognition was mutual. Had it not been so, Désiré's life would have paid the forfeit of his paralyzing surprise.

Not a word was spoken. The two men's arms sank to their sides as they stood face to face in the darkness.

At length the old man spoke.

"What dost thou mean by coming upon me in that sudden manner, like a thief or a spy? Couldst thou not have stayed quiet till I came in?"

He began in a low, hesitating voice; but as he went on, his old bullying manner returned.

"I have not been home at all. I did not know that thou wast not in the cot-

tage."

Désiré scarcely knew what he said. He was overpowered with horror; for if his father had not recognized him he would be now a murderer. He felt stunned and

stupefied.

"Sacristi! what couldst thou be wanting up among the rocks?" Martin spoke much more coolly now. "Cannot I scrape for myself a few mussels, but I am to be watched and pryed after. child that lifts the kettle lid runs a chance of being scalded with the steam, and thou seest my knife and thy throat might have had a nearer acquaintance than would have been pleasant for either of us. Now come home to supper."

He wiped his knife as he spoke, thrust it into its leather sheath in the belt that fastened his trousers over his darkblue jersey, and then led the way home.

Désiré followed silently. What was his father doing in that lonely place? for, as to the story of the mussels, they were so abundant on the small rocks near the cottage, that it was scarcely likely Martin would have gone so far to seek them. Why should he be so anxious not to be

followed or watched?

Try as Désiré would to stifle it, a fearful solution seemed to be offered to his doubts about his father. It was said in Caen that there were fishermen along that rocky coast who robbed and murdered shipwrecked sailors. Was Martin one of these? Would he have been so ready to take life without even the provocation of self-defence? If-but he could not face the "if"—he was his father, what right had a child to judge a parent? second intrusion into what was evidently

But the longer he pondered over what had happened, the more conscious he became that the feeling of his father's knife at his throat had worked a strange revolution in him; the shrinking of former years was now almost loathing, and when the fisherman retired into the inner room, where the two beds were, Désiré felt that nothing could induce him to pass the night in the same chamber with his fa-

His first resolve was to keep awake, and think over this strange meeting. Spite of his previous reasoning, the belief in Martin's insanity seemed forced on him; it was the only safe solution of his strange conduct. The hours rolled on; the heavy breathing from the next room told how soundly Martin was sleeping.

Désiré's head drooped forwards, his body began to sway gently to and fro, and finally nearly overbalanced itself, for there was no back to the settle on which he sat. The fatigue and excitement of the two previous days began to call for reparation. He got up mechanically, flung a rough pilot-coat on the ground, and lay down on it, almost asleep before he reached it.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely been asleep five minutes, when he found himself at once broad awake, with all his senses on the alert; there was none of the twilight-like drowsiness that usually prevents a whole knowledge of one's surroundings, it was more like the work of some invisible agency, he was shuddering from head to foot, his hair lifted from his forehead, and yet he had not stirred.

The fire was out, and the room on that side lay in complete darkness. Without moving even so much as to raise himself on his elbow, Désiré glanced instinctively at the other side where the door was that

divided him from the sleeper.

The sleeper !- he listened intently; the deep breathing had ceased; and while he still waited for it, telling himself that his hearing had not yet fully awakened, there came the scrape of a lucifer-match, and a faint glimmer of light under the door of the inner room. Before Désiré could move, it was gently opened, and the fisherman stood on the threshold.

For a moment the soldier debated with himself whether he should show consciousness of what was happening; and then, if his father really were mad, would not this

some mystery, perhaps excite him even more violently than the first had done?

Désiré was brave; but his father's knife had been once raised against him that evening, and he could scarcely keep his arm from trying to shield his throat as the fisherman stealthily advanced. But Martin Lelièvre's practised eyes would have detected the slightest movement, and when Désiré saw him holding the lamp so as to examine his face closely, he no longer dared watch him through his half-closed eyelids, lest the quivering of the lashes should betray him.

The fisherman seemed satisfied.

He passed stealthily on to the outer door, opened it gently, and then closed and locked it after him, leaving the lamp burning in the angle farthest from Désiré, behind the projecting fire-place.

The young man had not calculated on this imprisonment; he had meant to follow his father cautiously; by doing so he might solve those terrible doubts, and be able to decide how to act, for it seemed to him that Martin had become quite unfit to be left unwatched. He could not get out by either of the windows. During his absence in Italy, the fisherman had fixed iron bars across both, so close together that even a child could not have squeezed its way in or out; and when his son had inquired the reason of this, he had been told rudely to mind his own matters.

There was nothing to do but to wait; but he could not lie there inactive. He sprung up, and paced up and down the cottage. What might be happening? What could his father have been doing with a knife at that time of night? and why had he been so fearful of discovery? What might be happening now?

Désiré had essentially a man's mind, without any of the fertile flights and witch-like divination which so often leads a woman, as if by instinct, to the truth. He could only puzzle over his own questions.

It seemed hours to him before his father returned; the wind had risen in the night, and the voice of the waves, as they struggled against it, completely muffled the sound of approaching footsteps. Fortunately the lock of the door was rusty, and the key turned slowly, or Désiré would not have had time to stretch himself again on the floor and feign slumber.

When his father went out, he was muf-

fled in an old boat-cloak, but certainly he was empty-handed, for he had changed the lamp from one hand to another, in order to look at his son; now he seemed staggering with the weight of what he carried.

He set his burden down on the kitchen-table, and then, stealing softly to where he had placed the lamp, he raised it, and held it close to the young man's eyes.

held it close to the young man's eyes.

But Désiré had had time for recollection, not an eyelash stirred, he was to all appearance sound asleep. The old man turned to the table, and carried part of his burden into the inner room.

In a few moments he came back, his face was turned away from Désiré, so that the young man could watch without fear of discovery, still maintaining the regular breathing of a deep sleeper. His father approached the table again, and seemed to lift whatever it was that he had left upon it with difficulty.

The lamp was almost burnt out, and although he strained his sight to the utmost, the young soldier could not see what it was that Martin carried so carefully into the inner room.

But he gave a hasty guess,—his mind felt easier now; doubtless his father had some private hoard of which he knew nothing, and he had brought it for safety to the cottage. This would account for the iron bars, his terror at Désiré's sudden appearance,—for everything, in fact, that had so disturbed his son.

Désiré felt relieved, almost thankful; and the sudden lull of the intense strain he had been putting on all outward movement soon brought back the sound sleep from which he had been so strangely awakened.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE'S FIRST LETTER.

WHEN Désiré roused next morning, his father was already heating their soup over the fire.

"Thou hadst best bestir thyself or thou wilt miss the diligence, unless may be thou goest to Le Callac on thy feet."

He spoke roughly, and Désiré did not answer; his luggage was soon ready; but when he went into the inner room for some of his belongings left there, the old man followed him, and stood in the doorway, watching his movements.

There was nothing unusual to be seen

in the room, and but for this suspicious action, Désiré would have been tempted to think he had dreamed. However there was no time for thought; it was a relief to be so hurried. His father followed him out of the cottage, and they reached the cross-road just as the diligence did. Désiré could only wave a hasty adieu and spring up into the interior.

A fortnight passed away at Le Callac very pleasantly for Désiré, so far as his master and his outward life went. He found himself in a far more beautiful country than any he had seen near Caen. Instead of the level meadows, fringed with tall poplars, and often partially submerged from the overflow of the Orne or the canal, the land round Château Callac was far more picturesque. Gentle hills, and sloping valleys clothed in verdure,-for there was no visible corn-land,-and planted with fruit trees of all sorts, realizing, now that their rich harvest hung ripe and luxuriant, the jewelled trees of Aladdin's cave; ruddy and rosy apples, golden apricots, crimsoned peaches, mingled with the darker splendor of the royal purple

Houses were to be found at distant intervals; there were no poor cottages in this Eden of plenty, but comfortable farmsteads, each sheltering the few assistants necessary to herd the cattle and horses which fed on the bright grass of the orchards.

On the domain of the seigneur to whom Désiré now belonged, were a few small thatched cottages, one of which was to be his future home, and all his leisure was spent in trying to form a garden for Marie out of the orchard which surrounded it. He had made friends with the gardener, and had begged sundry roots from him, and two young apricot trees to plant on each side of the cottage door. He was busy digging holes in readiness for these trees when the letter-carrier passed on his way up to the château.

Désiré cleared the gate of his little domain at a bound. The only drawback to his happiness at Callac had been Marie's silence. He knew she could write easily, and he, poor fellow, had managed already to scrawl her three very loving letters.

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He soon overtook the postman. Yes, there was a letter for Monsieur Lelièvre; was he quite sure that he was the right

person? Time seemed so long to Désiré while the postman was fumbling in his wallet.

Here it was at last. He jumped over the gate again, and flung himself down on the grass, just in front of his cottage,— Marie's cottage soon.

The letter felt thick; it was a long one then, to make up for lost time. He examined the superscription lovingly; the handwriting was a woman's, but he did not think it was Marie's.

He opened it with the careful manner of a man little troubled with correspond-

There were two enclosures.

He looked at the signature of the first; it was Triquet-Coulard. Ah! and the other was from Marie. He should read that.

He opened it, and his eager expectant look clouded. There were but two or three lines of writing, beginning "Monsieur," and signed "Marie."

He read them over several times before he could take in their sense. Was he stupefied, or was it really incomprehensible? Presently he laid down Marie's letter, and turned despairingly to Madame Triquet's, as if to find a key to the mystery.

Marie's letter had only told him that she felt he was not likely to make her happy, and that, therefore, she renounced the honor of being his wife. This was so unexpected, so utterly at variance with his belief in his future wife's truth and constancy, that it had utterly bewildered him; but as he read La Veuve's letter, indignation absorbed every other feeling. confirmed Marie's sentence, and told Désiré that there was no use in making any fuss or opposition, as her daughter decidedly preferred another person, and she was not a mother likely to force her only child's inclinations, - "to make what should be a blessing, a curse."

He crushed the letter in his hand, and then trampled it into the ground.

"I see it all, and it has been all her doing. I know Marie has been made to write that letter against her will. Poor little thing! she is constrained. What do I know? ill-treated perhaps!"

Did he say this to himself, because the tormenting doubts about her want of love, which had been 1:5s audible since he left

best of her that was possible.

There was no time to be wasted in guessing the meaning of this riddle; he must know the truth at once. With soldierly neatness he shovelled the earth back again into the two holes he had dug, that the vine which covered the porched door way might not suffer from the exposure, replaced his spade in the little outhouse, and then took his way up to the château.

He must tell his master that a great trouble threatened him; must happen, indeed, if he did not at once return to

And if leave of absence were refused him. Bah! where was the use of meeting evil on the road? it would be granted. At the worst, he could throw up this new employment; for, if he lost Marie, of what value was it?

But he was not so tried. He met the head-gardener of Le Callac on his way. The gardener had heard from Désiré of his approaching marriage, and without asking questions, with the ready tact of a Frenchman, he understood what this trouble the young man told him of threatened. He at once undertook to fill Désiré's post in his two days' absence, supposing the master should grant leave.

There was no diligence till next morning; and after his interview with his master was over, the day did indeed seem long to Désiré. He had too much time for thought now. He went over again and again the two last days with Marie. Yes, he knew he had been unreasonable and exacting; but he could explain it all away,

and she would forgive him.

It was her mother's fault, if she had not become so singularly irritating all would have gone well; and then he remembered with despair that when he saw Marie all his explanations and excuses must be made in her mother's, presence. Ah !he ground his teeth as he thought this,if Madame Triquet had her deserts she would have been ducked in the river long ago

At first the mention in the letter of Marie's preference for another person had seemed to him an idle falsehood, merely invented to make him break off the marriage in disgust; but as he reflected on the widow's late rudeness, he began to see

Caen, now rose and clamored loudly? that there was something hidden under it It may have been so; but it was also part all. He remembered the regatta; and of his nature that he would believe the then, on Sunday, the sudden exit of Au-

guste Leroux from the shop!

He saw it all now. When first he had asked Marie in marriage, the old miser, Leroux, was still alive; the son was a mere nobody, stinted in every way, and doubtless the portion that Martin Lelièvre had offered with his son had tempted La Veuve. It was Leroux's new fortune that had induced Madame Triquet to try to secure so rich a husband for Marie, and she had taken advantage of Désiré's absence to bring it about. But he would thwart her, the villanous intriguer! He strode up and down his bed-room half the night, rehearshing the reproaches by which he would show Marie's mother the impossibility of retracting her solemn pledge, without manifesting herself a perjured woman in the eyes of her neighbors.

The idea of Marie, sacrificed to a selfish coxcomb like Leroux, drove him almost frantic. But it was a relief to have thought of him; it was impossible that Marie could love such an upstart, such a self-sufficient idiot,-she was not a free agent, poor child! Her mother, doubtless, intended the marriage, and hoped by Désiré's continued absence to bring it to pass.

"Yes, yes! I see her whole game now, the old witch!" he said, throwing himself at last on his bed, worn out with doubt and anxiety. "She knows my proud temper, and she thought that I should be too much huffed to trouble my head about her for a bit, and that she would make the best use of her time; but, gare à vous, La Veuve, I'm not going to dig up sand-eels for others to bag. I'm too old a fisherman to haul in an empty net! We shall see which wins yet, you or me, Madame Triquet-Coulard!"

Désiré had to walk some distance next morning to meet the diligence; but he was ready, waiting for it, long before it arrived. It was the best part of a day's journey to Caen; across country the distance could not have exceeded thirty miles, but from the circuitous route the diligence took along the coast,-stopping either at or near each one of the fishing and bathing villages that stud the Norman coast from the mouth of the Orne to Honfleur,-it was really much longer.

At another time these stoppages and the jokes consequent on the arrival of new passengers would have amused Désiré, for he was always merry and frank-hearted with strangers,—ready to fraternize with them with the ease of a Frenchman of his class. Now every delay was annoying and wearisome. He had decided to go straight on to Caen, and learn his fate that afternoon. He should pass close by Auge; but he should not stop there if he made all right again between himself and Marie. Why need his father know there had ever been any disagreement?

The diligence was by this time crowded with passengers, all bound for Caen,—a very incongruous medley, from the squire or small seigneur in the coupé, to a country girl in the interior going into town service for the first time in her life. Though her eyes were still red with crying, she munched away with a seemingly hearty and unappeasable appetite at a long dark-colored loaf, which she kept under one arm, flavoring it by an occasional bite at one of a bunch of rosy onions that peeped from under her cloak.

Désiré had just congratulated himself that there could be no more stoppages, when a shrill voice from the roadside demanded a place in the name of misericorde et cinq sous!

"There is no place," said Désiré rather savagely, as the conducteur opened the door, "and you know it! You will be very late as it is, without stopping any more."

"Pardon, Monsieur!" And then the conducteur pointed out to the servant-girl, and a sœur who sat beside her, that if they squeezed a little, the poor woman who was so urgent for a place could be admitted.

so urgent for a place could be admitted.
"She is very tired," he said; "and if
we don't take her up, she says she'll not
reach her home to-night."

"Ah, la pauvre bonne mère!" from the onion-eating maid, and a bright smile from the sœur, as each drew her petticoats into the smallest space, and Désiré's objections were silenced.

A loud-voiced, broad-faced, good-naturedwoman squeezed herself in between them.

"Servante, mamzelle; et mille pardons ma révérende!" and then she looked smilingly across at Désiré.

"Eh? mon beau, monsieur; but it was rather hard of you, was it not, to wish to make a poor widow, who has been working all day for the little girl at home, trudge along the stony, dusty road to Caen?—to Caen! ma foi, it it were only to Caen? Now I wager that you will never guess how much farther I have yet to go this night."

She had kept her eyes fixed on Désiré, and had quickly noted his abstraction; but, woman-like, this only strengthened her inclination to talk to him.

"Monsieur is militaire?" she said deferentially. He nodded.

"Ah, yes! I should have known it at once. Monsieur has a noble figure militaire; but I remember him now, I saw him enter Caen the day the troops did. And I, too, monsieur, am of the army; I am widow of a corporal of the line. Ah! the good man that he was to me! only, you see,"-she wiped her eyes rapidly with the only vacant corner of her blue apron, the rest being tied up in a bundle, -" he never spent more than a few weeks with me; but I loved him all the same. and for him I love all soldiers, mon beau garçon! And you are in trouble,-I know it, I see it. Repose your confidence in me as in a mother; the soldiers call me La Mère Chuquet!'

She paused for an instant,—not from want of breath or words, both seemed as inexhaustible as those of the Barber with many brothers,—but to give him an opportunity of answering. He only smiled, by way of keeping down his impatience.

"Ah ça! I understand," his tormentor went on, "we are too public; we will choose another moment. If you are making a stay at Caen, we will meet again, my soldier. And all this time I have never told you, and especially these good ladies,"-she nodded to each of her neighbors, who seemed far more amused than Désiré,-"where I have to go this night, and why I am so thankful to the Bon Dieu to have been spared the toilsome journey on this stony road. mais oui,"-with a strong emphasis on the second word,-" perhaps you would not believe it, to hear how well I speak, but I am only a poor field-hand, and I have to live at La Maladrérie, for I work on the fields of Monsieur Leroux, the rich farmer of Ardaine."

Désiré started; the name aroused him from a deep revery.

The sharp-witted woman saw that he was listening at last.

"Eh, mon Dieu! you know Monsieur Auguste? He is a fine gentleman, is he not? and he is going to marry a pretty

Désiré felt inclined to stifle her before ; but now he listened eagerly and impatiently while she explained to the smiling maid that Monsieur Leroux owned another farm,-Varentan,-where she had been working for the last three days, and

whence she was now returning.

"And I am glad to come back," she went on, "not only to embrace my little Elise, but because I would not, for all in the world, miss Monsieur Auguste's wedding. His wife will not have much of a dowry, they say, -only her looks. She is the daughter of old Triquet, the patissier of the Rue Notre Dame. Aha! monsieur, you like to hear of pretty girls, do you? You look as excited as an old monsieur I met yesterday, to whom I told the news. Ah, ça! how glad I am to feel the jolt of the stones! and there is the flèche of St. Pierre, and here we are,arrived. Bon soir, monsieur et dames. I have still some hours to spend in Caen, so you will let me pass out first."

She had jumped down into the street before Désiré had recovered himself.

Was it real, this which he had been listening to, or only idle chatter? And this woman had been three days away from Caen since she had heard the news; the marriage must have been decided before Marie wrote. His heart swelled with indignation at her treachery; but no! he would not pre-judge her; she might be her mother's unwilling victim. Her own lips should decide his opinion.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVINCED.

"WILL it convince you if you hear from Marie herself that she prefers Au-

guste Leroux?"

Madame Triquet spoke in very subdued accents. She had been taken by surprise by Désire's sudden appearance, and his vehement reproaches and stern refusal to believe that Marie had any share in what he told her was a base conspiracy against him, had for the time both cowed and terrified her. She valued her good name as much as money, and it was not pleasant to hear Désiré threaten to proclaim her through Caen as a perjured woman, who had entered into a fresh contract with one suitor before breaking off with the other.

When first he entered the shop demanding to see Marie, Madame Triquet contemptuously refused him; now it seemed wiser to conciliate him.

"Yes, I will be satisfied," he said sternly, then fixing his eyes on the widow, till she felt made of glass and that he was looking through her, "if I see her alone, and hear her speak her own words; not yours, Madame-

La Veuve wrung her hands. It was impossible; she was going to add, Monsieur Leroux would not like it, but Désiré's

glance kept her in check.

"I shall not move from here, Madame," he said gravely, "till I have spoken to

Marie alone."

The widow saw that he was determined, and she yielded sooner than he expected. It was perhaps well to keep guard in the shop in case of Leroux's sudden appear-

How wonderfully strange to Désiré the familiar place had grown in two short weeks! It seemed as if Marie must have grown strange too; but, no! the inner door of the little parlor stood open, and there she was coming down the narrow stairs as fresh, as bright as ever.

Désiré did not speak till Madame Triquet had passed on into the shop, then he deliberately closed the door after her, and

turned to Marie.

"Marie, what is all this?" He went up to her and took her hand gently.

"Oh, mon Dieu, Désiré, I am frightened! My mother says you are so angry with me; is it true?" She began to

"Is there any reason why I should be

angry with thee, Marie?"

He spoke kindly and quietly, but there was a wounded tone in his voice, for there was something changed in her manner after all, and she pertinaciously avoided looking him in the face.

"Ah, but that is it, Désiré Lelièvre; you are always so wise and so serious, I am always afraid of making you angry, and yet I don't know how, I'm sure. Oh! I am very unhappy."

She began to cry again, sobbing violently and covering her face with her hands.

Désiré seemed to himself to be in a dream. What did it all mean? Marie had never behaved in this way before. Had La Veuve spoken the truth? And then he remembered that this was doubtless the result of her mother's tutoring, and he resolved to make her speak her own sentiments.

"God knows, darling Marie,"-he tried to draw her hands away from her face.-"how ardently I long to make thy happiness, and how grieved I am if I am the cause of thy tears, but there is some mistake between us; tell me what it is, my own Marie, tell me-" he tried to draw her towards him, but she shook her head, "tell me first why thou wrotest that letter?'

Marie felt ill-used and sulky, she had at first refused to come down to see Désiré, but La Veuve had told her exactly what to do and say, and it had seemed so easy that at length she ventured. She was to take a high hand, stating her grievances and reasons for breaking with him. She

was on no account to cry.

La Veuve had shrewdly calculated that cold self-possession would convince the young man more effectually than any reasoning, but she had not also calculated on the influence Désiré still possessed over Marie. So far as she understood the meaning of the word love, the shallowhearted girl had loved him, and now the first glimpses of his frank manly face put to flight all her ready-prepared speeches. At the same time she was so discomfited by her own want of self-control that she was angry with herself and all around

Instead of answering Désiré's last question she hung down her head and sobbed

"Come, Marie!" said Désiré, "let us be friends again,—as if nothing had happened between us! I promise never to vex thee again, dear child, and thou wilt

forget that cruel letter to me!"

His voice was becoming agitated with repressed tenderness, for he wished to win her gently till she became calmer. Marie's quick ear heard his changed tone, -she saw her regained power, and her sobs ceased.

"Then you love me still, after all?"

she said poutingly.

Désiré's answer was more in gesture than words, but she raised her hand warn-

ingly between them.

"We can still be friends,"—this was a bit of her mother's lesson, and she went on glibly,-"but, Monsieur Lelièvre, we cannot be anything more to each other!"

She spoke simply, in her usual sweet voice. A horrible feeling of disappointment, and of having been duped, came over Désiré.

It suddenly seemed to him that the girl who spoke was the Marie he had always known, and that the pettish sulky child of five minutes ago was the true daughter of Madame Triquet. Had she never loved him at all? had all been a sweet-spoken deceit?

The blood rushed to his temples, and then retreating, left him so death-like in color even to his firmly compressed lips, that Marie felt strangely frightened; she stood looking at him as if she were spell-

"Is this your own choice, or has any one else forced it upon you?"

Under his stern eyes she dared not tell the falsehood she had been taught.

"My mother showed me," she almost whispered, "we,—we were not suited; and then,—and besides——"

She left off, either unable to go on, or because she hoped she had said enough.

Spite of the dire conviction at his heart, he made one more effort to regain her. "Oh, Marie! and thou wilt cast me off without giving me a hearing,-without

telling me how it is that I am unsuited to be thy husband? Marie, there is time

still,-tell me !" One would have thought the thrilling tones of his voice must have moved her; but, alas, no. His words had supplied the link to the next sentence she had been taught, and she was too eager to get through her task creditably to be turned Besides, her mother's last whis-

"A real cashmere-silk dresses-a visit to Paris, perhaps, who knows, my child?" sounded louder still than the throb of Désiré's voice against her heart-strings.

"It is I, Désiré, who am more unsuited to be your wife than you to be my husband. I don't complain of you unless you scold me." She spoke more earnestly, for she had meant to have begun thus; and it was a part in which her heart really was interested. She did not want to lose his good opinion altogether. scarcely ever spoken to any man till I saw you; and I was so young, and you asked me so soon after you came back, and I liked you, and so I said, Yes. But I'm sure I could not be happy with a poor man. There are things I wish for more than a husband, Désiré, and you could not give me these. And——"

"And Auguste Leroux can!"—he grasped her arm so firmly that she could not wrest it from him, although she tried to turn away and hide her face. Ah, what other confirmation did he want? He was answered. He paused.

"Marie," he said at last hoarsely, "I can't reproach you—if I told you what is in my heart—about your conduct—I

should make you too unhappy. And I have loved you—remember that—so well, Marie," he spoke very bitterly, "that I can never love woman again—for if you are so false, what are the rest!"

He dropped her arm, and then passed through the shop without taking any notice of La Veuve. Madame Triquet was not prepared for his sudden exit, or she would perhaps have been a little farther from the parlor door.

(To be continued.)

Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSKIN'S LECTURES ON ART.*

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THERE are few men of our time who have been more largely praised or more bitterly attacked than Mr. Ruskin. There are none who have deserved more praise or more resolutely challenged attack. He has been so lavish in his approbation of certain artists and schools of art, that he has raised against them a cloud of opponents. He has been so unsparing in blame of certain others, so curiously inventive of terms of reproach, so audacious in his tilting against received opinions, and so felicitous sometimes in his hits, that he has forced into combination against him a number of determined foes. Of all men he should be the last to object to criticism, for his own sword seldom seeks the scabbard. And on the whole, though he professes with a certain archness a desire for peace, nothing gives him so much pleasure, or brings out his intellect so well, as war, when it is on a subject with which he is acquainted. He will run on, giving birth to paradox after paradox in an apparently gloomy manner, choosing for very wilfulness the obscurity of the Pythoness, as long as his listeners · sit rapt and receptive at his feet. But the moment one of them, seeing that the paradoxes are becoming intolerable, starts up and meets them with a blunt contradiction, and declares war, Mr. Ruskin becomes radiant with good humor, his intellect becomes incisive, and he rushes to

the fight with joy. Nothing is worse for him than worship; and if he had had less of it, he would have done the State more service. Half of his morbid and hopeless writing comes directly of this—that he has not been of late sufficiently excited by respectful opposition to feel happy.

It may be said that he has had plenty of opposition of late, but it is not the sort which makes a man draw his sword with pride. Since he has devoted himself to economical and political subjects, the criticism he has met has been a criticism of laughter from his enemies and of dismay from his friends. It has been felt impossible to go seriously into battle against him, for his army of opinions are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. Throw upon them a clear light, and they disperse—

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Whither have they vanished?"

We cannot say with Macbeth, "Would they had stayed;" but when we look back on the extraordinary series of proposals for regenerating the country, and remember the criminal classes set to draw canal boats under the lash, and the poor dressed all in one sad-colored costume, and other things of this character, we may follow with Banquo's words,

In this way he has brought upon himself the loss of the impulse he derives from

[&]quot;Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner?"

^{*} Lectures on Art, delivered before the University of Oxford, &c. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1870.

respectful and vigorous war. He has left the Delectable mountains where he fed his sheep, and gone back to the valley of the shadow of death. There, impressed with the withered image of Carlylism, which having surrended hope sits now like giant Pope shaking its hands at the pilgrims of the world, and unable to do more than mutter curses at Liberalism, and invoke the help of the aristocracy to sanctify and redeem the people: enthralled by this phantom of a past glory, he has found it almost impossible to go on drawing, with the peace necessary for an artist, the tombs of Verona, or to note down the fleeting loveliness of a sunset cloud. While the poor were perishing for want of fresh water and decent houses, he seemed to himself, we conjecture, to be like Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning. So he abandoned his own sphere-in which, whatever may be his faults, he was supreme by genius—to follow, passibus aquis, in the track of our Jeremiah, whose style is open to the same charge which Mr. Arnold makes so pathetically against the Jewish prophet. But the prophetic cry does not suit the gentler temper of Mr. Ruskin. With all his efforts we are thankful to say that he cannot arrive at making the uncouth noise which Carlyle made, and the uncouthness of which gave what he said more than half its force. He is too tender-hearted to curse heartily, and he cannot bear, like his prototype, to pour forth torrents of blame without proposing remedies for evils. But the remedies Ruskin has proposed are unpractical at this time and in this country, owing to his ignorance of the state of the poor. No man is less fitted to understand their true position. He is too sensitive to beauty, to cleanliness, to quietude, not to exaggerate the apparent misery of a life passed in the midst of ugliness, dirt, and noise. He thinks all the poor feel these things nearly as much as he does, and he cannot conceive, as we see from these lectures, that they should endure to live. We should suppose that he has never lived among them, nor seen how things among them are seasoned by custom. Those who have gone from room to room in the courts which Ruskin thinks so unendurable, know that there is, on the whole, as much happiness among them as there is among the upper classes; that there is more self-sacrifice, more of the peace of hard and gone on its way, and he, having ex-

work, more good humor, more faithfulness to others in misfortune, more every-day Their chief evils are righteousness. drunkenness, which has only lately vanished from among the upper classes; the torrent of alms which has been poured upon them, and which has drowned their independence and postponed their learning the lesson of prudence as opposed to their reckless extravagance. Their main wants are a really active sanitary board, directed by gentlemen in the cities and provinces, who will see that the common work is done with common honesty; and education, especially education in physical science. The commonest training in the first principles of physiology and chemistry, given accurately, will soon produce that state of active anger at their condition, and determination to have it rectified, which no State interference can give them, and which State interference sends to sleep. True, Ruskin advocates this kind of education, and has advocated it well; but he has done it as part of an elaborate system of direction by the State and by the upper classes,-direction which would be as evil to its victims as Romish direction is to the moral force of its patients. No nation has ever been saved by foreign help: the poor can never be saved by the action of the rich, only by their native exertion, and everything that Ruskin says on the subject, in these Lectures and elsewhere, is open to this most grave objection, that it takes away from the people the education which is gained by personal mistakes and personal conquest of mis-

Owing to these two things then,-ignorance of the real state of the poor, and the vicious idea of interference from above with the poor,—the remedies which Ruskin proposes are unpractical. At the same time many of his hints, divorced from their principles, are valuable, and we cannot doubt the earnestness and charity with which he speaks, nor refrain from loving him, though we disagree with him. But with the want of practical knowledge has come exaggeration, and with exaggeration disproportioned remedies; and the world, listening to the recital of woes rendered unreal by the violence of the denunciations, and still more unreal by the proposals for their abolition, has lent its ear to Mr. Ruskin for a transient hour, and smiled

pended so much force for nought, and meeting no real opposition, has slid into melancholy, and from thence into de-

spair.

Moreover, the treatment of such subjects at all, at least their direct treatment, was a great mistake on his part, the error of mistaking his calling. He has been given great powers, as great as those bestowed on any man in this century. has read the book of nature with unwearied diligence and conscientious observation. He is in every sense a student. But he is far more, in that he is a man of genius; for he can not only see rightly see the outline beneath the fulfilment), but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the Poet does it by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feeling through the revelation of fact, and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and the beauty of the fact, and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells his story. Nobody before him took the trouble to tell us what mountains were like, for the descriptions of the geologist bear the same relation to the actual mountains that the details of the skeleton bears to the living man. Nobody before him made the aspect of the sky, morning, noon, and evening, familiar as a household word, nor led us to look on clouds and all their beauty as as much objects of daily observation and delight as the ways of our children or the face of those we love. No one before him took us by the brooks of water and upon the sea, and made every ripple of the one and every wave-form of the other a recognized pleasure. Wordsworth gave us much help, but he taught us to feel more than to observe and understand. But Ruskin has taught us to observe and understand, not as the scientific man does for the ends of science, but for the ends of delight received from the perception of truth, and no more faithful and splendid work has ever been done. One would say that this observer of the vaster aspects of nature for the end of Art, would be likely to fail in seeing the loveliness of the

infinitely little, of the "beetle panoplied in gems and gold," of the "daisy's shadow on the naked stone," of the opening of a sheaf of buds, of the fairy wilderness of an inch or two of meadow. But neither here has he failed, and the reader of Mr. Ruskin's books may lie on his face in a field for half an hour, or watch the water of a stream eddying round a mossy trunk, and not only feel unremitting pleasure in what he sees, as Keats or Wordsworth would make him feel, but know why he feels his pleasure, add to his stock of artistic fact, and gain additional power of knowing beauty. All our hours of recreation have been blessed through him.

The same delicate sensitiveness to beauty combined with acute critical perception of minuter points of excellence has been applied by him to poetry. Since Coleridge we have had no finer work done on the Poets. It is a pity that his criticisms on Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and others, are not collected out of his volumes and published separately.* A book of this kind would be of infinitely more value than the useless "Selections from Ruskin;" a book which irritates one, even more than selections usually do, and has given an entirely false impression of his work to that luckless personage, the gen-

eral reader.

The work which he has done on Pictures has been equally good of the same kind. He was perfectly capable of explaining their technical excellence, but he did not choose to write for artists, and we are glad that he laid this sort of work aside. For, however good it might be for special students, it gave no help to the public, and only led certain would-be connoisseurs to prate about morbidezza and chiar'oscuro, and bold handling, and a hundred other things, which in their mouths were little better than cant. We have been delivered by Mr. Ruskin from the technicalities of ignorant persons. He has led us more than all others to look for the conception of a picture, and to study the way in which the artist carried out that

^{*} We do not mean to say that we agree with all Mr. Ruskin's views on Poetry. On the contrary, we often disagree with him, entirely so, for example, when he represents Keats as morbid and sad—a man of the healthiest nature and of the most happy temperament, till disease laid its hand upon his splendid but undeveloped powers.

conception. He has taught us to compare it with the facts of nature which we are capable of observing, and to judge it partly from the artist's reverence for We can now, having a certain method, enjoy the thing done with a great deal of delight, without knowing how it is done. Of course the enjoyment is not so great as his who can not only appreciate the ideas but also the mode of work; but it is something, and the smattering we had before of artistic phrase was worth nothing. Those who have time and inclination can go further, but the many who cannot, have now a real pleasure; they can give a reason why they like a picture instead of talking nonsense. Of course the dilettante Pharisees are angry, but that only increases the general thank-

fulness of the public.

Mr. Ruskin has not only shown us how to go to work. He has a rare power of seeing into the central thought of a picture, and his wide knowledge of the aspects of nature enables him to pronounce upon truth of representation. He has performed this labor notably on Turner and Tintoret. Turner's phrase, that "he sees meanings in my pictures which I did not mean," is the exact truth: and Shakespeare would no doubt have said the same had he read Schlegel. He has revealed the genius of Turner to the world by comparing Turner with Nature; and those who have spent hour after hour in the enchanted rooms of the Ducal Palace, or wandered day after day through the sombre galleries of the Scuola San Rocco, know what he has done for Tintoret. has been said that the world appreciated Turner before Ruskin spoke. A few persons and the artists did (no one ever imagined that the artists did not heartily acknowledge his genius), but artists have not the gift of speech, nor, with an exception or two, such as Eastlake, the faculty of criticism, and we have only found out at last from their biographies what they thought. It is absurd to quote their isolated sayings as a proof that the public understood and valued Turner before Ruskin wrote. Artists' say that they pointed out Tintoret to Ruskin, but why did not they point him out to the world? The public wish to be taught, and the artists are silent. We expect it is that they have not much to say. They know what is good; so does Mr. Ruskin. But he takes early in the morning to hear the nightin-

the trouble to tell us what is good and why it is good, and we owe no gratitude to the

artists and a very great deal to him.

Now to do all this, to read Nature, Poetry and Painting for us, and to continue doing it, was Ruskin's peculiar work, and the greater part of it was most nobly done. We ask, with sorrow, why he abandoned it? We have suffered no greater grief than when he left it and took up other labors, for which he was eminently unfitted, and the effect of which was to spoil his powers for his especial business. Sanitary reform, political economy, the dressing of England, manufactories, crime, poverty! que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère? A man must have iron nerves and little acute sense of beauty, to play his part in that battle-field, and the result on Ruskin has been like that which would follow on sending a poet like Shelley into one of the war hospitals. He ceases to be able to write poetry and he

kills the patients.

This is one of the great mistakes which are scarcely ever remedied, and we trace its results in every one of these Lectures, which are weakened by the forced introduction of irrelevant matter, and by the hopeless tone which much musing on miserable subjects has brought into his temper and his style. We trace the latter in the very first page, where he says that it "has chanced to him of late to be so little acquainted either with pride or hope, that he can scarcely recover so much as he now needs of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight." We appeal to him to throw by altogether the peculiar class of subjects of which we speak, and to believe that when God has given him so plainly a particular work to do, it is his first duty to stick to that work, and to put aside everything which interferes with it. Hope will return when he does his proper labor, and the noble pride of the workman in his toil will give him strength when a crowd of importunate duties outside his sphere are sternly shut out, and he concentrates himself on the one great duty of his life—the unveiling to men Truth and Beauty in Art and in Nature.

We trace this despondent tone, and the consequent false view of the world, still more pathetically in a passage in the "Catalogue of Examples," where he describes himself as walking in his garden

on the grass through thickets of the the whole of this passage, and from standard peach, and of plum and pear in their first showers of fresh silver, looking more like much broken and far-tossed spray of fountains than trees," and hears the roar of the railroads sounding in the distance, "like the surf of a strong sea," and thinks that " of all the myriads imprisoned by the English Minotaur of lust for wealth, and condemned to live, if it is to be called life, in the labyrinth of black walls and loathsome passages between them, which now fills the valley of the Thames-not one could hear, this day, any happy bird sing, or look upon any quiet space of the pure grass that is good for seed." It is so strongly expressed and so prettily ended, and has so much of fact to bear it out, that one at first is inclined to believe it all. But it is very far from the whole truth. Every year sees more grass in London, and more trees; the parks are more crowded with children and working men and roughs, who with all their rudeness respect the flowers and enjoy the mea-.dow; the song of the thrush is not quite gone from the gardens of Kensington and Victoria Park; in spring and summer time, owing to the very railways which Ruskin seems anxious to abolish, thousands pour out of London every week to Epping and Richmond and Hampton and the Downs, and even drink the sea-breeze at Margate and Brighton. Our poor see far more of the country and of lovely places than they did in the past times which we glorify so foolishly; and bad as London is, it is better now that we have proved that we can actually stamp out the cholera, than it was in the days when the Black Death strode unopposed through its streets, and reaped a harvest in its filthy lanes and reeking cottages, which it could not reap at the present time, when the whole nation is ten times cleaner.

It is a picture by Cima of Conegliano, which he introduces to the students with this burst of sorrow, and he bids them look upon it when they would be in the right temper for work. "It will seem to speak to you if you look long: and say again, and yet again, "Ιδε δ αίρων. His own Alps are in the distance, and he shall teach us how to paint their wild flowers, and how to think of them."

gale sing, and see "the sunlight falling Professor Ruskin seems to infer from others in the Lectures, that when these delicate and beautiful pictures were painted by Bellini, Cima, and others, there was more enjoyment of the country and of lovely things by the poor (as if our love of landscape was not ten times more wide-spread than that of the Venetians!) and that the poor were better off, and lived a cleanlier and healthier life, and had better dwellings than they now possess in London. Neither Bellini nor Conegliano, we imagine, troubled themselves as much about the poor as even a vestryman of St. Pancras, and if we take the city of Venice, to whose school Cima belonged, the facts which speak of dirt, disease, and ill-living, are appalling. In 1302 the Doge Morosini died of a great plague which swept away 19,000 souls. Not quite a century afterwards, in 1476, the Pest came again, and in 1484 it was again raging with unremitting fury. In 1556 plague and famine again devastated the city. Checked for a time, it broke out again with desolating violence in 1576; and in 1630 the great church of S. M. della Salute, which guards the entrance of the Grand Canal, was built by the vows of the Senate to beseech the prayers of the Virgin to avert another awful destruction from the people. We know now pretty well, by our own sad experience, what these visitations mean. They mean that the curse of darkness and low living, and vile dwellings, and pestilental crowding was as deep over the sun-girt city where Cima of Conegliano worked, as it ever has been in England, as it is not now in England. None of the other Italian cities were much better off, though plague was naturally worse in Venice, from its closer connection with the East, from its vast population, and from its want of fresh water and drainage.

This curious inability of seeing facts, when he is entangled with matters irrelevant to his proper work, has spoiled some of Professor Ruskin's past labor, and diminishes the influence of these Lectures. In another man it would be culpable negligence. In his case, he is partly blinded by his crowning mistake, to which we have alluded, and partly swept away by his theory. But men should not be blinded, and should not be

swept away, and Ruskin's work suffers tion of even the least law to which in consequence. For by and by (and this obedience is essential for the glory of is frequently the case) he is sure to see life and the pleasing of its giver." the other side of his theory and to dwell Titian lived the life of a noble natural on that with equal force. Both statements character, but his morals were entirely are set over one against each other, but unrestrained by any considerations bein different portions of his works; and longing to high morality. He was the the world of readers naturally declares friend of Aretino, and that speaks that he has contradicted himself. He denies this, saying that he has stated both sides of the truth; but stating both these sides separately and with equal vehemence, without having balanced them, he runs into exaggera-tion in both, and, instead of distinctly defining one truth, rushes into two mis-takes. The result is that those who admire and revere his teaching, as we ourselves most sincerely do, are greatly troubled at times to defend him and to understand him. They are wearied by the efforts they have to make to set aside what is due to impetuosity, and to find by a laborious comparison of passages what the truth really is which he desires to tell.

We hoped, for example, that in the lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morality" he would have laid down plainly what he meant on this vext subject. But we are bound to say that he has done so in a confused manner. His first phrase is, "You must have the right moral State or you cannot have the Art." He does not say you must have certain moral qualities in an artist or a nation, or you cannot have noble art:—he makes the immense requirement of a right moral state, which is either too vague a definition, or means that the whole state of any artist's moral character must be right or he will not produce good work. Everbody at once denies this, and brings examples to disprove it. Ruskin says that those who have misapprehended the matter have done so because they did not know who the great painters were, such as those "who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi, and the him of Cadore. The life of Titian is of a moral life, in which he includes extremely provoking. "any actual though unconscious viola- It is worth while, perhaps, to look at

volumes for his moral standard. Tintoret, a much higher moral character, despised Aretino. Titian dined with that vile person with the vilest of women. It does not say much for his reverence that he had no objection to chant the Magnificat over a dish of savory partridges. He lived freely, he spent his money freely, he drank freely, though wisely. Nor was the society of his city in a right moral state. It had not sunk down into the faded baseness of Venice before the French Revolution. It had still a reverence for truth, and honor, and generosity, but these were combined with an audacious immorality of the body, with fiery jealousies, with the most headlong following of passions. A good deal of this is confessed by Professor Ruskin, but his confession. only proves that his original phrase is far too large for his meaning, What he does mean, if we take the illustrations which follow as explanations, is this, that whatever is good in an artist's work springs from some corresponding element of good in his character, as for example, truth of representation from love of truth. But this only predicates the existence in him of some moral qualities, not that he is in a right moral state, which means that the whole of his character is moral. With these moral qualities may exist immoral qualities, such as sensuality, and the evil influence of that will also be seen in his work. Stated thus, Ruskin only means that a man's character is accurately reflected in his art, and this, with respect to the ideas of his work, we are by no means disposed to deny, seeing it may be called a truism.

But in other places, in scattered phrases, crags of Cadore." Well, let us take he seems to speak directly from the large statement, and to assume that it is true in not the life of a man in a right moral its entirety, though he has modified it again state, in our usual sense of the words; and again. This is the element of connor does it agree with Ruskin's sketch fusion in the lecture, and it is at times

the subject more closely. Noble art is the splendid expression, through intense but subdued feeling, of noble ideas. Nobleness of conception is its first element; but it is also necessary that the ideas should be represented simply, directly, and in a manner true to natural fact; that the harmony of the work should be complete, and also its finish; that the subordination of the parts to the whole, and their several relations, should be clear in statement, unbroken by any extravagance in any part, or any indulgence of mere fancy; and that the technical skill employed should be almost intuitive in absolute ease, accuracy, and knowledge.

Does all this presuppose a right moral state in the Artist? The first element does partly do so, for it is not possible that a base person can have noble thoughts or express them nobly,—at least in the ear or to the eye of a noble person: the imitation is at once detected; nor is the feeling of a base person ever intense, and even should he possess some passion, he cannot subdue it to the calm in which a great thought can alone take its correspondent form. Even that love of sensual pleasure which is so characteristic of artist life, and which by no means supposes a base character, though often an immoral one, spoils, we think, the predominance of high imagination in artistic work. No one who has studied Titian and Tintoret can, in our opinion, compare the two, so far as moral majesty of thought is concerned, and grandeur of imagination. In these points Tintoret as far excels Titian as his life was simpler and purer than Titian's. The same may be said of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But on the other hand, a man like Angelo may be in a much more right moral state than Titian, and yet never reach his nobility of conception.

It is plain, after all, that the possession of Imagination is the first thing, and of Individuality the second, and that the moral condition only influences and does not secure or destroy the ideas of genius. What really reduced the work of the later artists of the Renaissance to its poverty of ideas while retaining exquisite technical skill, was not their moral state, which was by no means so bad as Ruskin says; but the way in which all individuality was overridden by the predominance of the Past. They became imitators, not inventors, and even Raphael's work shows that this dead-

ening influence had begun. The Renaissance began by intensifying individuality and setting it free, in the case of Art, from the shackles of religious conventionality; it ended by laying a heavier yoke of convention Art than even religion had done. Art could not endure that, and it perished.

On the whole, then, noble conceptions in an artist's work only presuppose some moral elements in his character, and it is not seldom the case that when an artist's moral state is absolutely right, there is a want in his work of healthy naturalness, of fire and warmth, of bold representations of human life. He is liable to be overawed by his own morality, he is likely to direct his work to a moral end as his first aim; and that would be the ruin of Art.

But putting noble ideas aside, and taking up the other qualities of great Art, such as preciseness of handling and the rest, do these necessarily presuppose a right moral state in the artist, or even analogous moral qualities? Ruskin boldly declares that they do. The infinite grace of the words of Virgil is due, he says, to his deep tenderness. The severitysevere conciseness, we suppose-of the words of Pope, to his serene and just benevolence. Both of these excellences may have been influenced by the moral qualities mentioned; but we suspect they were mainly due to the literary work which preceded the Æneid and the Essay on Man. Pope was the last great artist of that critical school which began, we may say, with Dryden. Virgil developed into perfection the gracefulness which the Roman world of letters had been striving to attain for many years. They entered into the labors of other men, and added to these the last touch.

Professor Ruskin goes still further with respect to Art. After speaking in his best manner of the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Veronese, and of the unfaltering, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of a skilful fencer; of the muscular precision and the intellectual strain of such movement, and of its being governed every instant by direct and new intention, and of this sustained all life long, with visible increase of power,—he turns round and adds: "Consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort of an ethical state of body and mind that means!

Ethic through ages past! What fineness of race there must be to get it; what exquisite balance of the vital powers! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, mean anxiety or gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man," &c. &c. (p. 72). In this he has left his modifications behind and swept back to his large statement, and, without denying the portion of truth in the sentence, it is plain that the inference is not at all a necessary one. These qualities of the artist may be the result, partly of natural gift, and partly of a previous art development, into the advantages of which he steps at once. They presuppose that the artist has been born into a school which has brought its methods up to a certain point of perfection, from which a completer development is possible. His genius adds to the past what was needed to perfect it, and Titian or Turner orb their special Art into its perfect sphere. The ethic state into which Ruskin demands that he should be placed, because of his precise hand, may not be an ethic state at all. His absolute power of touch says, it is true, that neither the artist himself nor his parents were desperate drunkards nor imprudent sensualists, that they kept their physical frame in fine order. But does that prove his morality or that of his parents? A calculating sensualist, who is prudent in his indulgence, may have a healthier body than the man who has fought against sensualism all his life. A man may be a liar or a thief, and his bodily powers be in exquisite harmony. Fineness of race does not prove an antecedent morality, nor perfection of handling an artist's truth or

Again, he may have the patient power of a great master, his government of the hand by selective thought, his perception of the just harmony of color, and the man himself be at the same time neither patient, nor temperate, nor pure in his daily life. For all artists can lead a double life, life in the world and life in their art; and genius and morality are two things, not one. Their several qualities resemble one another, but they are not identical. The intense industry of genius, its patience, its temperance in the centre of passion, are of its very nature; but outside the sphere of an artist's work, in matters of common

life, where these qualities would become moral in resistance to sloth, to bad temper, and to sensual indulgence, they may and do completely fail; nay, even the restraint of the studio may lead directly to absence of restraint in the world. One cannot argue as Ruskin does from the possession of the one to the possession of the other, though we may with him distinctly argue from the artist's search for lovely forms, and thoughts to express, to his moral temper. We partly agree then and partly disagree with our writer, but we have no hope that people in general will ever know clearly whether they agree or disagree with Mr. Ruskin on this subject till he tells us plainly what he means by a moral state, for surely the prevalence of kindness and order in a character does not sum up the

whole of its meaning.

With regard to the aim of Art, Ruskin is much clearer than on the question of Art in relation to Morality. He can no longer be attacked on the ground that he denies that the first aim of Art should be to give a high pleasure, for he states plainly that every good piece of art involves essentially and first the evidence of human skill and the formation of an actually beautiful thing by it. We agree with him that, beyond this, Art may have two other objects, Truth and Serviceableness. Mr. Ruskin has done no work so well and so usefully as that in which he has proved that great Art is always true, and that so far as it does not represent the facts of things, it is neither vital nor beautiful. The statement has naturally to be modified when one comes to ideal pictures, but it bears modification without the contradiction of its principle; and the mode in which, in the "Modern Painters," these modifications are worked out within the sphere of the original statement is equally subtile and true. The necessity that there should be serviceableness as one element of the artist's conception appears chiefly in the Art of Architecture, and the general reception of the idea that everything in a building should be motivé towards the purpose of the building is largely due to the "Stones of Venice" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." In the present lecture on "The Relation of Art to Use," he goes, we think, too far. The usefulness of truthful portraiture no man denies, but we do not believe in Art being serviceable to Geology, Botany, and History, except on

the condition of its ceasing to be art. The great artist can draw mountains accurately without knowing geology, and flowers without knowing botany; but he cannot help either geologist or botanist by work which, if it is imaginative, must generalize truth. Moreover, it is waste of time; as great a waste of time as Ruskin himself makes when he torments himself with business. A section of Skiddaw, sufficient for all purposes, can be drawn by any pupil in the School of Mines. Again, in the matter of history, it is a very pretty pastime to illustrate Carlyle's Frederick, to draw the tomb of Henry the Fowler, or the battlefield of Minden; but so far as service to the historian is concerned, a photograph of the tomb and a map of the field by the Ordnance Survey would be far more use-The artist would paint his impressions of the tomb and of the field of battle; the pictures would be delightful, but Turnerian topography would not assist the historian much.

Art is not to be a handmaid to Science or History, but to exist wholly within her own sphere and for her own ends. Her utility is in the communication of beauty and the giving of a noble enjoyment. She is the handmaid, not of any particular class of men, but of mankind, and the best advice to give to students who wish to make art useful is this, "Don't draw for the help of Science or History, draw for your own delight in Nature and Humanity -and to increase the delight of others. If your work lives to stir or confirm an enduring energy, or to kindle a true feeling, or to lead men to look more wisely, kindly, or closely at the life of humanity or the world of nature, it will be of more ennobling usefulness than all the labors of scientific or historical scholars. Let this be your aim, to give high pleasure to men, and to sacrifice your life for that. Then the usefulness of your art is secured."

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the three last practical lectures on "Line," "Light," and "Color." They go straight, with the inevitable digressions intermixed, to the objects of the Art School. The conception which Ruskin has of those objects is different from the usual one, but it is none the worse for that. It is well that one professor at least should see that one of the first aims of an art school at a university should be to teach young men to see

beautiful natural fact and to love its beauty. In after-life they will demand it of artists, and the demand will react with benefit both on artists and art. They cannot learn this better than by drawing natural objects with accuracy. Ruskin has given himself to the teaching of this, and his method seems to be admirable. refer our readers to the Lectures, but his main object, in his own words, is this, to teach his pupils "to draw spaces of their true shape, and to fill them in with colors which shall match their colors." He is right in dwelling upon color more than on light and shade, and in his protest against the theory that shadow is an absence of No words in the whole Lectures, considered not only as truth, but as establishing in his hearers' minds a true ideal of Art, are more important than these two sentences: "Shadow is necessary to the full presence of color, for every color is a diminished quantity or energy of light, and, practically, it follows, from what I have just told you, that every light in painting is a shadow to higher lights, and every shadow a light to lower shadows; that also every color in painting must be a shadow to some brighter color and a light to some darker one, all the while being a positive color itself. And the great splendor of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much color as light, often much more . . . while the practice of the Bolognese and Roman schools in drawing their shadows always dark and cold renders perfect painting impossible in those schools." That is one sentence; here is the other: "Whether you fill your spaces with colors or with shadows, they must be equally of the true outline and in true gradations. Without perfect delineation of form and perfect gradation of space, neither noble color is possible nor noble light." Principles of these kinds worked out in teaching and taught by personal superintendence will make some of his pupils good workmen, and all good judges of the general aspects of art. To illustrate these things and others, and to inspire the students, Professor Ruskin, with a noble generosity for which he has not been sufficiently thanked-he has been so often generous that men have come to look upon his gifts as they look upon the gifts of air and light, so common that one for-

gets to be grateful—has given to the School of Art a whole collection of examples, many of them of great value and rarity, and many of them his own personal work, the results of years of accurate study and patient drawing. There are some artists who have been impertinent enough to despise and even to deny the artistic quality of Ruskin's work. But many of these drawings of flowers, of shells, of old buildings, and especially of such stonework as Gothic capitals, Venetian doorways, the porches of cathedrals, are of the highest excellence, and possess a quality of touch and an imaginative sympathy with the thing represented combined with an exquisite generalization of truth for which we look in vain in the work of many artists

whose names stand high.

We believe that by Ruskin's work at the Art School in Oxford this result at least will be attained, that the young men who afterwards will become, by their wealth, patrons and buyers of art, will know good work when they see it, and be able and willing to rescue from the ruin of Italian restorers and destroyers pictures which are now perishing, unpitied and unknown. They will cease to waste their money. The expenditure, at present, of rich people, on the most contemptible nicknacks, on Swiss cottages and silver filagree, and Florentine frames and copies on china at Dresden and pietra dura, is as pitiable as it is incredible. Room after room in large houses is filled with trash which ought to be destroyed at once, for the demand for it keeps a mass of men producing things which are only worthy to pave roads with. The very production of copies of pictures is in itself a crime, and the only thing which is worse is the buying of them.

But we must close our paper. have spoken with openness of the faults which we find in Professor Ruskin's work, and it has been difficult to assume the critic: for our own gratitude to him has been, and is, so deep, and we are so persuaded of the influence for good which he has had on England, that blame had to become as great a duty as praise before we could express it. And even in the midst of our blame, we felt the blessing of contact with a person of a strong individuality, the pleasure of meeting in the middle of a number of writers cut out after the same pattern, with one who cuts

out his own pattern and alters it year by year. His theories may, many of them, be absurd, but we may well put up with the absurdity of some for the sake of the excellence of others, more especially for the sake of the careful work which hangs on to them and can be considered apart from them. We should be dismayed to lose the most original man in England. It is quite an infinite refreshment to come across a person who can gravely propose to banish from England all manufactories which require the use of fire, who has the quiet audacity to contradict himself in the face of all the reviewers, and who spins his web of fancies and thoughts without caring a straw what the world thinks of The good which a man of so marked an originality does to us all is great, if it is provoking; and we had rather possess him with his errors than a hundred steady-going writers who can give solemn reasons for all they say. The intellectual excitement which he awakens, the delight and anger which he kindles in opposite characters, and the way in which his words create a stir of debate, marks the man of genius whose mistakes are often as good as other persons' victories, and who from this very quality of individuality, united to the personal attractiveness of his simple and sympathetic humanity, is calculated to be of great and lasting good to Oxford.

We have read many lectures on Art Subjects, many books on Art Criticism. They have their merits, merits which Mr. Ruskin's work does not possess. They are formal, easily understood, carefully arranged; all scattered thought, or impetuous fancy, or wild theory is banished We walk through a from their pages. cultivated garden, the beds are trimly laid down, the paths are neat and straight, the grass is closely shaven, the trees are trees of culture, the very limes on the edge are kept in order, and walls surround it on all sides. At last, on the very outskirts of the garden, beyond the bounding wall, and looked down upon by a row of pert hollyhocks who have in the course of many seasons arrived at the power of producing double flowers in an artistic manner, we catch a glimpse of a wild bit of grassy land, full of gray boulders and some noble trees growing as they like it, and below a brook chattering pleasantly over the stones. Every flower of the

field blooms here and runs in and out is true there are burnt spaces of grass below is a mystery of light and color. It the books of Ruskin.

among the rocks and roots after its own here and there, and clusters of weeds, and sweet will. The woodbine, the wild rose now and then a decayed tree stem; but sprays, the ivy and moss, play the mad- for all that, when we see the pleasant dest and the prettiest pranks by the place, we do not think twice about it, we brook-side. The sky is blue above, with forget our garden, we leap the wall and we a world of drifting clouds, and the ground live far more than haif of our art life with

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.

I HAVE endeavored to describe the power which is at work in all the changes of our time, the power of organized public opinion. I have also described to you the changes themselves, and have represented them as being mainly of one kind; namely, abolitions of monoply. there are many who complain of the partiality shown by the ruling power of the time for this kind of work, maintaining that much more necessary tasks are neglected for it. At any rate, it is evident that some very necessary tasks remain undone, and that public opinion at least does not show any great forwardness to undertake them. Pauperism is as great an evil perhaps as Church ascendency. but it is not dealt with so promptly. National education has waited forty years, and about twenty years ago the Ministry of Lord John Russell expressly declared that a system of national education was rendered impossible by the opposition of religious bodies: this was equivalent to a declaration that public opinion was not sufficiently pronounced or resolute for such a scheme; in other words, that it was not so zealous in this matter as in matters of another kind. It appears, then, that public opinion chooses among abuses; that it is not animated with an equal hostility to all. There must be something either in the peculiar nature of this power or in the conditions under which it works, or in both, to give it this particular bias. Why is it that, instead of an outcry against all abuses and evils that afflict the State, we have had simply a cry of "Down with monopolies?"

There are, I believe, some general reasons arising out of the very nature of public opinion which help to explain this;

but perhaps the main cause is to be found in a special influence which is at work. I will consider the general reasons first. What was the sovereign power in England to which public opinion succeeded? The influence of a certain number of great families. The new monarch was installed with great expectations, and actually accomplished some reforms. But it is not to be supposed that he was in every respect superior to his predecessor, or that his predecessor was altogether incompetent: even those who welcomed him most warmly, and expected most from him, probably considered him only better on the whole, and may have been prepared to acknowledge him inferior in some respects. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the new régime would shine in every kind of reform. If enlightenment was wanted, the new power was not clearly more enlightened than the old. Lonsdales and Fitzwilliams of the old régime had at least education and leisure, which a large proportion of the new voters entirely wanted. If genius was wanted, the old power knew better than the new how to find it, and had the wisdom to allow genius a good deal of scope. Moreover, under the old régime governments were more stable and steadfast than they have been since, and therefore the change removed one almost indispensable condition of all difficult reforms, the feeling of strength and security on the part of the Ministers that preside over them. Now, the highest works of statesmanship require these three things—great power in the Minister, genius to counsel and support him, enlightenment in Parliament to weigh and decide upon his plans; and to none of these things was the new régime favorable. Where, then, was its superiority? Its superiority was not a general one, but confined to a special point. It was not a class régime. Any other fault it might have as much or more than the régime it superseded, but it had not so much exclusiveness. It speedily threw open Parliament to a multitude of interests which had scarcely been represented there before, and in that far mightier parliament which is the true deliberative organ of this régime—in the Press—all interests were represented from the beginning, and every voice was free to make itself heard. A régime, therefore, which had one special virtue would be likely to distinguish itself by a special class of reforms. When the spirit of exclusiveness was expelled from the Government, it was to be expected that the monopolies would fall which that exclusiveness had sustained.

Again, some evils in the State are flagrant and conspicuous, and others, though they may chance to be greater, are of a more subtle character. With these more subtle evils public opinion is not remarkably well qualified to deal. It has not the blindness which was sometimes created in the old regime by its class prejudices. The accomplished Windham was a steady opponent of popular education, not because he did not know the value of education, but because he felt the régime with which he was identified to stand in need of popular ignorance. Men much inferior to Windham in these days escape such a warp of the mind; the removal of exclusiveness has been to this extent equivalent to an increase of enlightenment. But the other kind of blindness which is not produced by special circumstances, the common blindness which arises from want of cultivation, has not been removed by the change of régime, and public opinion is more uncultivated, at the same time that it is more equitable, than the class opinion it supplanted. There was no reason, then, to expect that public opinion would be particularly keen to detect abuses that were not obvious. Its reign was likely to be characterized rather by a rough fairness and honesty than by deep wisdom. In this very matter of education that I pable of condemning a whole class to trive upon a large scale. the reason of State; but, on the other of the constitution to ruins could furnish

hand, its conception of the value of education would not be very distinct, nor its notion of what constitutes a good education very accurate. It would therefore not oppose education, but it would be quite likely to trifle with it, to misunderstand it, and to mismange it. In discussions about education it would be apt, from want of thoughts and feelings about the subject itself, to slide off into side issues; and when the question is of turning young savages into citizens and Christians, when the question is of the very souls and characters of the young, it would be quite capable of getting on its hobby of tests, quite capable of hunting a monopoly through the very school-room where its children are learning to read and to tell the truth. It would be likely enough to intrude the maxims of the shop and of the race-course into the school; one would not be surprised if it proved unable to conceive a university except in one of two ways—either as a fund to be divided in fellowships among a number of people, according to certain rules, or as a system of violent and dangerous competitive struggles, carried on partly in the schools and senate-house, partly on the Thames and at Lords' Cricket Ground. To deal with subjects like this, in fact, to deal with the whole department of culture, it is evident that you must have a Government of the wisest, and no one has ever supposed that the government of public opinion, at least such as we see it in this age, answered that description.

Again, there are some great political works which may be evidently needed, and may ever be acknowledged to be indispensable, but which are of extreme difficulty, which require a vast collection of facts and a patient application of contrivance and discretion to a multitude of details. Now for such works the régime of public opinion has one great advantage over the old régime. The old régime, it may be said, had no ideal of statesmanship. Conservatism being universal, no one contemplated such a thing as constructive legislation. If the constitution was a thing settled and complete, so that the only question was of interpreting it rightly, a statesman could have just mentioned it would not be ca- scarcely be called upon to create or con-Only some ignorance on considerations drawn from great catastrophe which had reduced part

such an occasion, as the Irish rebellion of '98 made the Legislative Union possible. The appearance of a vast reforming party, and the familiarity with large changes which their exertions have gradually produced among us, have enlarged our conception of what statesmanship may do, and have led us to conceive of such a thing as an art of progress, have made us change our conception of a state as an unchanging thing, which has only to be watched and protected from the impact of foreign bodies, for a conception of it as a growing and developing thing, a thing perpetually shifting, advancing, and putting forth new organs, and requiring therefore to be studied with method, to be helped and directed in its changes with boldness and expertness, and capable of being indefinitely developed and improved by genius. But though the present regime has given us the idea of this higher statesmanship, it has at the same time placed enormous difficulties in the way of the idea being realized. The actual result has been, that the statesmen of the present age have not appeared great in proportion to the greatness of the changes they have introduced. This is not perhaps a necessary effect of the dominion of public opinion, but rather a consequence of the particular way in which its dominion was established. Had public opinion made its way by gradual advances, and gained for itself from politicians, first respect, and then in course of time deference, it might have become great itself without too much eclipsing the greatness of statesmen. But it gained its sovereignty by wrestling with and defeating the first public men of the day, and therefore its victory was won at the expense of the prestige of statesmanship. The influence which should naturally support the statesman, and receive direction from him, dictated to him. The popular movement, while it humiliated by defeat the statesman who opposed it, was greater and more commanding than any of the statesmen who joined it. Hence the part of the statesman for a time lost some of its dignity. There were statesmen who had administrative skill, character, and the tact of government; there were others who had the sympathy and confidence of the people, and who understood the signs of the times. But there was an unfortu-nate want of statesmen who combined both sorts of qualification. Those who

understood the time best had been so long in opposition that they had not acquired the art of administration. They were better agitators than rulers: they could represent the popular movement better than they could direct it. Meanwhile the other side had a leader with the experience and all the qualifications of a statesman, but he passed his life in a perpetual unsuccessful warfare with the spirit of the age. The Whigs only shone when they were in opposition, and Sir Robert Peel when he gave up one of his principles. The consequence was that the régime was not simply that of public opinion, but of public opinion ill-directed and reduced to feel its own way. If this want of able leaders were an evil incident especially to the régime of public opinion, if public opinion is likely always to have the best statesmanship of the age resisting it, and to be served only by the second best, it must certainly be considered an unfortunate form of government. Perhaps, however, we may consider that this is already disproved by later experience. In any case it is possible to point out the special and exceptional circumstances which damaged the statesmanship of the Whigs of the Reform Bill, while it is not surprising that Sir Robert Peel, a veteran servant of the old régime, should have been out of sympathy with the new from the influence of his training, and not at all from any natural repulsion of high statesmanship from the sovereignty of public opinion.

What is important for us, however, is to remark that the present period for the most part has not been favorable to the higher statesmanship. The dislocation of parties at one time, and their even balance at another, has kept statesmen perpetually occupied in maintaining their positions, and has thus disabled them from undertaking great public works. Anxietate careus animus-a mind free from the sense of insecurity-is as necessary for great works of statesmanship as for great works of poetry. Such security being out of the reach of the statesmen of this age, they have necessarily leaned on their oars and drifted very much before the tide of popular feeling. Whatever the people wanted, if it was not too difficult to accomplish, they could have; but difficult tasks, men felt, it was not the season to undertake. The measures of this age are, therefore, to be considered not merely as

what public opinion was capable of demanding and supporting, but what without much help from skilled statesmanship it felt safe in carrying through. This reflection will explain much inaction and many omissions. The question of pauperism, for example, belongs to a class of questions with which the present age has hitherto felt itself altogether inadequate to deal. It is an enemy which a minister must grapple with alone, if he is to have a chance of overcoming it: no ministry is a match for it and a strong opposition together.

To say that this has been an age of feeble ministers is equivalent to saying that public opinion has hitherto been much The nation, after it began to rule, for a long time showed no decided preference. The two vast parties that formed themselves were evenly balanced, and therefore no minister could gain decided support in a decided and consistent In these circumstances we had an age of reforms, but of easy reforms. It was necessary to look about for the few principles about which there was agreement, or at least which were sure of a majority, and to apply these principles to the very utmost. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than the prominence given to the question of monopolies. Fair play was what everybody could understand; "an open field and no favor," was a cry which would always be popular, and so it was kept up till a number of simple changes had been accomplished, which, when the total result of them is reckoned up, amount to a remarkable revolution. But if greater works are to be accomplished, less obvious principles must first be agreed upon, and they must be grasped so firmly and with such unanimity that a statesman may feel secure in rearing upon them an elaborate structure.

Such are the general causes which seem to have given this turn to the movement of the age. The reflection suggested by the consideration of them is a commonplace one. It is that the public, to be a good ruler, wants much more enlightenment. That it may treat great questions in a worthy spirit, and that it may give room and support to great statesmen, it must have much more enlightenment. Enlightenment in the highest and largest sense is what is wanted; but there is a lower and more special kind of enlightenment that would go some way. In the

last lecture I spoke of the organization that has sprung up in the country for the purpose of furnishing the people with information on political subjects, and also with the opportunity of discussing them. It is by these means that that average vote is determined upon the wisdom of which depends the welfare of the country. Now, in this machinery there is a strange defect. One very obvious way of enlightening the people on political subjects there is, which nevertheless is not taken. papers, leading articles-we know the skill with which our Times leader puts us in a condition to meditate over the breakfast table on the most important question, whatever it may be, of the day. We are supplied with all the necessary facts, which, carefully separated from the unnecessary ones, are arranged before us in lucid order; then follow all the most necessary scraps of learning, legal or other, that may assist in the decision of the question; then follow a few reflections, written in the most intelligible English and with the most skilful adaptátion to the wants of the average understanding. Every day of his life the lawyer ponders there for some half-hour before he plunges into his briefs, the schoolmaster before he turns to his heap of exercises, the man of business before he opens his letters. This is our political education. The machinery is admirable as far as it goes. That half-hour a day ought, you say, to make us all in time accomplished politicians. Yes, and so it would if a certain preparation had gone before it. But without that preparation it never can; without that preparation I believe that little more will be acquired at the end of twenty years than at the end of one. Do you think you could learn Latin, or German, or geometry in a year, or in ten or twenty years, by studying them for half an hour every day? That half-hour a day might be most valuable on one condition. but otherwise it would be almost value-The condition is that you should first have concentrated your attention for some considerable time upon that subject to the exclusion of others. You will get on with your German, even if you have no more than half an hour a day to give to it, if at the outset you devote a month to it. But all knowledge stands at the top of some hill, or at least hillock, and wants at the outset at least one strain,

one continued effort. There is always, and it seems likely that they would have as it were, a ledge to be reached before been endured, but for their close connecyou can pause; if you pause before tion with Irish grievances, which were of reaching that, you slip back to the place This is what most you started from. people do who read their Times newspapaper. They have never taken the first long step, and so, day after day, they struggle with politics for half an hour, and at the end of it slip back helplessly to their starting-point. How could this be remedied? It is not every one that can make leisure to think over political subjects for himself, and to acquire the most necessary knowledge about them. But it might be taught in schools and colleges. A plain man would think that nothing was more necessary for a boy to learn than that knowledge which might enable him, when grown up, to discharge his duties to the State. Since our schoolmasters have decided otherwise, probably most people think there is some profound reason why, nevertheless, it should not be done. I have no time here to say more on the matter than this, that I have been a schoolmaster all my life, and know as well as another what can be taught, and what cannot, and that I believe that, with a little contrivance and a few good textbooks that might easily be written, politics could be taught.

Ah! but the party feeling that would be

It is strange how inexorable we are in enslaving our schoolmasters. The Englishman who wished to express his contempt for the slavish institutions of the Continent said to a foreigner, "There are but two subjects worthy of the attention of a human being, politics and religion, and on neither of the two dare you speak." Tust so much reticence, and no more, we are all eager to impose on our schoolmasters.

I said that, besides general causes, there was a special influence that had forced the politics of the age into a crusade against monopolies. I was thinking of the reaction of Irish politics upon English. The insular position of England, the security which she has always enjoyed from the more serious commotions of the Continent, and her material prosperity, would make her history, since the Constitution became settled, a somewhat dull story but for her connection with Ireland. English grievances for the most part have not been so extreme but that they could be endured,

the same kind, and which were not to be endured. In the last century there were two reasons why the Irish influence should be less operative. For the greater part of that century the Irish population lay motionless under the yoke that had been pressed down upon them; the people were crushed beyond the power of complaint; and when they did at last rouse themselves, it was with such hostility and menace that England was driven to assume an attitude of stubborn opposition, and, while she closed her ears resolutely against the grievances of Ireland, was not likely to be struck with the resemblance of those grievances to her own. But when the rebellion of '98 had been put down and the legislative Union accomplished, there began a period when Ireland pleaded her cause by the legitimate methods of argument and agitation, and at the same time when Irish questions were discussed fully and with Irish eloquence in the English Parliament. Since that time Irish and English discontent have been in a manner fused together, and the natural effect has been to give to the English discontent a far more bitter flavor. The case for reform is immensely strengthened when its advocates are entitled to treat of England and Ireland together, and to heighten the modest abuses of the one country by the enormous wrongs and miseries of the other. In Ireland reformers have found in fact the only lever which would have been potent enough to lift the dead weight of English conservatism. It is an instructive lesson of the way in which moderate abuses should be attacked. There is, indeed, no way of dealing with moderate abuses except to force them into alliance with gross and flagrant ones. By themselves they are safe, because there is no sufficient reason for removing them; but when grosser abuses of the same kind are swept away, they go too, because there is no sufficient reason for sparing them. It is also an instructive example of the great results which may flow from uniting different nationalities under one government, when that government is under the sway of opinion, and is not a mere blind military force. England and Ireland cannot, it appears, be closely and vitally united in a régime of opinion without suffering profound modifications. No more then can England and India. And does not the remark suggest to us, at the same time, speculations upon the future of Austria married to Hungary, and of Russia married to Poland?

Ireland presented most of the abuses of England on an enlarged scale. But this was especially true of the abuse of monopoly. The most exaggerated pictures that could be drawn by the most virulent Radical of the condition of England would have been literally true, or have fallen short of the truth, if applied to He might, by a high-flown metaphor, have compared England to a conquered country. Ireland was a conquered country without any metaphor at all. He might have compared the landholding aristocracy of England to the Normans of the twelfth century trampling on the newly conquered Saxons. There would have been wild exaggeration in the comparison. But the conquest of Ireland was in fact not much more than a century old, and the ascendency of the conquerors had been secured by every pitiless method that legislation could devise. Let us consider in order the leading monopolies that were complained of in England. There was the monopoly of legislation held by the landholders and the Protestants. But nomination boroughs were more numerous in proportion in Ireland than in England, and the exclusion of Catholics meant in Ireland the exclusion of the great majority of the nation, and not, as in England, of an insignificant The representative system, therefore, if it was unsatisfactory to many in England, seemed in Ireland a simple mockery to most. Commercial restriction hampered industry in England; but the industry of Ireland had been almost destroved by it, and the Corn Laws, which in England meant dearness of provisions, might come to mean famine in Ireland. The monopoly of the Church in education placed a certain number of the rising generation in England at a disadvantage; but in Ireland it excluded the great majority both from good primary education and from the higher education. The right of the Church to tax the people excited murmurs here; there it created civil war. Here the wealth of the Church provoked some opposition; there it was

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regarded as an intolerable and enormous abuse. Lastly, that great monopoly which the age does not attack but steadfastly maintains, but which none the less helps to increase the mass of discontent and to hasten change—the right of private property itself, the right of one man to be rich while others are poor, or, as it will always appear in practice, the right of a few people to possess a greater share of the national wealth than the many-was in Ireland tenfold more invidious than in England, because in Ireland it had been brought about by a conquest and a confiscation, the memory of which was still recent, and because the landholders were not, as in England, the patrons and friends of their tenants, but for the most part absentees.

Thus the union of England and Ireland was not merely the union of a prosperous country with a very miserable one. Ireland might have been full of abuses and vet not have helped forward the cause of reform in England. She did so because the evils under which she labored reflected with exaggeration the evils of England. The anarchy and disturbances of Ireland constantly forced the attention of the Legislature: other questions might be put by; but for Ireland it was always felt something must be done. And yet it was impossible to do anything without establishing precedents for similar changes in England; for all the principal evils of Ireland existed here too, though in a less extreme form. And these evils being all reducible to the monopoly established by the conquering English, pitilessly excluding the Catholic Kelt from all the benefits of his native land, the cure of Ireland, which all statesmen and all parties in turn were obliged to take in hand, could not but consist in the abolition of monopolies, and then, by a kind of reflection, the same character was impressed on the political movement of England. Hence it is characteristic of the present age that the principal changes introduced in England have been borrowed from changes previously made in Ireland, and that the advocates of change in England have generally been able to quote in support of their proposals what I may call the Irish prajudicium.

Before showing this in detail, let me point out that the weapon by which changes have been wrought in England, was first tried and proved in Ireland. I have described the new art of agitation which belongs to the present age, and I have contrasted the present systematic and powerful action of public opinion with the wildness of its behavior in the eighteenth century. But I intentionally passed over one great interference of public opinion, which belongs to the last century, but of which Ireland, not England, was the scene. The long and painful regeneration of Ireland, now in progress, begins with the threatening intervention of the Volunteers in 1779. England, in her depression after her American disasters, was obliged to confess her inability to send troops to Belfast when invasion was threatened by a French and Spanish fleet. The Irish party saw their opportunity. Volunteers appeared to defend the country, but put in an irresistible claim to be paid in political power. The old notion belonging to an earlier state of society, of a connection between political franchise and military service, reappeared for a moment. The convention of Dungannon, at once an army and a parliament, reminds one of the comitia centuriata of Rome. But it anticipated a future régime at the same time that it revived the past, for there first appeared the organized public opinion that was destined in no long time to be sovereign in both countries. And as it was in Ireland that this power first appeared, so in Ireland it first attained supremacy. For Ireland was the scene of the Catholic Association. This was to be expected. When public opinion is ready to take organization, it will do so first there where the need is most pressing. Leagues and political meetings will be most rife, where the representative system is most inadequate. Ireland was before England in devising the machinery of agitation, just as much as she was behind England in parliamentary representation. The corruption and subserviency of the Irish Parliament provoked the Volunteers, and the absence of any safety-valve to carry off the feelings of the Catholic population caused the Catholic Association. While the Catholic Association changed the character of the government in both countries by enthroning public opinion, it accomplished at the same time a definite alteration in English institutions. When Protestant ascendency fell in Ireland, it

fell in England too, as a matter of course. According to the principle I laid down, the great grievance carried with it the smaller one. That sect which had least to hope in England, because it at the same time had little power, and excited most unreasonable alarms, obtained through the fusion of English and Irish politics its emancipation. One of the strongest and most inveterate feelings of the country, its exclusive Protestantism, received by that change a shock which no statesman would have ventured to give it except under the pressure of necessity, and the necessity came from Ireland.

The next great change in English institutions was the reform of the representation. This may seem at first sight a purely English measure, because, though the abuses it removed had existed on a still greater scale in Ireland, yet they had been much diminished thirty years before, at the time of the Union; and the agitation which carried the Reform Bill did certainly not, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, spread from Ireland to England. The influence of Ireland is in this case of a different kind, yet if we examine we shall find it no less operative. We shall discover the Irish præjudicium that I have spoken of; we meet with that argument which is characteristic of the whole period -It has been done in Ireland, why not England? Read the speech with which Lord John Russell introduced the Reform Bill in 1831. You may observe the nervousness with which he announces the act of disfranchisement which formed a principal part of it. "I am perfectly aware that in making this proposition we are proposing a bold and decisive measure. I am perfectly aware, and I should myself vote upon that persuasion, that on all ordinary occasions rights of this kind ought to be respected, and it would be no small interest, no trifling consideration, which would justify the invasion of them." How does he go on? "I well recollect, however, the language which a right honorable gentleman opposite (Sir R. Peel), standing there as a Minister of the Crown, proposed the measure known by the name of Catholic Emancipation, accompanied by another measure for the disfranchisement of 200,000 freeholders-unoffending men, who had broken no law, who had violated no right, who had exercised their privilege, perhaps ignorantly, certainly independently and impatiently, in a manner which they in their consciences believed to be best." And then he goes on to recite the arguments by which Sir R. Peel had defended that act of disfranchisement. that extraordinary evils required extraordinary remedies; that "the franchise was no doubt a vested right, but it was also a public trust given for public purposes, to be touched no doubt with great caution and reluctance, but still which we are competent to touch if the public interest manifestly demands the sacrifice." These sentiments, Lord John Russell adds, the House adopted, and "he never knew any measure carried through the House with greater support than that measure of disfranchisement."

Here is the Irish præjudicium, and see with what confidence it inspires the speak-"But, sir," he goes on, "shall we say that we are bound to have one principle when the peasantry of Ireland are concerned, and another when the rich and the noble are interested, and that we must consider the latter as sacred, and not venture to touch their privileges when the public interest requires it? Shall we say that the freeholders of Ireland, merely exercising a right which the Constitution gives, may be deprived of that right, and that we must not venture to touch the privilege of the noble lord who returns two representatives to this House for Gatton, though the Constitution says such a privilege ought not to exist? Are we to make this glaring distinction between the rich and the poor, between the peer and the peasant? Are we to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholder, and must we not touch the borough which is claimed as the property of some noble lord?"

The Act of 1829 therefore was pregnant with more consequences than first appeared. O'Connell, with his Catholic Association, not only inaugurated a new dominion, not only broke open the gates of Parliament, and gave the first precedent of enfrachisement; they created at the same time the first precedent of disfranchisement. Where the Irish Catholics had entered, the English middleclass and the manufacturing interest followed; and at the same time by the door through which the Irish freeholders had been dismissed were expelled the English rotten boroughs.

In '67 the franchise given in '32 was

still further enlarged. Here, too, the precedent had been given by Ireland in the "Act to Amend the Representation of the People," passed in '50, when an eight-pound household franchise was substituted, among other changes, for

one of ten pounds.

In free trade, the influence of Ireland was not less visible than in parliamentary reform. Commercial restriction, like every other grievance, had been felt much more severely in Ireland than in England. English commerce and manufactures had repeatedly called in the Legislature to crush the competi-tion of Ireland. This, therefore, was the first evil with which the Irish, when their spirit revived in the last century, set themselves to grapple. The agitation of the Volunteers was a freetrade agitation; the end of it was the same, and the means partly the same, as the end and the means of the Anti-Corn Law League. But this resemblance is rather curious than really important. The Irish movement in this case was too remote in point of time, and too different in all its circumstances from the English one to produce any effect upon it. The leaguers certainly gained no confidence from the success of their Irish precursors, and did not, as far as I know, refer to it. But the weight of Ireland was thrown into the scale of free trade in a much more conspicuous and decisive way. Ireland decided the question by the force of that superior poverty which makes economical evils, which to us are only serious, fatal to her. Dearth here proved famine there. At the critical moment when free-trade principles were beginning to have the advantage, happened the potato blight in It converted first the Whig Ireland. opposition, and then Sir Robert Peel. Lord John Russell sent to his constituents in the City a letter, in which he announced his adhesion to the principles of the League. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and then took office again, expressly to repeal the Corn Laws. In the Queen's Speech of '46 the failure of the potato crop was alleged as the reason for recommending the repeal, and, in the speech in which Sir Robert Peel avowed his change of opinion, he rested his case principally upon this occurrence.

departments - over education and over rages, our politicians have the Irish religion. And in education there have prajudicium to guide them. been two monopolies—the monopoly of the Established Church, and also the monopoly from the higher education, monopoly of all the religious bodies it cannot be said that Ireland has taken taken together. Of these monopolies, one has always tended to destroy the other. The Dissenters have been eager to secularize education in order at the same time to wrest it out of the hands of the Church. What I may call the monopoly of religion in education is sacrificed because the monopoly of the Church is involved with it. This movement has gone on in England, where religious differences are comparatively slight, and do not for the most part extend to fundamental points, either of theology or morals. It has gone on amongst sects which have been in the habit of recognizing the existence of a common Christianity, and which have habitually and sincerely spoken of the Church as a Christian body. Meanwhile, in Ireland the Established Church has been opposed to the most intolerant of all Christian denominations-to Catholics recognizing no Christianity out of their own communion. A religious difference thus deep, and capable of no compromise, was made ten times deeper and more irreconcilable by the fact that the excluded sect had been excluded by naked conquest. It had antiquity on its side, if you take the Tory scheme of government; it had the will of the people on its side, if you are a Liberal. Here was indeed a very pretty quarrel. Aggravated by every conceivable circumstance, it was the masterpiece of Erinnys. A drop had been mixed in Irish politics which was the concentrated essence of discord. In the department of education, even more than in other departments, therefore, we might expect the Irish movement to anticipate the English. Accordingly we find that the point we have reached in 1870 was reached in Ireland in 1831, or rather, I should say, a point beyond Not only unsectarian, but secular education was then forced on by the irreconcilable religious difference that divided the nation, and the State was already able to take upon itself a work

Church ascendency extends over two usual, in the controversy that now

In the expulsion of the Church the lead. But the Queen's Colleges, if not the earliest, are at least among the earliest examples of purely unsectarian

seats of learning.

The more direct attack upon the ascendency of the Church has been in both countries aimed principally at two points—at the right of the Church to tax the community and at its connection with the State. In both points the assault was infinitely hotter in Ireland than in England. The tithe in its old form was destroyed for both countries by the armed resistance of the Irish peasantry, and the church cess fell in Ireland before the church-rate controversy was compromised in England. The connection of the Church with the State was a moderate grievance to the English Dissenter, compared with what it was to the Irish Catholic. It was to Ireland that the controversy owed all its bitterness, and in Ireland the controversy is now over, while in England it still continues. But of this in a moment.

The warfare of the present age against monopolies, I have said already, seems to near its end. Not only does little of this kind now remain to be done, but there are perhaps signs of the beginning of a new age, by which I mean a change in the forces that determine the political movement. The age, we have seen reason to think, has been what it has been partly because the position of statesmanship had been depressed by the victories of agitation. One class of statesmen, we saw, had been too much the humble servants of public opinion, and another class had wasted much energy in fruitless attempts to resist it. Meanwhile public opinion had been put in possession of supreme power before it was educated to use it. Wanting leaders and wanting enlightenment, it had been obliged to throw itself into a course of easy reforms. But both these evils have now been much mitigated. Far more skill is now devoted to forming and educating public that many years later it was obliged to opinion, and statesmen have taken courabandon as premature in England. As age to assume once more their natural position of leaders. We begin to speak of the approach of an age of constructive policy; that is, an age when the difficult reforms will be possible, when the highest statesmanship will be able to count upon support in attempting the highest tasks. We ought not, therefore, to assume that the current will hold much longer the same But if it should do this, it is direction. evident that the recent course of Irish politics indicates the future course of politics at home. In the last two years new precedents have been made in Ireland which will, as a matter of course, be used like the earlier ones, as levers to unsettle whatever remains still firm in the fabric of English monopoly. tenant's right has been recognized which not many years ago Lord Palmerston pronounced to be equivalent to a landlord's wrong. This has been done, of course, as a purely exceptional measure, and the English landlord, it is true enough, is very different from the Irish landlord. It is well understood that the act is not to be a precedent, and probably there is no danger of its being at all closely imitated. In a certain point of view it runs counter to the tendency of change in England, instead of outstripping it; for it places a restraint upon the circulation of land, instead of setting it free from restrictions. Still it is an interference of the Legislature in behalf of the lower class, and against the landed interest, and as such it is a præjudicium like the others I have enumerated. For the same grievance exists in England; here, too, there is a large class that murmur that the people have no share in the land—that the land has become a monopoly. If this cry should gather strength, it will certainly be in vain that the promoters of the Irish Land Bill have called their law exceptional, and a concession to necessity. It will be drawn into precedent in spite of them; it will assuredly not be forgotten, if the English lower class should determine to be like the French lower class and to get possession of the soil, that the Legislature have already, to gratify a popular wish, abridged the rights of landholders in Ireland.

But there is another great pending question upon which it is still more evident that the Irish prajudicium is there. The disestablishment of the Irish Church set-

tled a controversy there which rages here too, and removed an ascendency which, though infinitely more invidious there, is yet here too felt as invidious by a large class. The great grievance is gone, and now the moderate one stands by itself, and with the millstone of a precedent round its neck. On this point there can be no difference between the friends and the enemies of Church establishment. Those who dislike State churches on principle, and who point to the examples in past history of the warping and cramping of the Christian spirit in churches that have identified themselves with Government, will triumph; those who think the State Church the higher ideal, and that examples taken from States more or less despotic are inapplicable to countries in which the government is thoroughly and heartily popular, will grieve: but neither party will deny that the Irish prajudicium hangs over the head of the connection of Church and State in England. I think, too, that I am not overstepping the forbidden line, and passing out of history into politics, when I add, that nothing can possibly save the State Church in England except such a reform as shall deprive it of the character of a monopoly. nopolies may be good things or bad, or they may be sometimes one and sometimes the other, but they cannot live in this age: the time is angry with them, and the axe is at the root of all that are too conspicuous to be overlooked.

A State Church that excludes or repels into some inferior place those who, to all plain judgment, are equal in merit, in piety, and learning to those whom it promotes or favors, has the character of a monopoly. It is invidious, and that is what at the present day institutions that are national are not allowed to be. That is the one thing that the régime of public opinion sets its face against. A State Church that could remove from itself the brand of invidiousness would have nothing to fear. It might disregard the Irish prajudicium; but, so long as it is a monopoly, why should it hope to escape? No other monopoly escapes. The boroughmongers have fallen, the Protectionists have fallen, Protestant ascendency is at an end; and if the oldest and most universal of all ascendencies, that of the male sex, is threatened, why should the Church establishment be safe? xardavs

taken from the Church because they must drals. be national, it is difficult to see by what

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The Intellectual Observer.

THE SARGASSO SEA, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, M.A., F.L.S., ETC.

Among the many remarkable phenomena connected with the Gulf Stream, not the least remarkable is the existence of those vast floating meadows of seaweed, commonly known as the gulf-weed, or Sargassum; whose accumulations, within certain parallels of latitude and longitude, have given to that area the name of the Sargasso Sea. These marine prairies, as they have been called, have attracted the notice of all navigators since the time of Columbus, who, in his first voyage, received his earliest check upon falling in with them. The great pioneer entered the Sargasso sea in lat. 26° N., and long. 48° W., and his timid shipmates at once took fright at the marvellous appearance, feeling assured that their ships would be entangled in the weed until they were starved to death, or that they were about to strike on some unknown coast. In this part, he says, "the sea was covered with such a quantity of sea-weed, like little branches of the firtrees which bear the pistachio nuts, that we believed the ships would run aground for want of water." They could not understand how such vast quantities of vegetation could merely float on the surface, and the appearance of a lobster among the weed confirmed their fears :- and deeming it necessary that they must be either in, or approaching, shoal water, they entreated the heroic discoverer to turn the ship's head. But happily he never wavered, and on the tropic, in long. 66°, the first vessel which had ever entered the Sargasso Sea emerged again into clear water.

The extent of the Sargasso Sea is in due proportion to the vast natural agency to which it primarily owes its existence. It stretches from 20° to about 65° West longitude, and between the parallels of 20° and 45° is of considerable width, narrowing from 12° in its widest part, to about 4° or 5° where least developed; while the remaining 20° of westerly extent takes the form of a narrow belt of

various detached tracts, influenced as to situation by local currents, and averaging 4° or 5° only in width. An idea may be obtained of its area by the comparison of Maury, who states that it is equal to the great valley of the Mississippi; or still better, perhaps, from Humboldt's estimate, that it was about six times as large as the Germany of his day.

But, although the geographical boundaries given above are those usually recognized by hydrographers for the Sargasso Sea, it must not be supposed that they are invariable. The writer first encountered it in lat. 24° N. and long. 361° W. on July 1st, and lost it a week after, in lat. 35°, long. 34°, so that the whole area was nearly 5° farther north than it is usually placed in the maps. It may, however, be correctly stated, that it occupies the great sweep made by the Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands in the East; while the elongated westerly belt extends as far as between the Bermudas and West India Islands.

The earlier navigators often found the gulf-weed a serious impediment to their progress. Lærius mentions that for fifteen continuous days he passed through one unbroken meadow (Praderias de yerva, or sea-weed prairies, as Oviedo characteristically calls them), so that he could find no way through for oars. On certain occasions it has been found that the speed of vessels through the Sargasso Sea has been materially retarded; and it has been described as so thick, that to the eye, at a little distance, it appears to be substantial enough to walk upon. James Barbot, Jun., voyaging to India in the year 1700, says :- "Twenty or twenty-five leagues west of Cabo Branco, we often see the ocean almost all over covered with a certain weed of a yellow-green color, called Sargasso, resembling that which grows in our wells, or samphire, bearing a sort of seed at the extremities, which have neither substance nor savor. No man can tell where these weeds take root, the

ocean being there so deep; they are also seen thus floating on its surface sixty leagues to the westward of the coast of Africa, for the space of forty or fifty leagues, and so close and thick together in some places, that a ship requires a very fresh gale of wind to make her way through; and, therefore, we are very cautious to avoid them in our course."

That this is not the condition met with under all circumstances, is proved by the fact that passing through this region in 1867, the writer made a seven days' voyage through its central portion, during which the sea was at no time covered with the weed, so as to form a continuous meadow. It made its appearance usually in large patches, generally upon the surface, but sometimes apparently sunk to some distance below it. It varied considerably in appearance—was sometimes dark-colored, dense, and compact, and covered with berries; at others, pale and attenuated, with few berries. The masses, on some days, were round and shapely, and usually scattered somewhat indiscriminately over the surface of the sea. Occasionally only a few small tufts appeared for many hours; and on one day the only sign of its presence was a long narrow streak, extending across the ocean as far as the eye could reach, in the direction of the wind. The fact, indeed, is that the Sargasso Sea, dependent as it is upon a great physical phenomenon, changes its position according to the seasons, storms, and winds: its mean position remaining the same as it has been ascertained by observations during many years past. The Gulf Stream is the great power which maintains these marine pastures-a current whose impulse and origin, according to Humboldt, are to be sought to the south of the Cape of Good Hope-after a long circuit it pours itself from the Caribbean Sea and the Mexican Gulf through the Straits of the Bahamas, and following a course from south-south-west to northnorth-east, continues to recede from the shores of the United States until, further deflected to the eastward by the banks of Newfoundland, it approaches the European coast. At the point where the Gulf Stream is deflected from the banks of Newfoundland towards the East, it sends off branches to the south near the Azores. This is the situation of the Sargasso Sea.

Patches of the weed are always to be

seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. Now, if bits of cork, or chaff, or any floating substance, says Capt. Maury, be put in a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the entrance of the pool, where there is the least motion, Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream; and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl.

The Gulf-weed itself has so peculiar a history, that it forms not the least remarkable point of interest in the description of the Sargasso Sea. It is one of the numerous species of the genus Sargassum, which is among the most natural and readily distinguished genera of the family of Fucaceæ.

The great cryptogamist, Agardh, enumerates sixty-two species of Sargassum, of which the one concerning which we are speaking is the Sargassum bacciferum, called Fucus natans by Linnæus, and Fucus sargasso, by Ginelin. The Spanish word Sargazo, or Sargaço, meaning sea-weed, supplies its common English name. Agardh's botanical description is brief, and as follows :- " S. bacciferum : -Caule tereti ramosissimo, foliis linearibus serratis, vesiculis sphæricis mucronatis, petiolis teretibus." A more modern and English technical description of the Sargassum is the following:

Sargassum.—Frond furnished with distinct stalked, nerved leaves; and simple axillary stalked air-vessels. Receptacles small, linear, tuberculated; mostly in axillary clusters, or racemes. Seeds in distinct cells.

The integument is leathery, and the general color brown, of varying shades, sometimes light, and sometimes dark. The most striking peculiarity, on a cursory view, is the abundance of globular cells, which have been taken by the unlearned for fruit, but which are in reality merely receptacles of air, by means of which the plant not only floats upon the surface of the ocean, but also is enabled to support vast numbers of marine animals, which find shelter among its tangled fronds. Columbus, the first discoverer of the Sargasso Sea, described the meadows as yellow like dry hay-seed, bearing leaves of common rue, with numerous berries which turn black in drying like juniper berries. These berries have

received the name of raisins de tro-

The species of Sargassum only grow where the temperature is considerable, but they have a very wide distribution. Dampier says that he observed plants of it near the coast of New Holland; but they may have been an allied species. Agardh, however, speaks of it as inhabiting the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Sea-weeds in general have no particular geographical limits, but when a comparatively shallow sea offers conditions for their growth, the degree of exposure to light, and the greater or less motion of the waves, are very important elements in their distribution. Again, the depth of sea has, with sea-weeds, an effect parallel with that which the height of mountain sides has upon land plants -and the sea-weed we have to do with is confined to the surface of the ocean, and has its head-quarters in the tropical Atlantic. It is not wonderful, therefore, that plants of it are occasionally washed upon our own shores, although we can scarcely reckon it as a British sea-weed. It is not, moreover, altogether a useless weed, for it is said to be eaten in China, and to be used as a pickle, and in salads, in some parts of the East. The quantity of soda it contains, in common with other sea weeds, renders it useful as a manure: and it is even in repute as a medicine in some countries, and among certain classes. Thus, in South America it is used as a remedy against strangury and some tumors, as Sargassum vulgare is used in calculus; and Rumphius relates that the German and Portuguese sailors are accustomed to use it for the same purpose, first macerating it in water, then boiling it and drinking the infusion.

There is one point in the natural history of the Sargassum which has already been passingly alluded to, but which has excited the attention of all observers, and more particularly of botanists. It is the fact that the Sargassum is always found floating upon the deep sea, and is yet destitute of any apparent means of propagation. Agardh remarked that no fruit nor root could be detected; and expressed his belief that it grew in the depths of the ocean, and was torn up by the waves. This belief was very general at one time, and it was supposed that the perfect plant was unknown; but that the

Gulf Stream collected together the tornoff masses of its vesicular summits. Rumphius suggested that the Sargassum fed upon the fat exhalations and oily effluvia of dead fish, and other organic substances entangled in it. Even modern publications state that there is reason to think that it is first attached to the bottom of comparatively shallow parts of the sea; but the gulf-weed is never found so attached. It always floats; and is healthy and abundant in that condition, never exhibiting any organs of fructification, though constantly putting out new fronds. Humboldt at first supported this notion of the plant being detached by the Gulf Stream from its fixed position in the Gulf of Florida; but latterly that distinguished philosopher, guided by the observations of the eminent German botanist, Meyen, adopted the opinion that it originates and propagates itself in the Atlantic, where it is so abundantly found. Meyen, in 1830, passed through a considerable portion of the great band of gulf-weed, and he ascertained, as he states, from the examination of several thousand specimens, that it was uniformly destitute of root and of fructification. He therefore concluded that the plant propagates itself solely by lateral branches; denying at the same time that it is brought from the Gulf of Florida, as, according to his own observations, it hardly exists in that part of the Gulf Stream, near the great band, though found in extensive masses to the west-Robert Brown, however, was of opinion that the shores of the Gulf of Florida had not been sufficiently examined to enable him absolutely to decide' that it is not the original source of the plant. Sloane says he saw Gulf-weed growing on the rocks of the shores of lamaica, but the specimens in his herbarium, says R. Brown, belong to the ordinary form, and are alike destitute of root and fructification.

A closely allied species (Sargassum natans, or vulgare) has been found fixed by a discoid base or root, in the same manner as the other species of the genus; and since Meyen declares that he has found all Agardh's varieties of Sargassum natans among the gulf-weed of the Atlantic, and, moreover, that he has seen what he regards as the gulf-weed, in a state of fructification, on the coast of Brazil, the legitimate conclusion from his statements seems

to be, that this plant is merely modified by the peculiar circumstances in which it has been so long placed. It is not yet known what other species of Sargassum are mixed with the gulf-weed, what proportion they form of the great band, nor in what state, with respect to root and fructification, they are found. Accurate information upon these points would be of considerable importance.

of sea-weed, it necessarily follows that there should be a population of some kind supported by them. Speaking of the kelp which, though rooted to the bottom, extends perhaps 60 fathoms from its anchorage, Darwin says:

"The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. I can only compare these great aquatic forests

That the gulf-weed of the great band (says Robert Brown, from whose communication on this subject this information is chiefly derived) is propagated solely by lateral or axillary ramification, and that in this way it may have extended over the immense space it now occupies, is highly probable; and perhaps may be affirmed absolutely without involving the question of origin, which he considered still doubtful.

It does not appear that any other species of Sargassum is originally destitute of roots, even those most closely allied to Sargassum bacciferum, though some of them are not unfrequently found both in the fixed, and in considerable masses in the floating state, retaining vitality, and probably propagating themselves in the same manner. The late Professor Harvey conjectured that the gulf-weed might be a pelagic variety of Sargassum vulgare in the same way as the variety subcostatus of Fucus vesiculosus has never been found attached, growing in salt marshes. In the Mediterranean, vast quantities of Fucus vesiculosus occur under a peculiar form, consisting entirely of specimens derived from sea-born weed, carried in by the current which sets in to that sea from the Atlantic. So also, says Balfour, Fucus mackaii, which has never been found attached, may be a form of Fucus nodosus, growing on muddy shores. The fact of the floating masses of Sargassum being barren, is strictly analogous to that of Macrocystis, producing fruit only on young attached specimens. In both cases, says Berkeley, multiplication is so rapid in the floating beds, as to render fruit needless; and the same great authority on cryptogamic botany is of opinion that the same individual continually produces new branches and leaves, and thus multiplies the species; although he thinks there is not sufficient evidence to prove whether or no they receive fresh accessions from plants produced on rocks.

Wherever there are large accumulations

there should be a population of some kind supported by them. Speaking of the kelp (Macrocystis pyrifera), which, though rooted to the bottom, extends perhaps 60 fathoms from its anchorage, Darwin says: "The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the southern hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the intertropical regions. Yet if in any country a forest were destroyed, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish, as would here from the destruction of the kelp." intelligent navigators have remarked the same of the gulf-weed. Capt. Grey, in his voyage from Australia, remarks: "In lat. 29° north, we entered a portion of the sea covered with patches of sea-weed, around which swarmed numerous eel-like fish, crabs, shrimps, and little blue-fish. These last swarm under those floating islands, sometimes leaving them for a little distance—but they always returned, or swam to another. The crabs crawled in and out among the sea-weed, and other fish of a large size came to these spots to deposit their spawn; so that we were in an archipelago of floating islands, teeming with busy inhabitants and animal enjoyment." These masses of floating weed, indeed, serve as the retreat of an innumerable host of marine animals, of which some live in the midst of their inextricable labvrinths, and others, having been once entangled in them, cannot escape, and are forced to abandon themselves to the current of these immense sea forests, in the midst of which they are enclosed.

On returning from China in 1867, it was my fortune to cross the Sargasso Sea early in July; and moreover, having several days of calm weather. I spent some time upon the chains, armed with a grapnel, by means of which I, from time to time, was able to raise bunches of seaweed upon deck, for examination. Nearly every bunch of weed, so obtained, was found to be peopled with similar creatures, Polyzoa, Polyps, Annelids, Crustacea, Molluscs, and Fish; concerning the most remarkable of which I shall, in concluding this paper, make a few observations. Though not absolutely connected with the weed, yet as occurring side by side with it n the same latitude, I may mention magguese man-of-war, which sailed by in the beautiful calms of that region—their bluetinted bladders were eight inches long, and nearly three inches above the watertheir long threads trailing beneath, and giving shelter to a number of little banded fishes, which seemed to find protection in this equivocal position. With these were Velellæ of a proportionately large size, and the clearer portions of the sea swarmed with large compound Ascidians of various curious forms, described in a former paper, and numerous remarkable Hydrozoa, many of which are yet undescribed.

The most characteristic appearance met with on the gulf-weed, of an animal nature, is, undoubtedly, those encrustations of a polypoid or polyzoid character, with which every frond abounds. The multitudes of these minute inhabitants is literally incalculable. Every leaf is more or less covered with them-every berry is more or less changed from brown to a light buff or grayish tint, by means of the spreading vegetating polyzoaries, allied to what is known to us as the sea-mat (Flustra), though it is worthy of remark that the encrusting Polyzoa of the leaves and berries were of one species, and that of the stems of another. The great majority of these Polyzoa appear to be of the genus Membranipora, the cells of which are arranged in a quincuntial manner, with raised margins. These curious cells, and the social mollusks inhabiting them afforded a constant object of interest for the microscope. Associated with them were graceful Campanularia, lower in organization, but excelling them in beauty, with elegant goblet-shaped cups set upon moniliform stems, out of which protruded the bunch of tentacles, unprovided with the cilia, which are so prominent a character of the arms of Membranipora. On most berries also were the little spiral shells of tubicolous Annelids (Spirobis), whose branchial tufts appeared like elegant little plumes of feathers. Besides these, Vorticellæ, and many other minute forms of life, rewarded the microscopic observation of these fertile marine plains.

One of the most common inhabitants of the gulf-weed is the Nudibranch Scyllaa pelagica. On every bunch of the Sargassum which I hooked up, I found speci-

nificent specimens of Physalia, or Portumens of this interesting animal, which is found in the list of British Nudibranchs. but is not figured in the beautiful monograph of Alder and Hancock. Not long since. Scyllæa figured among the Vermes of Linnæus, until Cuvier first placed it in its true position among the Nudibranchiate mollusca. It is a widely-distributed animal, owing to its habit of living on the floating sea-weed, to which it adheres with great tenacity, by means of the foot or crawling surface, which is said, by most authors, to be deeply grooved, with the two sides extremely thin and flexible, and formed for clasping the stems of the weed -a very necessary provision for an animal living in the open sea, and subject, otherwise, to be washed from its anchorage by every storm, and thus destroyed. Messrs. Alder and Hancock are disposed to believe (arguing by analogy, from other stem-embracing species) that the foot would be found to be really flat, but, from observation, I am able to say that the foot of Scyllæa is not, like other Nudibranchs, absolutely flat when walking upon glass: a small portion only of the foot is flattened out in the centre, like a disc, the remainder of the organ presenting its natural folded appearance. So tightly does it attach itself, that some older naturalists believed that it was permanently fixed to the stems on which it lives. The Scyllæa is an active little animal, of a light brown color, and opalescent, very much compressed, provided with two club-shaped tentacles near the head; and on each side of the back there are two pairs of erect. flattened, irregular lobes, in the inner side of which, and on the back, are the branchiæ, forming delicate tree-like tufts, irregularly scattered. This little creature was in constant motion, contracting itself and writhing about. It readily detached itself from the weed, and swam freely about in the water, moving the head and tail from side to side alternately, so as nearly to touch one another. One very remarkable character was, that when thus swimming, owing to the weight of the tentacles and processes, they turned back downwards, and bore a most grotesque resemblance to a small four-legged animal with long ears—a Scotch terrier, for example. It was in this position that Seba, its first describer, figured it as a young fish; Linnæus, and after him Gmelin, also described it upside down.

ting jaws, and is in its way a terrible car- adapted for speed, the carapace being nivore; for this alone, of all the Nudi-remarkably flattened and extremely wide, branchiate mollusca, has an armature in the stomach, performing the functions of a gizzard. Its interior is lined with a broad transverse band of dark, horny, lancet-formed plates having their edges and claws, are furnished with long sharp pinpoints sharp, and directed towards the cers of a singularly trenchant character. centre of the cavity, which they almost It is a very shark among crustacea, swift, through its entire length with denticulated like in its movements, never tiring, or spines, forming about thirteen transverse rows, divided by a narrow groove down the centre, on which, in each row, is a broad plate, containing a central tooth, with three or four denticulations on each side, the points of the spines being directed backwards and inwards.

I not unfrequently found the spawn of Scyllaa pelagica, which has not before been figured. It consisted of a loose straw-colored coil, entwining the leaves and berries of Sargassum, and embedded in a mass of transparent gelatinous mat-

Scarcely less numerous than the Scyllæas were the little crabs of the genus Planes (P. linneana), belonging to the family of Grapsidæ. These floating crabs abounded on most of the bunches of gulfweed. The carapace of these crabs is longer than it is wide, and the body is compressed; the tarsi are thick and spinous, and the anterior part of the body projects; the front limbs are short, as are the eye footstalks, the eye occupying half the length. They are confined, like the gulf-weed, to the seas of warm and temperate climates, and offered no particular points of interest beyond their numbers, and the proof offered thereby of the plentiful supply of food obtainable by such colonists on the patches of Sargasso. But a more interesting Crustacean is the Neptunus pelagicus, or Lupea pelagica, so called from his splendid swimming capabilities, which render him, like Neptune, the master of the sea. I had been told of a large crab seen swimming by the ship in the open ocean, and shortly afterwards had its existence verified, by taking the above-named crab in a towing net in this region. This species swims with great ease and quickness, usually near the surface, and can rest not only upon the drifting seaweed, but even upon the top of the water, remaining suspended

The Scyllea pelagica has horny cut-motionless at pleasure. Its form is well terminating on either side in a long spine. and having its anterior margin strongly serrated. Its anterior legs are robust and armed with spines, and the chelæ, or Moreover, the tongue is covered certain, and deadly; graceful and tigerneeding the rest which most other swimming animals seem to require. Swimming to a patch of Sargasso, it would seem to prey upon its numerous inhabitants, and then swim to another, which in turn it depopulates-a very scourge of these floating colonies. The oceanic swimming crab has a wide range in warm seas, as might have been anticipated from its habits. It is common around India. Australia, and the Philippine Islands, and is a member of the family Portunidæ.

Among the fishes found in the gulfweed, the most interesting was a small species of Antennarius, one of the family of the Lophiadæ, fishes of the hard-finned order, generally distinguished by the bones of the carpus being elongated, and forming a kind of arm, which supports the pectoral fins. This little fish lived several days in a globe of water, always remaining among the weed with which it was supplied, and to which it clung tenaciously by its curious arm-like fins. Its movements, owing to this remarkable conformation, were very singular and grotesque, as it seemed to use its fins as though they were hands, and irresistibly gave one the impression of a greater amount of sharpness and acumen than is usually possessed by fishes. It was fed regularly with little bits of meat, which it watched with great circumspection, and would never be induced to leave its hold upon the weed and seize the food until all appearance of danger had been removed. It is very remarkable how animals which are supplied with any organ which assimilates them in ever so slight a degree to the human form or habit, acquire thereby a greater appearance of intelligence; and the fact of this faint resemblance between the pectorals of the Antennarius and the human hand, gave the fish an advantage over its finny brethren which was at once observable. The

exigencies of its structure demand a grotesque similarity of function, which is at

once striking and interesting.

It is a circumstance well worthy of remark, that all the animals I found harboring in the Sargasso weed were of the same general tint as the weed itself, assimilating themselves so closely, indeed, in color, that it was often difficult, at once, to distinguish them. The gulf-weed is usually (as has been observed) of a rich lightish brown color, with certain parts, as the stems, of a darker brown. The most numerous animals, the Scyllæas, were also of a general light brown tint, and the crabs (Planes linneana). although prettily marked, were all a light brown, so that when they got into a mass of sea-weed, it was no easy matter to find them again. Various little shrimps were also of the same color, and the Antennarius, although exquisitely marked and mottled, blended in tint beautifully with the weed in which it resided. Even the Neptunus pelagicus, though usually described as grayish-green, with yellow spots, was here of a clouded reddish-brown tint, little differing from that of the Sargasso. The object of such assimilation one cannot imagine to be otherwise than protection-for although the enemy was equally protected, its prey received the benefit of concealment from it, as it did in its turn from larger enemies, to which it was doubt-· less amenable ; while in its relation to the small creatures on which it fed, its size and activity would be sufficient to counterbalance any advantage they would lose from the concealing color of their enemy.

I met with a curious instance of prevailing tint also in the Indian Ocean, where the sea had an intensely deep blue color, of

which every animal captured partook. Not only were the Janthinas of their characteristic violet color, but there were small violet crabs; rich blue Physaliæ with violet threads; blue-tinted Velellæ; little violet shrimps; and beautiful crystalline Crustacea (Phyllosoma, Squillericthys, etc.) almost transparent, but all more or less tinged with violet. As it was impossible to see these animals in the sea from above. so, doubtless, their color must be a great concealment from their enemies, in an ocean where this color prevails.

There can be no doubt that the presence of the Sargasso Sea, by affording harbor and pasture for these animals, even the least of them, owing to their abundance, must have an important influence upon the Fauna of the Atlantic Ocean. For so inextricably are the fortunes and lives of races of animals bound up with one another in the struggle for existence, that this vast feeding-ground must offer great supplies of food to predaceous fish. which do not need the protection it affords. We are informed that the pilchards have left the Cornish bays, where they formerly abounded, on account of the sea-weed being cut from the rocks for manuring purposes,-thus destroying the small Crustacea which formed the intermediate feeders between the sea-weeds and the fish: And so we may imagine that in the event of any change in the elements of the Gulf Stream which should materially diminish or alter the position of the Sargasso Sea, the effects would be felt throughout the great fish population of the Atlantic, in widening circles, which would probably not leave unscathed the vast banks of cod and herring which so largely supply our markets with wholesome food.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

who ever took up a book for his diversion, since familiar and part of his very being. He seemed to find it for himself: it was

WE believe that every one who reads at He perhaps wonders how the book, being all, every one to whom books were any- such as it is, should have wrought such thing in childhood-and it may be taken marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: for granted that all readers in manhood he was different after reading it from what were readers in childhood - every man he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extendcan look back to some particular book as ed, his sense of life quickened. And he an event in his inner history; can trace to will surely find that the book thus influenit a start in thought, an impulse directing tial came to him by a sort of chance, the mind in channels unknown before, but through no act of authority or intention.

a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work; but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

Books are founders of families as well as men—not meaning the great books, the folios that overshadow the world of thought and teach ages and generations to write and think with a family likeness—the Aristotles, Augustines, Bacons, and so forth; but books of infinitely less weight, composed under certain conditions of fervor and vivacity. For we take it that no book gives the start we mean, let who will be the author, which was not composed in heat of spirit to satisfy a necessity for expression, and with vigor

of execution.

It may be granted that of all reading novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises—one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbor, or a nap, or a game at bezique, would fulfil every purpose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands-that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none-we might almost say, the foremost part-in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power

on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him-not the nursery, schoolroom, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth-of-gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its power lay-that is, unless his lucky star threw some masterpiece in his way, such as "Ivanhoe," entrancing to childhood, and still delightful at every age. But this is a chance. The exquisite vision of life may have come in the shape of a classical story—the action is stilted to his mature taste, the language turgid. Or in a tale of chivalry, he can only laugh now at impossible feats of heroism. It may have been an historical romance, such as Thaddeus of Warsaw, which Thackeray harps upon: the whole thing strikes him as at once false and dull. It may have been a tale of passion, flimsy to his mature judgment, though the author's heart was in it. His mind can scarcely, by an effort, revive even a faint echo of the old absorbing excitement; but not the less is he sensible of a lasting influencea permanent impression following upon the first enchantment.

Who that has felt it but will class such hours among the marked ones of his life? What a passionate necessity to unravel the plot, to pursue the hero in his course: what a craving for the next volume, stronger than any bodily appetite; what exultation in success; what suspense when the crisis nears; what pity and tears in the tragic moments; what shame in these tears—the shame that attends all strong emotions-as they are detected by unsympathizing, quizzing observers: shame leading to indignant, protesting, pertinacious denials, haunting the conscience still, and deceiving no one! What a blank when the last leaf is turned, and all

is over!

Who cannot contrast the weariness with which he now tosses the last novel aside, with the eager devices of his childhood to elude pursuit and discovery, to get out of earshot, or to turn a deaf ear, when the delightful book is in his grasp which is to usher him into another world? What ingenuity in hiding, behind hedges, in out-houses and garrets—nay, amongst the beams and rafters of the roof, to which

neither nurse nor governess, nor mamma herself, has ever penetrated. Even the appearance of the book devoured under these circumstances lives a vivid memory—torn page, thumb-marks, and all. But it is the way of such things to disappear when their mission is accomplished—to elude all search; though for some we would willingly give as much as ever bookhunter did for a rare pamphlet.

If it were possible, as has been more than once attempted, by a system of rigorous and vigilant exclusion, to confine an intelligent child's education within certain exactly defined limits-to impart what is called an admirable grounding in all exact knowledge, and at the same time to shut out every form of fiction from its mindto allow it to receive no impressions through the fancy-to compel its powers of thought and perception into one prescribed direction,-to suffer it to read and hear nothing but fact, to imbibe nothing but what is called useful knowledge, to receive its history purified of all legend, its grammar without illustration, its arithmetic without supposed cases, its religion through direct precept only,-and to compare it with another child of equal age and powers, which had learnt nothing laboriously, nothing but through unrestricted observation and the free use of its senses -knowing nothing that lessons teach, reading, if it could read, only for amusement,-but familiar from infancy with legendary lore, fairy tales, and the floating romances of social life, -some interesting conclusions might be drawn. As the first case is an impossible one, we can only surmise which mind would be most developed, which would be possessed of the truest, because most clearly and largely apprehended knowledge. Either system is mischievous followed out to its full length: these victims of experiment or neglect would each be wanting, perhaps permanently, in supremely important elements of intellectual power; but there is no doubt what would be the voice of experience as to the extent of loss where the higher faculties are in question. All the men of genius who tell us anything of themselves give it—whether intentionally or not-in favor of feeding and exciting the imagination from the first dawn of thought, as a condition of quickening that faculty in time, and sustaining the human

race at a due elevation.* There are indeed dry men, who are satisfied with the restrictive system which made them what they are, by stopping some of the mind's outlets for good and all; while Fancy's child, on the contrary, is often painfully conscious of something missing, some strength needed to carry out the brain's conceptions: but satisfaction with an intellectual status is no warrant for its justice. The poet has both types in his thought when he pictures the model child, the growth of the system of his day,

"A miracle of scientific lore. Ships he can guide across the pathless sea, and tell you all their cunning; he can read The inside of the earth, and spell the stars; He knows the policies of foreign lands; Can string you names of districts, cities, towns, The whole world over, tight as beads of dew Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs; All things are put to question; he must live Knowing that he grows wiser every day Or else not live at all, and seeing too Each little drop of wisdom as it falls Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;"

and contrasts the little prig with the child expatiating, all unconscious of self, in the free range of fiction and fairy-land. It is thus Wordsworth congratulates Coleridge on their mutual escape:—

"Oh! where had been the man? the poet where?—

Where had we been, we two, beloved friend, If in the season of unperilous choice, In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales Rich with indigenous produce, open ground Of fancy, happy pastures ranged at will, We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed,

Each in his several melancholy walk; Stringed, like a poor man's heifer, at its feed, Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude; Or rather, like a stallèd ox, debarred From touch of growing grass, that may not taste A flower till it have yielded up its sweets A prelibation to the mower's scythe?"

It is common, however, for men of genius to complain in their own case of a de-

^{*} Bearing upon our subject is a well-considered lecture recently delivered and since published by Lord Neaves on "Fiction as a Means of Popular Teaching." The line of thought leads him chiefly to dwell on the value of parable and fable as moral teachers for all time and every age. His numerous examples in prose and spirited verse are not only apt and varied, but show a familiar acquaintance with the literature, both European and Oriental, of the subject.

fective intermittent education in a tone which gives it for elaborate training; it is their grievance against their special belongings or against society generally. They assume their imagination a giant no chains could have bound; while exacter, more varied, and deeper knowledge would have added strength and power to their crowning faculty. We discover this querulous humility in men who have acquired distinction; to whom, therefore, the world allows the privilege of talking about themselves. They are aware of inequalities, and perhaps feel themselves pulled back by deficiencies which would not have disturbed them had their education been more regular and systematic at some early period when they were left to themselves, and allowed to follow their own devices. Under the desired circumstances their powers would have been more on a level. This is probable, but the level might be attained through the checked exuberance of their highest and most distinguishing faculty; a sacrifice they would be little prepared for, though the average of capability might be raised.

Mr. Galton, in his work on hereditary genius, asserts genius to be irrepressible. To us it seems, like all other kindling matter, to need a spark; and whatever is not inherent, but imparted, may be wanting. It may be wanting either through abject circumstances, or effectual repression in childhood, the period when the divine touch is given-given in some moment of careless leisure, through the medium of delight, using fancy for its minis-There is a critical moment in childhood when it is open to impressions with a keener apprehension than at any other period of existence. Scenes and images strike on the dawning mind, and elicit a flash of recognition, which later on in life, and taken in through gradual processes, would effect no such marvel. It is perhaps when the first glimpse of the possibilities of life falls on a just-awakening intelligence that the light is caught most readily, and tells most lastingly on the intellect. The idea must not only interest, it must be new-something hitherto undreamt of. A child's first apprehension of poetic fiction is a revelation,—fiction, that is, that either tells something absolutely new, like the heroic aspect of lifegreat deeds and wonderful adventuresor which gives an insight into the passions, the stir, and excitement of manhood. Nothing written for children can produce this commotion in the whole nature; it must be something absolutely out of the sphere of experience, representing life in a new and wonderful aspect, of which before there was no conception, and which yet is recognized at once for truth. And, as we have said, it must be come upon by accident and at unawares. There is fiction, noble fiction, in all classical training; but men don't look back upon their lessons for the moment of illumination we speak of. Probably it has come before to them; for early childhood is the time when wonder, curiosity, expectation, susceptibility, and pleasure itself, are separate from personal consciousness. It is when a child is lost in a book or heroic tale, to the utter forgetfulness of self, that the germ springs into life. The poet is made as well as born. It is here that the making begins. Walter Scott had received his bent at three years old, long before he could read, when he shouted the ballad of Hardikanute to the annoyance of his aunt Janet's old bachelor visitors.

Children's tales of the moral sort, however well told, and however valuable for safe reading and innocent amusement, work no wonders of this kind. A child's story deliberately treats of matters with which the child is familiar; all the grownup characters are drawn from his point of view. Miss Edgeworth wrote nothing better than Simple Susan, but it touches on no new ground. No one looks back upon it as a starting-point of thought. Still less influential in this direction are those that draw society; that bring boys and girls together, and make them talk and act upon one another as it is supposed that boys and girls do act. At best, a child learns appropriate lessons for its own conduct from them. Miss Sewell's valuable tales on the one hand, and Tom Brown on the other, open out no vision of life; they are not of the fiction that sows the seeds we mean, though they induce swarms of imitators amongst their older readers and admirers: no doubt, for one reason, that a child's criticism, its questioning satirical temper, is at once roused-the posture of mind least akin to inspiration. In the domestic tale there is a constant appeal to the probable. Here the child cannot but feel as a judge. It has quick sight to detect bombast and want of nature, which might have passed current in unfamiliar scenes, and enacted by men and women. And because verse is more out of the range of a child's critical judgment than prose, and a tale sung is lifted into a higher region than a tale said, we find romance in harmonious numbers take the first place as instigator and stimulant to the latent spark of genius. How much of our poetry, for instance, owes its start to Spenser! when the "Fairy Queen" was a household book, and lay on the parlor window-seat! Before the drawingroom table had a literary existence, the window-seat fulfilled its function as the home for the light literature of the day. The parlor window was the form of popularity Montaigne affected to despise and dread for his essays, as placing him within everybody's reach - not of critics only. Clearly the window-seat was better adapted for the explorations of childhood than its modern substitute, as being easily climbed into, more snug and retired, a miniature study, in fact, presenting a hiding-place from curious observers behind the curtain; and the window itself, a ready resource for wandering eyes, when the labor of reading, of attention, even of excitement demanded a pause. "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' "writes Johnson of Cowley, "in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents," he goes on to say, "which, some-times remembered, and perhaps some-times forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius." With his selfchosen studies Cowley acquired that disinclination for the asperities of a formal education which mature genius so often laments, "and he became such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules of grammar." Pope says, "I read the 'Fairy Queen' with infinite delight at twelve." Dryden calls Milton the poetical son of Spenser; and all recent biography gives to Spenser the same pre-eminence as a prompter of the nation's genius. And this not only because the flow of his verse and his charm of narrative naturally attract children, but that the brilliancy and the strangeness and the utter difference be-

tween life as he draws it, and life as the child knows it, especially qualifies it for the work. The "Fairy Queen" does not so much suggest imitation as other poems do of equal power, but it awakes a faculty. The poets adduced never followed their first teacher; they caught nothing from him but the impulse—the flash. Another remarkable and eventful impulse of the same nature, and for the same reason, was the publication of the "Arabian Nights," awaking power without giving its direction. To this Wordsworth testifies:

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours, And they must have their food

In that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,
And in the long probation that ensues
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconcilement with our stinted powers.
Oh! then we feel, we feel,

We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers then,

Forgers of daring tales! We bless you then, Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape Philosophy will call you; then we feel With what and how great might ye are in league, Who make our wish, our power, our thought a

An empire, a possession,—ye whom time And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay, Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once:"

and Dr. Newman, in his recollections of early childhood, writes: "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Dryden gives it as his opinion that "it is the genius of our countrymen to improve upon an invention rather than to invent themselves;" and though he is speaking of the obligations of our earlier English poets to Italian sources, rather than of the mission of Oriental fancy to help Western imagination to the use of its wings, yet his argument takes that direction, and shows the necessity of a first impulse from without in opposition to the irrepressible theory lately put forth. No doubt a work of far less decided force of invention falling on a kindred fancy effects the same purpose. We have

always regarded the "Autobiography of David Copperfield" as in some points imaging Charles Dickens's own early experiences. When his hero amuses Steerforth at school with repetitions of his early novel-readings, we doubt not they were the tales that had impressed the author's own childhood, and given the bent to his genius. When little Copperfield pays his first visit to Mr. Micawber in the Marshalsea, and recalls on his way Roderick Random's consignment to that dreary prison, and there encountering a debtor whose only covering was a blanket, it was probably the recollection of a similar vivid startling impression on his own feelings which made the humors of prison-life at all times a congenial subject for his pen.

Curiously illustrating this view is Cobbett's history of what he calls the birth of his intellect. Cobbett's was certainly an irrepressible character; but the intellect which gave such weight and impetus to it needed an awakening which, except for an accident, might not have happened in childhood-the age essential for its full development. And unless Swift had chosen to express himself through the medium of fiction (so to call it), his mind, however congenial with Cobbett's, would never have come in contact with it at the impressible period, and probably never at all. It is one of the main gifts of influence to know the right means to an end, and Swift knew invention to be his means, saying, "In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys."

"At eleven years of age" (Cobbett writes), "my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave me such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no other clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a penny-worth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny that I had

lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red gaiters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub, price threepence.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excit-I had the threepence, but then I could not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little I carried it about with me wherever I went, and when I-at about twenty years old-lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Who can tell how much Cobbett's admirable style, so remarkable in a self-educated man, turned upon an early acquaintance with such a model? The choice and collocation of words owe much to early preference, and the rhythm which first charms the ear.

The child's first visit to the theatre plays a telling part in the memory of genius. Our readers will recall Charles Lamb's vivid recollections of his first play, "Artaxerxes," seen at six years old, when the green curtain veiled heaven to his imagination—when, incapable of the anticipation, he reposed his shut eyes in the maternal lap-when at length all feeling was absorbed in vision. "I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all, was nourished I could not tell how." And Walter Scott, at four, shouting his protest, "But ain't they brothers?" as Orlando and Oliver fought upon the Bath stage. Goethe's childhood-recollections are all of the theatre and living actors and puppets, his earliest and lasting inspiration. But the excitement of the scene commonly

makes a child too conscious of the present, and of his own part in it, for the magic of new impressions to work undisturbed. A clever child is stimulated to immediate imitation of what it sees. The sight of the actors, the gaudy accessories, the artificial tones, lower the level. The noblest language, the most impressive scenes, don't work on the mind as they do pictured by the busy absorbed fancy. No child reading "Macbeth" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream" could conceive the idea of composing a play; but, taken to the theatre, play-writing proposes itself as an obvious amusement. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said Southey, at eight years old an habitue, to write a play." "Is it, my dear?" said write a play.' the lady he addressed. "Yes," he answered; "for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it:" a notion very current with children, who expect the words to come with the situation, but unpromising for future success. We find always a period of gestation between the first prompting and great achievement.

The most striking conjunction of favorable circumstances for intellectual education is seen where severe study imparts the strength essential to the forcible development of ideas, and gives vigor to the mind's conceptions, yet leaves leisure and opportunity in the season of "unperilous choice" for the due working and entertainment of happy accidents; infusing new images through the medium of pleasure, the more delightful from an experience of taskwork and labor imposed. The intellect labors still, but it rejoices even in a strain to full tension, exacted neither by duty nor teacher's will, but by curiosity catching a glimpse of what life may be, and what the world offers, to its choicer spirits. Where to these is added the excitement of stirring times, and the clash and conflict of great interests, we recognize the circumstances under which Milton's genius developed itself, and later on the school of our Lake poets. Sometimes great political events are sufficient of themselves to give the stimulus to childhood, providing they are viewed from a snfficient distance, and are absolutely removed from personal participation. In times of great wars, great tragedies, great discoveries, vast social changes, indelible

impressions are made on the minds of children, who hear of them as they hear a fairy tale, or the things that happened once upon a time. We see such an influence telling on the little Bronté children, in their remote seclusion, who lived in a permanent excitement about the Duke of Wellington, and used to invent stories, of which the Marquess of Douro was the hero. But infancy rarely gets the proper ring of these public stimulants. In wealthy well-regulated households the children are in the nursery when telegrams bring their startling news, and the paper at the breakfast-table tells of the hero falling in battle, of great cities besieged, of new lands discovered, the earth's treasures brought to light, kings dethroned, emperors taken captive, and a nation's joy suddenly turned to mourning. Therefore, still to prefigure the turns and shocks of fate-the deeper emotions of manhoodand to prepare heart and soul for their keen reception and eloquent portraval, must infancy be fed on fictitious wonders, joys, and sorrows, and so learn the difference between life as the mass use and treat it, and life in its nobleness, its fascinations, its capabilities; thus providing it with a pictured experience and standard of comparison.

As the world goes, however, it is not only that the child is out of sight of excitements, but that the excitements of common life are small and piecemeal; intolerable to eager expectation, if this be really all. Life is rarely seen in picturesque circumstances; where it is, doubtless it makes a deep impression. Any disinterested emotion from public events leaves an indelible mark on the memory of childhood. To find mamma crying "because they have cut the Queen of France's head off," was an intellectual stimulus of the noblest sort for little girls fourscore years ago, but one which does not often come in the way of little girls. We old folks cannot regret the humdrum exterior of our insular existence (if in the painful—we trust it may also be passing excitement of fierce war between neighbor nations we may use the expression), knowing that emotion means discomfort and worse. We are content that the infant should establish it as an axiom that grown-up people do not cry, nor allow themselves in any turbid irregularities. It is well that joys and griefs should hide

their disorder from young eyes troublesomely inquisitive in such matters, and treasuring up in memory every abnormal display of passion as something rare and startling-if seen, that is, under dignified or elevating circumstances, for the excesses of ill-temper are not what we mean. Not the less is it part of a really liberal education to know of such things with realizing power; one, we assert, which fiction can alone adequately perform. History tells of great sorrows and great successes, but it is only poetry and fancy that can make them felt. It was the old woman's stories, listened to by Burns-she who had the largest, wildest collection in the whole country, of tales and songs about witches, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, and dragonsthat enlarged his imagination for the reception of heroic fact, and made reading the lives of Hannibal and William Wallace such an epoch. History of itself, eagerly apprehended in childhood, ministers to personal ambition; and premature ambition does not, we think, lead to the fulfilment of its hopes. The boy who devours Ptutarch's lives of great men hopes to rival them. Fiction proper induces dreams, it may be, of personal aggrandizement, but it more naturally sets the child upon weaving tales of his own, in which self is forgotten.

But if works of fancy perform such wonders on the masculine mind—if to it men of genius trace their first consciousness of thought, the beginning of their present selves-much more is this the case with women. If women, learning fact in a slipshod, inaccurate, unattractive way, are at the same time cut off from fiction, as by some strict, scrupulous teachers they are, where is the wonder if their interests and intellect alike stand at a low level? Miss Thackeray's sleeping beauty, before the awakener comes, personates with little exaggeration the mental famine in which some girls grow up to meagre womanhood, learning dull lessons, practising stockpieces, hearing only drowsy family talk of "hurdles and pump-handles," and adding their quota to the barren discourse, like Cecilia in the story, with, "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk-didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

There are many women desultory, restless, incorrigible interrupters, incapable of

amusing themselves or of being amused by the same thing for five minutes together, who would have been pleasanter and so far better members of society if once in their girlhood they had read a good novel with rapt attention-one of Walter Scott's or Miss Austen's, or, not invidiously to select among modern great names, if the Fates had thrown it in their way, Sir Charles Grandison-entering into the characters, realizing the descriptions, following the dialogue, appreciating the humor, and enchained by the plot. If they had once been interested in a book, their attention once concentrated out of themselves, the relaxed unsteady faculties must have been nerved and tightened by the tonic, not for the time only, but with lasting results.

Very few girls have the chance of thorough good training; nor do we find that women of acknowledged genius have been exceptionally fortunate in this respect. But we find more distinctly in them even than in men the recognition of fiction as the awakening touch, and this often allied with acting, and through the drama. Mrs. Thrale was a pet of Quin's, and taught by him to declaim. At six years old she followed his acting of Cato with absorbed attention. It was one of Garrick's offices to stimulate female genius. He helped to make Hannah More. It is curious in this relation to observe, towards the end of the last century, the success, intellectually speaking, of a girl's school at Reading, conducted by a French emigrant and his wife. Dr. Valpy, indeed, was their friend, and his influence in direct teaching might tell for much, but acting was part of its system. We are not commending this excitement for girls, but merely noting for our argument's sake that three distinguished women, whose names are still household words among us, were pupils at this school-Miss Mitford, Mrs. Sherwood, and Jane Austen. Any reader acquainted with Miss Mitford's works will recall a very bright account, in her most glowing effusive vein, of a schoolplay, and of the girls who acted it. On Mrs. Sherwood, her much-enjoyed residence at this school, and share in its excitements, made as deep an impression; though she dwells on her school-days avowedly to lament the want of religious training-a deficiency, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. As for Jane Austen, she went to this same school

at Reading when too young to profit much by the instruction imparted there, because she would not be parted from her elder sister Cassandra; but deep impressions may be given and thought awakened before lessons of much consequence are learnt. Here the taste for private theatricals was , probably acquired which suggested such admirable scenes in Mansfield Park.

But at this date, when education proper was not thought of for girls, the drama had everywhere an educational part to play. Madame de Genlis, as a child of five, enacted Love with such grace, and looked so charming in fitting costumepink silk, blue wings, quiver, bow, and all—that her mother had several suits of it made for week-day and Sunday, only taking off the wings when she went to mass. At about the same age she read Clelie, Mdlle, de Scudery's wonderful romance of ten volumes, with its map of the kingdom of tenderness; caught the infection before she could write, and dictated novels in her turn. These novels of Mdlle. de Scudery, prolix to the utmost point of unreadableness, were supreme influences in their own day. The offspring of a genuine enthusiasm in their author, the fact that they took time, and protracted the denouement beyond the capacity of modern patience, did not prevent the youth of her day devouring them with an enthusiasm as ardent, and they were fit instruments for the purpose we indicate. Both for knowledge of character, in however quaint disguise, and power of description, they bear favorable comparison with many a popular novel of our day, while in elevation of sentiment they stand on a higher level altogether than our own sensational literature. We find the same combination of acting and novelreading in the childhood of Madame de Staël, though she came into the world when education had been started as the favorite theme of the philosophers, and women took it up as the panacea with more than manly faith. Fancy was then in disgrace. Madame Necker objected to novels-her daughter must receive a severe classical training; and Madame de Genlis, who felt teaching her specialty, and in her capacity of educationist would have quenched the Fairy Tale once for all, longed to take the clever girl in hand "to make a really accomplished woman of her." But the drama and the novel fresh and hungry curiosity. The struc-

were not the less a necessity and passion for the child of genius who cut out paper kings and queens, and gave them each their heroic or passionate part, and undutifully smuggled Clarissa under her lesson-books, declaring years after that Clarissa's elopement was one of the great events of her youth. But novels read in childhood, whether by Scudery or Richardson, imparted little of their own tone : this was all caught from society and the family, from the living voice of the practical view of things taken by the world around. Their influence might thus seem to be rather intellectual than moral, though we would not presume on this notion so far as to suffer a child knowingly to read what offends propriety or right feeling.

The child, awaking to its powers, begins to be the same self it will be to the end, occupied in the same speculations, open to the same interests. With relation to society it knows itself a child: but in its inmost consciousness, from early boyhood to old age, it knows no change. To this innermost consciousness the class of children's books proper, with their juvenile feats and trials and lessons, ministers nothing. They are too easy to understand-they keep the mind where it is. instead of stretching it out of itself. They have indeed a most valuable purpose; where they are to be had they are practically essential for the average run of children. Yet genius did, in fact, very well without them. As Walter Scott says, in recalling his first acquaintance at seven with Hotspur, Falstaff, and others of Shakespeare's characters,--" Children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to children's understanding. Set them on the scent, and let them puzzle

It is a very natural prejudice, if only a prejudice, to assume that the nature of the fiction that influenced the first thought of ourselves and our ancestors is better suited to the work than what characterizes our own age; but we believe there is reason in the view. The more invention is pure and direct, the less it is mixed with analysis and elaborate psychological speculation, the less it inquires into causes, or stops a plain tale at every turn to tell the reason why, the more congenial it is to a ture of all the poetry and fiction recorded to have wrought marvels upon infantile brains is simple, and may be fully apprehended; while the high and deep thought beneath bides its time, and grows with the growth. Spenser, Shekespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and much of Wordsworth, are all adapted to every stage of thinking humanity. The boast of our own age is the reverse of simplicity. Men not only do things, but the reader has to get to the bottom of why they do them. All the science of instinct is investigated to account for each action. The reverencers of that "wonderful poem" and nine times told tale, "The Ring and the Book," think it small reproach that no child could read it—that he would probably feel repulsion towards it rather than attraction; but the poetry that repels childhood wants one main-stay of fame and continuance. sensational novel is as little adapted to a child's taste, with its stock corps of knaves. dupes, villains, and favorites of fortune. He may run through it for the incident. but it can make no footing in the memory. The superior claims on sympathy of vice over virtue is an acquired idea. As an educator it is nowhere, for it damages the intellect as much as the moral nature to be early entangled in the quandaries of crime and a polluted conscience; to view them with the feelings rather of a participator and condoner than a judge. As for the drama, no plays now answer so well as the detestable burlesque-a wallowing in the mire-which no child could relish, after it understood the end and aim, without permanent moral and intellectual degradation.

The motives now for exercising invention are of a more plodding commonplace order than they were of old, when praise rather than solid pudding was the inducement to the pains of composition. The knack of writing novels with ease, and putting together creditably imaginary talk, incident, and description, is an acquirement of our time. It is astonishing how many people can do it well who would not have dreamed of putting pen to paper a hundred years ago. Then it was considered necessary to have a story to tell as a preliminary—the novelist's capital, so to sav. It is clear that this is quite a secondary condition in much modern novel-writing. Start your characters, and the story is expected to evolve itself. There must be plot and story, in the true sense of the words, to engage and hold a child's attention. But Nature is not lavish of this crowning effort of invention, so that the quantity of our so-called fiction tells nothing for the extent of its influence; while the direction it takes, either as being didactic, and obtruding a moral or philosophic purpose, or as ministering to a base rather than an aspiring curiosity, or as surveying things with a nicety and minuteness of investigation alien to the spirit of childhood, seems still to throw us back upon the old models-the few typical achievements of genius—as the natural chosen nurses and cultivators of the higher faculties, -models which probably owe their form and excellence to some remote originator; for as there is nothing so rare as invention in its strictest sense and highest walk, it follows that of inventors proper, whether in verse or prose, there must be fewer than of any other class the world owns.

The Quarterly Review.

EARL STANHOPE'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE political and parliamentary history of the period, with its bearings on the military and constitutional history, is accurately sketched and curiously illustrated by Lord Stanhope. In reference to the events of November, 1710, he writes:—

"Thus fell the great Whig administration of Queen Anne. Considering its high fame in history, it is remarkable for how short a period it endured. The changes in Godolphin's government bringing it round from

Tory to Whig took place, as we have seen, by slow degrees; but the latter party can scarcely be thought to have gained an entire ascendency until the resignation of Harley, in the spring of 1708. According then to this computation, the Whigs were dominant for a period of but two years and a half. So far as regards the great battles of this war, the two parties, looking only to their tenure of power, are entitled to divide the credit between them. The Tories held office during Blenheim and Ramillies; the Whigs held office during Oudenarde

and Malplaquet. But as regards the policy which led to these successes the praise, as I conceive, belongs almost wholly to the Whigs. It was that war-policy aimed at the ambition of Louis XIV. which King William had pursued with more spirit than success—that policy which Somers and Somers' friends had consistently maintained—that policy brought at last to a triumphant issue by the genius of Marlborough and Eugene."

Whatever weakened the power of Louis, lessened the chances of the exiled family and proportionally dispirited their adherents and well-wishers. The successes of Marlborough were therefore received by the Jacobite Tories of his day much as, towards the commencement of the Peninsular war, the successes of Wellington were received by the Whigs. To understand the contest of parties, it should be remembered that governments were then frequently composed of the most heterogeneous materials; that Whigs and Tories were constantly found sitting in the same cabinet; that the Prime Minister's power was limited, and that he was not expected to resign simply because he was outvoted or overruled. It was usual for the sovereign to attend the debates in the House of Lords, to preside at meetings of the Cabinet, and to bestow or refuse offices from motives of personal preference or dislike. The Queen, therefore, easily held the balance of parties, except when public opinion was exceptionally aroused; and the narrowness of her understanding placed her completely under the control of favorites. She had always a natural hankering for her nearest relatives—the Stuarts; but so long as her dear Freeman (the Duchess of Marlborough) remained her closet companion, the Tories were obliged to rest content with a divided empire; it was only when Abigail Hill, Lady Masham, gained the ascendant, that the Whigs and their policy finally and conclusively kicked the beam. The ministerial crisis in 1708 may be taken as a specimen. Godolphin (the Lord-Treasurer) and Marlborough had resolved to get rid of Harley, and had intimated their wishes to the Queen, who, set on by her Abigail, was bent on retaining him. A Cabinet had been summoned for the 8th Februa-

"That same morning Godolphin and Marlborough waited on the Queen, to state that Harley still continuing in office they could not attend the Cabinet nor take any further part as Her Majesty's Ministers. Anne allowed them to depart and went to the Cabinet as usual. There Harley produced his papers as Secretary of State and began to open the business of his department. But around him he saw grim faces and he heard half-muttered complaints. As he paused the Duke of Somerset rose and said, 'I do not see how we can deliberate to any purpose when neither the General nor the Treasurer are present.' This observation he repeated twice, and with some vehemence, while the other Ministers expressed their agreement by their looks. The Queen remained silent but presently withdrew, leaving the business of the day undone."

The matter remained undecided till the 11th, when, Harley having in good earnest pressed the Queen to accept his resignation, she, "with much hesitation and still more reluctance," complied. St. John and Harcourt retired with him, and the brief reign of the Whigs, fixed by Lord Stanhope at two years and a half, began. Pausing at the meeting of Parliament, on the 15th November, 1709, he says:—

"Parties seemed at rest and the dominion of the Whigs might be thought securely established. They had struck down the Tories. They had overpowered the Queen. They had dictated their own terms to the Treasurer and the General-in-Chief. They had conquered the last remaining stronghold in the administration by the appointment of Lord Orford and his Admiralty Board. Yet so strange are the vicissitudes of Fortune that in almost the very same month in which the Gazette announced this final conquest, this new Admiralty Board, they took a resolution upon another subject which at no long interval produced the eclipse of their party and the downfall of their power."

This resolution was one to give Sacheverel, a foolish Doctor of Divinity, who had preached a foolish sermon in support of divine right and passive obedience, the coveted notoriety of an impeachment by the House of Commons and a trial by the House of Lords. These proceedings set the whole kingdom in a flame. The cries of "Church and State," and "The Church in Danger," became the popular cries; the Whig ministry went down before the storm, and in the ensuing election a decided majority declared for the Tory ministry by which they had been replaced. It was in the height of this contest, before the popular verdict had been pronounced,

that the men of letters joined heart and hand with the politicians. "Talents," says Lord Macaulay, "such as had seldom before been displayed in political controversy, were enlisted in the service of the hostile parties. On one side was Steele, gay, lively, drunk with animal spirits and with factious animosity, and Addison, with his polished satire, his inexhaustible fertility of fancy, and his graceful simplicity of style. In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dung-

hill and the lazar-house.' This is a characteristic passage. Swift is painted in these repulsive characters, without one qualifying phrase of admiration or regret, because he took part against the gods of Lord Macaulay's idolatry, the Whigs. With regard to the "apostate politician," with whom alone we have to deal in this place, his apostasy mainly consisted in changing one set of friends or companions for another. On the great question of the hour-the Church and State question-he agreed with the Tories; and on his first arrival in London (September, 1710), before he had seen Harley or St. John, he refused to pledge Lord Halifax, who proposed as a toast "The Resurrection of the Whigs," unless he would add "and their Reformation." No doubt the branch of their conduct and policy which most needed reformation in his eyes was their treatment of himself. He had been inconsiderately neglected, and the temptation to make them feel the full value of what they had thrown away, to taste, in short, the sweetest description of revenge, was irresistible, when his pride could be simultaneously gratified with his vindictiveness. It is strange that, whilst accumulating opprobrious epithets to stigmatize him, Lord Macaulay makes no mention of the Dean's weakness, little removed from vulgar vanity, in affecting an overdone and unbecoming familiarity with the great. The sole payment he would at first accept for his services was social intimacy with the party leaders, in which he could indulge any passing whim or fancy without restraint; and they humored him to the top of his bent. Within a month after his arrival he sets down in the "Journal to Stella," "I stand with the new people better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed." He complacently records how he sent the Lord Treasurer (Harley) into the House of Commons to call out the Secretary of State (St. John) only to let him know that he (Swift) would not dine with him if he dined late. There was more sense and equal freedom in his remark when St. John showed him the bill of fare: "Pooh, pooh, show me your bill of company."

His talent for popular poetry was first laid under contribution; and "Sid Hamet's Rod" (a satire on Godolphin) was followed up by a variety of lampoons in prose and verse, which produced a marked effect on the public mind. But his aid was most needed and most effectively bestowed in the conduct of the "Examiner," a weekly organ of the new ministry, to which Prior, Freind, King, and St. John himself were contributors. It was in the fourteenth week of its existence that Swift undertook the editorship, which he retained for a space of seven months (from 10th November, 1710, to 14th June, 1711), during which time, says Scott, "in the language of Homer, he bore the battle upon his single shield, and, by the vigor of his attack and dexterity of his defence, inspired his own party with courage, and terrified or discomfited those champions who stepped from the enemy's ranks for the purpose of assailing him." It is a mistake, however, into which Dr. Johnson, and apparently Lord Macaulay, fell, to suppose that Swift ever came into personal conflict with Addison. The Whig "Examiner," to which Addison was a contributor, ceased three weeks before Swift entered the field of journalism; and Addison took no part in the "Medley," which then became the organ of the

It was during the fiercest war of faction, and for a political purpose, that "Cato" was brought upon the stage. Four acts had long been finished, when, as ironically observed by Johnson, "those who affected to think liberty in danger affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design." Although the house was carefully packed, the author came to the ordeal with hesitation

and trepidation. "The danger was soon over. The whole nation was on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which Liberty was mentioned as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known. He called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of Liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs, said Pope, design a second present when they can accompany it with as good a sentence."

The distinctive essential policy of Harley and St. John's administration was a peace-at-any-price policy. The prolongation of the war was not simply opposed to their Tory principles and Jacobite tendencies; it involved the continuance of Marlborough in a position, as commanderin-chief, which, favored by circumstances, might enable him at any moment to regain or restore the lost influence of the Whigs. Negotiations, therefore, were secretly set on foot, and the pen of Swift was employed to pave the way for what were likely to prove unpopular concessions to France, by expatiating on the sacrifices incurred by England and the ungrateful return she got for them from her allies. This was the burden of his "Conduct of the Allies," which sold with unprecedented rapidity, and produced a corresponding effect. The Duke saw his danger, and hurried home to make, if possible, his own and his wife's peace with the Queen, or come to some sort of compromise with the ministry. The Duchess had tried what could be done by bullying, and it was now his turn to try whether prostration and humiliation would serve their ends. The Queen had peremptorily required the surrender of the Gold Key, which the Duchess held as Mistress of the Robes. In an audience obtained with difficulty, the Duke actually threw himself upon his knees to pray that her Majesty would relent; and the only answer he got was that she would have the Gold Key, and that within two days; adding, when he broached a personal grievance, "I will talk of no other business till I have the Key." On his informing his exemplary helpmate, whose temper had got him into the scrape, that the Queen insisted on the Key, she tore it with a violent action from her side and threw it into the middle of the room, bid-

ding him take it up and carry it to whom he pleased.

She was dismissed from all her offices, but the Duke retained his, and commanded in another campaign, which, although not marked by any memorable action, caused no diminution of his fame. It was not until he was no longer wanted, and the preliminaries of peace were under discussion, that the crowning and longmeditated affront was put upon him, mainly through Harley. On the 31st December, 1711, the Queen appeared at the Council, and ordered an entry to the effect that he was dismissed from all his employments in order that a dishonoring charge brought against him might have an impartial examination! The same Gazette which made known this entry announced the creation of the twelve peers, of whom Lord Wharton, on their first joining in a division, inquired whether they were to vote singly or by their foreman. Samuel Masham, the husband of the favorite, was one. He was ennobled contrary to the royal wish. "I never," said the Queen, "had any design to make a great lady of her, and I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence to have a peeress lie upon the floor and do several other inferior offices." Her Majesty consented, on condition that the new peeress should remain her dresser. Yet this woman overthrew Marlborough, Somers, and Godolphin, and set up Harley and St. John. again, Harley and St. John quarrelled, it was she who cast the balance, and gave St. John his short-lived triumph. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. world is this, and how does fortune banter us!" wrote Bolingbroke to Swift. The Queen died on the 1st August, 1714; and, as if by the waving of a magician's wand, the whole state of public affairs was suddenly reversed.

The best illustration of Paley's famous pigeon theory is the English monarchy under Queen Anne. All that was valuable in Church or State hung for thirteen years on the bodily and mental state of a dull, corpulent woman, worn out with child-bearing, fond of flattery, crammed with prejudices, who (as Swift said) had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, and (he might have added) invariably chose that one object

In May, 1714, he wrote to Lord Peterborough: "The Queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts us all in alarm, and when it is over, we act as if she were immortal." Immediately on her death, Atterbury proposed to Bolingbroke to proclaim James at Charing Cross, offering to head the procession in his lawn sleeves, and when Bolingbroke shrank from so desperate an enterprise, the Bishop is reported to have exclaimed, with an oath: "There is the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit." The cause was lost when (the day before the Queen's death) the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset forced their way into the Council Chamber and wrested the executive government out of Bolingbroke's grasp.

The chapter in which Lord Stanhope puts fort hall his strength is the concluding one, entitled "The Age of Anne;" and he here deals with topics on which no man is better qualified to speak with in-

"Certainly it was an illustrious period, a period not easily paralleled elsewhere, that could combine the victories of Marlborough with the researches of Newton—the statesmanship of Somers with the knight-errantry of Peterborough—the publication of Clarendon's History with the composition of Burnet's—the eloquence of Bolingbroke in Parliament and of Atterbury in the pulpit, with

the writings in prose and verse of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior."

formation and authority:-

The researches of Newton, the statesmanship of Somers, the writings in prose and verse of Swift, Pope, and Prior, cannot be wholly appropriated for this period. But what can be exclusively claimed for it are the essayists—the "Tatler," the "Spectator," and the "Guardian"—the influence of which on taste and style in English literature was eminently beneficial, although we cannot agree with Lord Stanhope that all the modern improvements in prose fiction can be traced to them:—

"But the Spectator has yet another claim of merit. In the very short but light and graceful stories, or the vivid sketches of character, which it comprises, lies perhaps the germ of the modern novel. There was scarce any work deserving of that name in its higher sense when Queen Anne commenced her reign. There was scarce anything beyond licentious tales like those of

Mrs. Behn, or interminable romances, describing in fact the manners of Versailles, though in name the manners of Persia and Babylon, as above all in the Grand Cyrus translated from the French of Mademoiselle de Scudery. It was reserved for Addison especially to show the English people how prose-fictions may be made most interesting without any admixture of loose scenes, or being drawn out in all the pomp of Eastern story. Not that the existing defects were at once removed. We find them still subsist, though greatly mitigated, in the next ensuing We find ample traces of the former English grossness in "Roderick Random" and "Tom Jones." We find as ample traces of the former French LONGUEURS in the six volumes of "Sir Charles Grandison" and the seven of "Clarissa Harlowe." passing by these instances and looking to the English novel-writers of the present century, we may perhaps acknowledge that Addison and others in Queen Anne's reign laid the slight foundation on which so vast a superstructure has been raised."

Light and graceful stories existed in almost every European literature long prior to the "Spectator." If Lord Stanhope objects to Boccacio or the "Contes de la Reine Marguerite," what does he say to the stories interspersed by Cervantes and Le Sage in their masterpieces, which again must have had a good deal to do with the progress of prose fiction?* We cannot consent to pass by instances which are almost decisive of the argument. If Addison confessedly produced no effect on Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, it is difficult to believe that we are indebted to him for Miss Austen or Miss Burney—for the author of "Waverley" or the au-

^{*} Speaking of "Le Diable Boiteux," published in 1707, Scott says: "To relieve the reader from uniformity, Le Sage has introduced several narratives in the Spanish taste, such as the 'History of the Count de Belflor,' and the novel called the 'Force of Friendship.' Cervantes had set the example of varying a long narrative, by the introduction of such novels or historiettes."—Life of Le Sage. Addison was rather a copyist than an originator in this respect. This theory of the origin of the modern novel may have been suggested by Lord Macaulay in his essay on Addison: "We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists." This questionable conclusion is based, not on the scattered stories, but on the character of the essays as a whole, "and a whole which has the interest of a novel."

thor of "Eugene Aram"-for "Pickwick." "Vanity Fair," "Iane Eyre," or "Adam Bede." The tone of the novel of manners depends on the degree of refinement prevalent at the time: the grossness in "Roderick Random" and "Tom Jones" was faithfully imitated from contemporary conversation; country squires talked like Squire Western; and what Lord Stanhope attributes to the "Spectator" is really owing to the general amelioration of soci-The conclusive answer to his ingenious theory is the fact that people went on talking and writing grossly and tediously for nearly a hundred years after Addison's model fictions were before the world; and it might be quite as plausibly argued that the comparative propriety of the modern stage is owing to papers in the "Spectaor to the chastisement inflicted on Dryden and Congreve by Jeremy Collier in 1698.

Laying aside or forgetting for the moment his own hereditary honors—

44 Avos et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi Vix ea nostra voco—"

Lord Stanhope pauses with honorable pride to note "how frequent was the intercourse and how familiar the friendship in those days between the leaders of political parties and the men in the front rank of intellectual eminence. Queen Anne there has not been found in England the same amount of intimacy between them, or anything like the same amount." A little reflection may induce him to qualify this remark. The mass of journalists and authors in Queen Anne's time had no more intimacy with the leaders of political parties than the corresponding class has now. The founders of the "Edinburgh Review," when merely known as writers, were received on a perfect footing of equality at Holland House, Devonshire House, and Lansdowne House. Sydney Smith was as familiar with Lord Grev, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Russell. as Swift with Harley and St. John. Who could be more intimate with party leaders than Scott? Should it be objected, when we instance Lord Macaulay, that his social status was owing to his parliamentary or official rank, the same may be said of Addison, who sate for many years in the House of Commons and became Secretary of State in 1717. Lord Stanhope himself

is intimately acquainted with authors and journalists who would be somewhat surprised to learn that their familiar intercourse with political leaders is dashed by the smallest consciousness of social superiority on the one side or social inferiority on the other.

Lord Macaulay (in his Essay on Addison) accounts for the position of literary men under Queen Anne-especially for the rise of Addison, after his utter failure as a speaker, to be successively Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State-by the circumstance that, prior to the publication of the parliamentary debates, it was only by means of the press that the public without doors could be influenced. "A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning is on thirty thousand tables before ten. speech made on Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the shorthand writer, has, to a great extent, superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Queen Anne." Nor was it so in the reigns of George I. and George II., nor in the first decade of the reign of George III.; but although, whilst this state of things lasted, political writers may have been proportionally more influential and important, they were far from being received on the same footing as Swift and Addison by their contemporaries. There were full three generations of literary men subsequently to Queen Anne, whose standing in society proves Lord Macaulay's solution of the problem to be incomplete. "Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of thirty thousand a year, edited the "Craftsman." Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets, and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties." Granted; but what was the position of the literary men employed on either side? Which of them held high office? Which of them was the constant guest and companion of the great?

[&]quot;"To the virtues of Sir Robert Walpole I feel regret in not being able to add that he was the patron of letters and the friend of science. But he unquestionably does not deserve that honorable

For a man of large experience and wide range of thought, wonderfully free from prejudice and illiberality, Lord Stanhope is unaccountably prone to depreciate the present and elevate the past. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. He fixes his gaze on the sunlit summit of a mountain, and makes no account of the cracks on the surface or the tangled brakes and morasses at the base. He insists that the age of Anne was not only the brilliant age-the literary age, the age of arts and arms-but the moral age, the contented age, the happy or true golden age, when the tenth Commandment was equally respected with the seventh-when no man coveted another man's wife, or envied another man's position - when every man was content to dwell under his vine and his fig-tree, or, in default of a vine and fig-tree, under his own oak or apple-tree. Lord Chesterfield is the chief, indeed the sole, authority for the limited and chastened intercourse between the sexes in high life :-

"Queen Anne had always been devout, chaste, and formal; in short, a prude. She discouraged, as much as she could, the usual and even the most pardonable vices of Courts, Her Drawing Rooms were more respectable than agreeable, and had more the air of solemn places of worship than the gayety of a Court. . . . Public and crowded assemblies, where every man was sure of meeting every woman, were not known in those days. But every woman of fashion kept what was called 'a Day,' which was a formal circle of her acquaintances of both sexes, unbroken by any card-tables, tea-tables, or other amusements. There the fine women and fine men met, perhaps for an hour; and if they had anything particular to say to one another it could only be conveyed by the language of the eyes. The other public diversion was merely for the eyes, for it was going round and round the ring in Hyde Park, and bowing to one another slightly, respectfully, or tenderly, as occasion required. No woman of fashion could receive any man at her morning toilet without alarming the husband and his triends. If a fine man and fine woman were well enough disposed to wish for a private meeting, the execution of their good intentions was difficult and dangerous."

Was it ever otherwise? And why, if fine women and fine men met for an hour, could anything particular they had to say to one another be only conveyed by the language of the eyes? Lord Chesterfield goes on to say that all these difficulties were in a great measure removed by the accession of the House of Hanover: "King George I. loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them." It may be admitted that Queen Anne's Court was more decent than her successor's, and that the vice of her times did not run in the direction of matrimonial infidelity, without admitting their positive purity or morality. Public opinion must have been in a somewhat lax state when it could tolerate in leading statesmen such an open unblushing defiance of propriety as was displayed by Bolingbroke in his commerce with loose women, or such a habit of drinking as was indulged by him and Oxford, who every evening of his life might be seen "flustered with claret." This habit, indeed, was universal, and was accompanied, as it commonly is, by gaming, street-riots, and debauchery. question of comparative happiness comes

"There can scarcely be named any point in knowledge and science, or in their practical application, which has not received great improvement since the reign of Queen Anne. Manufactures and trade, the fine Arts, public teaching in all its branches, the repeal of barbarous penalties, the order and rule of prisons, the speed and security of travelling, the comforts and appliances of daily life—all these have immensely advanced; and there are new discoveries which in former days even the wildest flights of fancy could never have surmised. But perhaps the same amount of research which serves to bring forward these results in full detail may convince the mind of the inquirer, as it has my own, that the people of Queen Anne enjoyed much the larger measure of happiness."

With all due deference to Lord Stanhope, this sounds very like a paradox. It implies that discomfort, bodily suffering, bodily fear, poverty, oppression, bad laws, constitute no deduction from individual or national happiness; that good laws, improvements in all the arts of life, with ample securities for life, limb, and character, add nothing to it. A man of moderate means who undertook a journey was obliged to travel (like Roderick Random

appellation, and in this instance his rank in the Temple of Fame is far inferior to that of Halifax, Oxford, and Bolingbroke . . Nor can it be denied that his neglect of men of letters was highly disadvantageous to his administration, and exposed him to great obloquy."—Coxe.

and Strap) in a wagon, subject to the imminent risk of being robbed, beaten and stripped by highwaymen, and flung naked (like Joseph Andrews) into a ditch. Any one who chose to swear the smallest debt against another might have him arrested and immured in a prison with common felons, when the chances were that he caught the jail fever before he was bailed out. Lord Stanhope will hardly deny that the happiness of authors was more or less affected by the law of libel. No satirical or ironical writer was safe. For his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," on a charge that he meant seriously what he obviously proposed humorously, Defoe was fined, pilloried, and sent to Newgate in 1703. For two equally harmless productions he was fined 800%, and sent to Newgate in 1713. "Miserable is the fate of writers," exclaims Lady Mary Wortley Montague, at this halcyon period; " if they are agreeable they are offensive, and if dull they starve:"

"Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares, Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.

Earless on high stands unabashed Defoe."

It is not recorded that Defoe did actually lose his ears, but he must have been under constant dread of being deprived of those appendages. After describing Sir Roger de Coverley's wish to go to the theatre, with his fear of the Mohocks and Captain Sentry's coming to accompany him after putting on the sword which he drew at Steinkirk, the "Spectator" proceeds:—

"Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master on this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at the left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of the footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse."

Was the liability to encounter the Mohocks and other ruffians similarly banded, no deduction from happiness? Was it nothing for a decent citizen who ventured into the streets after nightfall to be "pinked" and "sweated," or for a decent woman to be brutally insulted?

Some fiery fop with new commission vain, Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man, Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast, Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest."

But Lord Stanhope hopes that "the same amount of research which serves to bring forward these results in full detail may convince the mind of the inquirer, as it has my own," and he proceeds to bring forward these results:—

"It is to be observed in the first place how far more widely spread was in those days the spirit of contentment. Men were willing to make the best of the present without a feverish anxiety for the past or for the future—without constantly longing that yesterday might come back, or that to-morrow might come on. The laws were not so good, but the people were better satisfied with them. The Church was less efficient, but was more cheerfully maintained.

"My meaning may be further illustrated. The tendency of the people in Queen Anne's reign was I think, according to the figure of speech which we find in the First Book of Kings, 'to dwell safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree.' The tendency of the present age, unless I much mistake it, would be rather to contend by ingenious arguments that the vine and fig are not the best of all possible fruit-trees—that we ought immediately to root them up and to plant in their stead some saplings of another kind. It may not be wholly prejudice that views this disposition with regret. Is there any real happiness in such constant yearning and striving for something other than exists? Is it good to live in an age when everything is being improved away off the face of the earth?"

Surely this is very much like begging the question or arguing in a circle. We ask for proofs of the alleged happiness, and we are told that the people were content; in other words, happy. How do we know this? How do we know that they were better satisfied with their bad laws, or how does it appear that the Church was more cheerfully maintained? The truth is, the nation was too much agitated by political and religious dissension to think of social and material improvements or reforms. A man in a fever forgets all minor maladies. The tacit endurance of real evils is no indication of soundness at the core, and one of the best signs of national well-being is the tendency to cry out at small. A single robbery or act of violence will now com-

[&]quot;Prepare for death if here at night you roam, And sign your will before you step from home,

press. During the whole of Queen Anne's reign a hundred robberies or acts of violence might have been committed without exciting a sensation; which proves, according to Lord Stanhope, that the people were content. We must do him the iustice to say that he does give one instance of the things that have been improved off the face of the earth :-

"But let us view the question in more de-If we look to the country districts we shall judge perhaps that in Queen Anne's time the harsh features of the feudal system had passed away while some of the milder ones remained. In other words there was no trace of seridom or compulsory service, but there lingered the feeling of protection due by the lord of the soil to his retainers in sickness or old age. Labor was then no mere contract of work done for value received. Service was still in some degree requited even when it ceased to be performed. As between landlord and tenant also a more cordial spirit, a more intimate relation, appears to have prevailed. There was wholly absent that main cause of alienation whenever at present alienation does occur-the excessive preserving of game. We find it laid down in the Spectator as an admitted truth, that 'the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at.' In those days and in days much later, the return of the shooting season was hailed with pleasure not by the landlord only but by the farmer also. The young squire would cheerily step into the homestead for his midday meal; and sit down with a wellearned appetite to a dish of eggs and bacon, with a glass—or it might be two—of the honest home-brewed, instead of the luxurious luncheon-baskets which according to the present fashion would be spread before him."

We entirely agree with Lord Stanhope in his condemnation of the battue; but that the game was ever otherwise than a cause of alienation between the occupier and the landowner, or a temptation to crime amongst the laboring class, we deny;* and his young squire sitting down to eggs and bacon with a glass, or it might be two, of the honest home-brewed,

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"It would seem, so far as negative evidence can show it, as if under Queen Anne the handi-craftsman and the laborer had no difficulty in obtaining employment without dispute as to the hours of work or the rate of wages. Most grievous is the change in that respect which has since ensued."

Ample evidence is accumulated by Lord Macaulay to prove that the poor bore a greater proportion to the rich in the olden times than they bear now, and that the capitalist or employer was equally an object of envy and complaint. more carefully (he adds) we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity which remedies them." #

In Defoe's "Giving Alms no Charity," published in 1704, we find :-

"I make no difficulty to promise on a short summons to produce above a thousand families in England, within my particular knowledge, who go in rags, and their children wanting bread, whose fathers can earn their 15s. to 25s. a week, but will not work. . . . I can give an incredible number of exam-

pel the notice of Parliament and the is not to our minds a worthy object of regret. He recalls Squire Richard, or Tony Lumpkin, or Squire Western in his youth, and is advantageously replaced by the polished gentleman educated at a public school and a university, despite of the luncheon-basket and the battue. Lord Stanhope forgets that his young squire had to administer justice at petty and quarter sessions, or rather justiceship, for (as Fielding suggests) it was commonly a syllable more than justice. Passing to the towns, Lord Stanhope quietly assumes that there was "much less wealth, but much less also of abject poverty," and that conflicts between labor and capital were unknown :-

^{*} One of the most oppressive of the repealed Game Laws was the 4 Anne, c. 15. The "Spectator," No. 131 (from which Lord Stanhope quotes his "admitted truth"), begins: "It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbors."

^{* &}quot; History of England," chap. iii. Lord Macaulay quotes a popular ballad of the time of Charles II, as "the bitter cry of labor against capital." It is strange to find two writers, who might be expected to work in harmony, diametrically opposed on the vitally important and all-pervading question of the influence of improved civilization on the happiness of mankind. Lord Stanhope betrays no consciousness of the fact.

ples in my own knowledge." . . "I once paid six or seven men together on a Saturday night, the least 10s, and some 30s, for work, and have seen them go with it directly to the alehouse, lie there till Monday, spend it every penny, and run in debt to boot, and not give a farthing of it to their families, though all of them had wives and children. From hence comes poverty, parish charges, and beggars."

The National Debt was thought to depend on the Protestant succession, and the Pretender was allegorically represented in the "Spectator" as a young man, whom a citizen suspects of carrying a sponge in his left hand. Was the serene contentment of the moneyed and mercantile classes in nowise ruffled by this insecurity?...

"As regards the liberal professions and the employments in the Civil Service it may be deemed, from the absence at least of any indications to the contrary, that under Queen Anne there was more of equality between the supply and the demand. number of men of good character and good education who desired to enter any career was not disproportioned to the number of openings which that career presented. It followed that any person endowed with fair aptitude and common application, and engaging in any recognized walk of life, was in due time certain or nearly certain of a livelihood. Riches and distinction were of course, as in every state of society, the portion of the few, but there was competence for the many. How greatly the times have changed!'

"It is certainly a great practical hardship, such as we do not trace under Queen Anne or under the first Georges, that a young man entering life with a good character and careful education should see every profession overcrowded, every avenue of advancement hemmed in, that he should be unable in so many cases to earn his bread, and be cast back for subsistence on his family. There is something very grievous both to himself and others in this not his wilful but his compulsory idleness."

The population principle is steady and invariable in its operation. Nothing can prevent a superfluity of hands and brains at any period but prudence, foresight, and self-denial; and there is no reason to suppose that any given class in Queen Anne's reign were less prone than now to have more sons and daughters than they could provide for or establish in their own walk of life. Lord Stanhope has no right to

call upon us to prove a negative; but in point of fact there is no want or absence of what he calls indications to the contrary. The shifts to which educated men were put to get a livelihood are notorious. Look at the position of Swift in the household of Sir William Temple; or that of Addison "when (to quote the very words of Johnson), he returned to England (in 1702) with a meanness of appearance, which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced;" or that of Johnson when he came to London after vainly endeavoring to earn a living as a schoolmaster:—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, And pause awhile from Letters to be wise, Then mark what ills the scholar's life assail, Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

Patron was substituted for the original word "garret." The only literary men who did not starve were those who lived by patronage; and without money or interest it was idle to expect preferment in the army, the navy, or the church. The higher grades were reserved for the sons of the landed gentry and nobility; the lower were not unfrequently bestowed on their domestics and hangers-on. The boy-colonel and the sexagenarian half-pay lieutenant of the novel and the drama were drawn from life; as was Captain Weasel, Roderick Random's travelling companion in the wagon, an ex-valet who had obtained a commission by marrying the cast-off mistress of his master. Mrs. Seagrim, the wife of Black George, the gamekeeper, and Mrs. Honour the waiting-maid (in "Tom Jones"), boast of their descent from clergymen, who must have flourished about the reign of Queen Anne, and (we fear) experienced the same difficulty in bringing up their families which Lord Stanhope thinks peculiar to the reign of Queen Victoria. If the Church was cheerfully maintained, it must be owned that her ministers were scurvily treated and indifferently provided for. Here again Lord Stanhope and Lord Macaulay pull different ways instead of pulling together.

The first sentence of a paper in the "Spectator" by Addison (No. 21), on the redundancy of the three professions, runs thus:—

"I am sometimes very much troubled when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another."

When Lord Stanhope states that the number of claimants or expectants has indefinitely augmented, he forgets that the number of callings which a gentleman's son may fill without losing caste has inde-In fact, there is finitely augmented too. hardly a conventional restraint left on honest industry. A peer's son may be not merely a civil engineer, or the keeper of a sheep-walk in Australia, but a wine merchant, a coal merchant, or a stock As to the clerkships in some of the public offices, they have been so multiplied and so monopolized by young men of family and connection as to constitute a new description of aristocracy.

There is one marked feature in the social life of the first half of the eighteenth century which alone might have disenchanted Lord Stanhope; namely, the institution of the led-captain, the never failing dependent on the lord or squire in the shape of a poor relation or chaplain, and the menial offices performed by them without murmur or complaint; as when Squire Western sends Parson Supple from London to Bagshot for a tobacco-box. We cannot believe that men well born or well

educated would have submitted to such degradation if honorable employment was to be had for the asking.* In the "Spectator" (No. 108), Addison describes his meeting with Will Wimble at Sir Roger ce Coverley's:—

"He (Will Wimble) is now between forty and fifty; but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his brother (a baronet) as superintendent of his game. . . . Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family who had rather see their childgen starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary."

It is unlucky and disagreeable to be obliged to differ so often from a writer whom we respect and admire, who so ardently desires truth if he misses it; who writes so eloquently, and with such laudable elevation of tone, when he is wrong. But the occasions in which we are the least justified in shrinking from the discharge of our critical duties are when what we think error is plausibly or ingeniously expressed; and we were the more anxious to discuss Lord Stanhope's views and speculations because, being presented in a popular and pleasing manner, they cannot fail to add to the attractiveness of his work.

Saturday Review.

THE PLACE OF THE MITRAILLEUR IN WAR.

WHAT is the place of the Mitrailleur in war? Is it destined to have any place at all? A month ago there were those who would have assured us that the instrument would exercise an influence on future battles not inferior to that of the breechloading rifle. One enthusiast, indeed, has gone so far as to affirm that there have been three great revolutions or epochs in the art of war, of which the first was the introduction of gunpowder; the second, the introduction of breech-loaders; the third,

the introduction of his own mitrailleur. Whether, in face of the experience of the past few weeks, any one would now be found to claim for the mitrailleur this high position, we do not know. It is certain that, if such persons are to be found, we need not seek for them in the ranks of the French or German armies. The deluded French soldier has ere this found out that the new engine of warfare is not all that he had been taught to believe. mitrailleur had, by diligent Imperial puffing, become established as an article of the French soldier's military faith. was to do for him what the zündnadelgewehr had done for the Prussians in 1866. It was to destroy his enemies wholesale: it was to win his battles; he had only to turn the handle rapidly enough and the thing was done. This fictitious reputation

^{*} The fashion for hangers-on is caricatured by Fielding in his description of the suite of a travelled man of fortune in "Joseph Andrews":—"The gentlemen of cur-like disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master."

of an untried weapon was diligently fostered and kept up, not merely until the opening of the campaign, but in some sort after the campaign had actually commenced. The Emperor of the French, in his anxiety to maintain the confidence of his soldiers in the "mitrailleuse," had recourse to the remarkable statement that the Prussians at Wörth made use of these weapons, "which did us much harm." It was more than hinted that the French defeat was due in no slight degree to the unexpected employment by their enemy of a weapon of which the French claimed a monopoly. As a matter of fact, the Prussians have not a single mitrailleur: and early last year a special Prussian Committee carried out a long series of comparative experiments, and finally reported against the introduction of these weapons for field use. Here, then, we have the extremes of laudation and depreciation. Is there no mean between the two? Briefly, what is the place and value of the mitrailleur in war?

It is in order to supply an answer to this question that experiments with some specimens of this class of arm are now being carried on at Shoeburyness. The mitrailleur is no new weapon, though the name is new. From time to time men's minds have delighted to exercise themselves in producing revolving or manybarrelled cannon, multiple guns, and rifle batteries of endless variety. With patient ingenuity they have designed one "infernal machine" after another, to discharge with more or less of rapidity and effect showers of missile matter. The records of the Ordnance Committees overflow with such propositions. To these weapons certain objections of a general character have always presented themselves, and successively determined the rejection for field use of the Palmer, the Nugent, the Lilley, the Requa, the Manceaux, the Claxton, and other descriptions of multiple cannon. Nevertheless, the Gatling battery was forced upon the attention of the Government in such a way that a trial at Shoeburyness was accorded to it in March, 1867. It is unnecessary to detail the results of that trial, because the Gatling gun has since been greatly improved, and no real opinion as to the value of the weapon could be formed from the results obtained with an inferior specimen. But those results were not considered suffi-

ciently encouraging to recommend a continuation of the experiment; and the subject languished until the confident but rather vague statements of the French Government as to the importance of the "mitrailleuse" of Meudon, and the fact that other nations were trying weapons of this class, again directed attention to it. The mystery with which the French "mitrailleuse" was cunningly surrounded heightened curiosity, while it served the purpose of encouraging the French soldier. Omne ignotum pro magnifico. At last it was thought desirable that an experienced English officer should endeavor to find out, by diligent inquiry on the Continent, what the various mitrailleurs were really This duty was entrusted to Major Fosbery, V. C., of the Bengal Staff Corps; an officer who is well known in connection with fire-arms of various sorts, and as an advocate of explosive bullets. Major Fosbery examined several specimens of mitrailleurs, and witnessed several trials at Liége and Brasschaet. The result was a report very favorable to a mitrailleur invented by Messrs, Montigny and Christophe of Brussels; to which Major Fosbery, in conjunction with Mr. Metford, applied some important improvements. One of these weapons was ordered, and two Gatling batteries were purchased about the same time. From one cause or another, the experiments with these arms have been delayed; and they only commenced in earnest about three weeks ago.

The Montigny mitrailleur is in general appearance not unlike a small field-piece. It is mounted on a carriage which closely resembles an ordinary gun carriage, and which might be very much improved. The weapon consists of 37 steel barrels of '534 inch calibre, soldered together, inside one larger iron barrel, and capable of throwing 600 grain bullets with 115 grains of powder. The loading is effected by slipping a steel plate containing 37 cartridges into a vacant space behind the barrels, and then by means of a lever pressing the plate forward, and securing it in its position; the whole 37 barrels being thus loaded simultaneously. To fire the piece it is only necessary to raise a lever handle. If the handle be raised rapidly the discharge is instantaneous, the whole 37 cartridges being fired in less than a second. Or the fire can be made as deliberate as may be desired, each car-

tridge being exploded singly. A traversing or mowing movement is attached to the instrument, and adds greatly to its efficiency. It is said to be effective up to 1,200 yards, which, with a charge of 115 grains of powder, is probably correct; this point has not, however, yet been tried at Shoeburyness; and the performances of the weapon in respect of rapidity of fire, accuracy, and general effect, have thus far fallen so far below what we had been led to expect that we must decline to take anything that has been said of the weapon on trust. As an example of this we may mention that it is claimed for the machine that 10 plates of 37 cartridges each (=370 rounds) can be fired from it in a minute. The highest rate yet attained at Shoeburyness, even when as many as five men were employed to serve the piece, is, we believe, 11 plates (=407 rounds) in two minutes, or about 200 rounds a minute. This difference is perhaps due in some degree to the inferiority of the present ammunition, which by occasionally separating in extraction, or becoming bent or otherwise injured, seriously interferes with rapidity of fire. But even when all deductions are made on this score-though why M. Montigny should supply for an official trial ammunition inferior to what he has himself used, we are at a loss to understand-there will still remain a large unexplained difference between the promised and the actual performances of the

The Gatling battery differs from the Montigny in many important points of detail. It has 10 separate barrels, which revolve, the cartridges being fed into a hopper above the breech, and falling by gravitation into their places, one by one, opposite to the empty barrels. The fire is thus continuous instead of intermittent. There are three sizes of this weapon, of which two at present are officially under trial; the larger has barrels of 1-inch calibre, and fires & lb. shot with 525-grain charges of powder; the smaller Gatling has barrels of '42 inch calibre, and fires 380-grain bullets, with 80 grains of powder. The Gatling was first tried on Tuesday last, in the presence of a large number of spectators. With the larger specimen, 270 rounds were got off in I minute 45 seconds: with the smaller specimen something went wrong with the mechanism, and the practice could not be continued.

The experience which we have had of the Gatling is thus far too limited to enable us to express an opinion as to its efficiency considered merely as a piece of warlike machinery; nor is it possible at present to pronounce on its merits as compared with those of the Montigny. Indeed, it is desirable to consider the question as far as possible without reference to the performances of particular specimens. There is no doubt that, if it be decided to introduce mitrailleurs, it will be practicable either to remedy the defects of the existing weapons or to design new ones. The probable position of the mitrailleur in war is really independent of considerations of constructive detail; and the experiments have now gone far enough to enable us to name at least some places which this class of instrument can, and some which it cannot, fill.

It seems to us quite clear, for example, that the mitrailleur cannot take the place of field artillery. To say nothing of the fact that the neld guns have thus far generally beaten it more or less decidedly in actual effect even at short known ranges, there is the important consideration that the field guns are effective also at ranges to which the bullets of the mitrailleur could not even reach. Those who have compared the mitrailleur with field artillery have apparently been ignorant of the effects capable of being produced by a well-directed shrapnel fire. Shrapnel fire, indeed, is not really understood in any country except England; and until lately very few English artillerymen were aware what a formidable projectile the rifled shrapnel shell really is. The case-shot of the service have also been recently made more effective. The result is that the field guns, especially the capital little opounder bronze muzzle-loading Indian gun, have exhibited a power which the supporters of the mitrailleur had not anticipated. Guns, too, possess other advantages. The moral effect of a bursting shell is greater than can be produced by any mitrailleur fire, however formidable. The fact that a gun can fire a great variety of projectiles-shot, shell, shrapnel, segment, and case—and that it is available at all ranges, gives it a position and importance which the mitrailleur can never hope to attain. Further, when the range is unknown, the mitrailleur fire is often entirely thrown away. Thus, on

Tuesday last, the Gatling in 270 rounds only hit a large cavalry column 16 times, and the Montigny in 367 rounds only hit the same column 3 times. The supporters of these weapons would therefore do wisely if they were at once to withdraw from their pretensions to take the place of field artillery.

Nor can the mitrailleur ever effectively take the place of infantry in the field. It can neither skirmish nor charge; it is difficult to see how it could be usefully employed for the attack of an entrenched position, or generally as an offensive weapon at all: the men who serve it are also debarred from taking the offensive. However light it may be made, a wheeled carriage is always necessarily more hampered in its movements than an infantry soldier; if disabled, the effect is tantamount to the placing hors de combat of as many infantry soldiers as the machine may be supposed to represent; its effect is of too uniform, unvarying a characterthere is, so to express it, too little intelligence and discrimination in its volleys, to enable it ever usefully to replace the infantry soldier in field warfare.

But short of this-short of superseding artillery and infantry—it is impossible not to recognize in a good mitrailleur a useful auxiliary weapon. The lightness of the machine and of the ammunition required to produce a particular effect will enable it to compare favorably with field guns under certain circumstances. Theory and practice alike point to the necessity of keeping your artillery as much as possible outside the range of infantry fire. Within those ranges the mitrailleur, requiring as it does fewer men and horses, and being able to take up and withdraw from a position more promptly than a gun, may often be usefully employed to save the artillery; while in all those positions where it is necessary to multiply infantry fire over a small front, the mitrailleur can hardly fail to produce good effects. Such positions are numerous enough, though they are to be found more often on the side of the defence than on that of the attack. Among positions of this class we may mention the defence of the unflanked spur of a hill, the defence of a narrow gorge, of a street, roadway, or tête de pont, or for the flanks of short ditches, to sweep breaches, &c. It is a very distinct and important advantage of the mitrailleur

that it has no recoil. This in a fixed position, or where the weapon is under cover, is a point in its favor which every one must recognize. In such positions as these the mitrailleur, skilfully handled, ought to be able to accomplish nearly all that either field guns or infantry could do, at a less cost of matériel, and a less exposure of horses and men; and for use in such positions it may be fitly introduced.

There are other uses to which these machines may also be probably applied; such as to accompany cavalry upon occasion, when it is necessary promptly to bring a hot fire to bear for a short time upon some one point. It has often been suggested of late years that the cavalry soldier ought to be more like the old dragoon-a mounted infantry soldier in fact. To the suggestion answer has generally been made, that if this were attempted the result would probably be a " Jack of all trades and master of none." It is not impossible that the mitrailleur may offer a solution of this difficulty, by enabling the cavalry to carry with them a means of swiftly establishing a rapid and effective infantry fire upon a certain point, without themselves abandoning their character as cavalry soldiers. If the mitrailleur is to be used in this way, it would be better, we think, to separate the limber from the carriage, attach a third wheel to the latter, and employ lasso harness.

The mitrailleur, it is hardly possible to doubt, will also have certain naval uses. It may be advantageously employed for the tops of men-of-war; it would be effective in repelling boat attacks; and some of these instruments might perhaps be advantageously supplied for use on board

ships' boats.

In short, the rôle which we would assign to the mitrailleur, although it may fall far short of the hopes and anticipations of its supporters, is not an inconsiderable one. The instrument will not bring about a revolution in tactics. It will accomplish no real change in the art of war. It is not, in the broad sense of the word, a new arm or a new power. But it may often save and assist both our artillery and our infantry, and it may serve so to intensify the fire on critical points as to earn for itself a reputation which it would certainly not acquire in general field fighting.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BEFORE SEDAN.

"The dead hand clasped a letter." - Special Correspondence.

HERE, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;—
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—

Kings must have slaves;

Kings climb to eminence

Over men's graves:

So this man's eye is dim;—

Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,

There, at his side?

Paper his hand had clutched

Tight ere he died;—

Message or wish, may be;—

Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled !—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child ;—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,

Morning and night,

His—her dead father's—kiss;

Tries to be bright,

Good to mamma, and sweet.

That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died!—But no;—
Death will not have it so.

Austin Dobson.

London Society. BARON VON MOLTKE.

we may discern many elements of human interest, many facts of an instructive and elevating character. We see that the guiding principles of that career have been no love of popularity, or even high-toned ambition, but honor, selfdenial, and patriotism. We will first give briefly the leading facts of his career. Von Moltke was a poor man, and the son of a poor man. It is a mistake to suppose, as has been sometimes stated, that he was a native of Holstein. The estate of Samrow, near Pilnitz, belonged to his family for centuries. His father had served in the Möllendorf regiment, and was resolved on giving a thorough soldierly education to his children. The bias which he received from his father, Von Moltke has transmitted to his children. He has two sons serving with the army: Count Bismarck has also two, of whom one has been dangerously wounded, and General Von Roon has four.

Von Moltke was born the 26th of October, 1800; the years of his age are always the years of the century. Soon after his birth his father bought land in Holstein, and there he passed his childhood and youth, acquiring among Danes those military tastes which he turned against them in the passage of the Alsen, and the investment of Düppel. When he was pointment two years afterwards. only twelve years old he was sent with an stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The corps was commanded at the time by General Von Marwick, whose wife was by birth a countess Von Moltke. This circumstance would be a fortunate event for the young second-lieutenant. And, indeed, he needed any adventitious help which he could obtain; for his worldly not able to allow him the slightest addi- seen of war, but happily for the human

LOOKING at the career of this great strat- tion to his pay. Yet he was most anxious egist through all its grim lessons of war, to learn modern languages, and to do this he had to save out of his scanty pay. Truly poverty is a hard mistress, but the lessons which she teaches are invaluable. He saved enough to enable him to learn modern languages, and has made himself a very remarkable linguist. He is a man of great taciturnity, and it has been humorously said of him that he knows how to hold his tongue in eight languages.

From the military school at Berlin he passed to the direction of the somewhat insubordinate School of Division. He discharged his duty so well that he was attached to a commission for topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen, under General Von Müffling. Every one loved and respected Von Muffling. Even in his admonitions there was a vein of kind pleasant humor. One of Von Moltke's companions introduced into his plan an impossible mountain, and would not acknowledge his error, even when the General pointed it out. The General only observed, with a quiet smile, "Well, then, I congratulate you on having enriched science, and provided the province with a new mountain." after this he was promoted to the rank of captain, and ordered to serve on the staff, on which, through the influence of General Von Kranseneck, he received an ap-

It has been asserted on high authority elder brother to the Land Cadet Academy that Moltke has spent his life studying the at Copenhagen. When he was twenty- art of war seated in an arm-chair before a two he entered the Prussian military ser- table. "Von Moltke is the man who vice, after a severe examination. He was learned the art of swimming before going the youngest second-lieutenant in the into the water; he is the conventional eighth regiment of foot-guards, then German mentally enclosing the abstract idea of a camel; he is the doughty little bonnet-maker in Scott's romances who practises the soldier's art by hacking at a wooden figure." In all this there is much pleasant exaggeration. He has profoundly studied the whole subject of strategy. So far as war is an art, it is an art of which he has made himself a master. But prospects, beyond his profession, were at it is a mistake to say that he has been the very lowest ebb. His parents' proper- wholly absorbed in the theory of war, and ty was nearly all lost through the war, and that his triumphs are the triumphs of a a long series of misfortunes. They were theorist. He saw whatever was to be

race and for the Vaterland, there was very little war to be seen between 1815 and 1864. He had an opportunity, however, of seeing some foreign service, which to a mind so singularly thoughtful and observant must have been fertile in results. During the seven years that he was captain-for promotion on the staff was by no means rapid in those peaceful timeshe passed no less than four years in Turkey. He took a journey through Roumelia under Sultan Mahmoud, by whom he was commissioned to prepare plans of Varna, Schumla, Silistria, and other places on the Danube. This led to his historical work, "The Russian-Turkish Expedition, 1828-9." Von Moltke has himself spoken of this work as a fiasco; but it has been pronounced by so competent a critic as Colonel Chesney to be a thoughtful and scientific history. After that remarkable campaign, he was entrusted with the care of Prussian interests in Turkey. He was employed also, with the assistance of four Prussian comrades, Captains Lane, Von Mühlbach, Fischer, and Von Vinke-Olbendorf-to organize the Turkish Army on the Prussian model. The five went to work vigorously, but with very disappointing results, which gave little promise of future successes. At the battle of Nisil, the entire Kurd army, which had been disciplined, organized, and powerfully recruited, dispersed, and in a few days' time the fleet deserted to the enemy. Von Moltke had, however, other duties to discharge. He traversed Asia Minor on horseback, to the extent of some four or five thousand English miles of travel, doing much to explore a province about the condition of which we have had so little exact knowledge in recent times. He did very much to amend the imperfect maps which then existed. made a great number of sketches supplemental to his valuable drawings of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and Constantinople. The great geographer, Ritter, has used these sketches, and has compared them with the accounts of Alexander the Great's campaigns, with the travels of Marco Polo, and with the Crusades. Last month we noticed Captain Milligan's work on Kurdistan, who claimed to have been the last European military observer since Xenophon who had examined the region. All other European explorers had been most monotonously

murdered. The Briton, however, ought to have named an illustrious exception in Von Moltke, who has made, and with greater accuracy, precisely the same claim. Like Xenophon, he observed the rise of the Euphrates among the mountain ranges of Kurdistan. Like Xenophon and his men, he sailed down the river on inflated sheepskins. Like Xenophon and his men, when he first saw the blue sea after a weary journey, he broke out into the cry of "Thalatta! Thalatta!" This close observation of the country must have materially assisted in the dedevelopment of his military genius. A large element of strategical art consists in quickly seizing the configuration and natural features of a country. Even in an unpromising country, a skilful eye will detect the natural earthworks or even the natural fortresses. It was this faculty which made Jomini hazard his marvellous guess, weeks before the event came off, that a great battle would be fought on the field of Jena. In every campaign a knowledge of all the possible theatres of war operations is indispensable, and the strategic eye is prepared to seize all points of vantage. Not only is Moltke a great map-maker himself, but he takes care that the proper men are well acquainted with the proper maps. The Germans knew French geography better than the French. German geist proved stronger than French élan. On no point has Moltke proved stronger than on his "information." It has been not altogether alien to the taciturn nature of the man that he should employ a whole army of spies. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a spy is necessarily something dishonorable. It is often a branch of military service as perilous, and far more distasteful. The American Cooper's conception of a patriotic spy is substantially accurate. There have been astonishing feats of daring and address performed by spies. Men have been known, refusing all fee or fame, to devote themselves to this arduous work, making even the supreme sacrifice of untarnished soldierly fame. It is by his "information" that the great strategist has been enabled to lay his plans. Of course the subtlest or most splendid combinations would fail if the data on which they rested were inaccurate. After all, the great test of a good general is that he should make as few

say that he who has made few blunders has not made much war. It has hitherto been the great glory of Von Moltke that no demonstrable blunder has been proved against him. While his vast plans bear the stamp of a profound and original genius, every movement seems to have been based on accurate knowledge and every detail attended to with extreme caution.

It may be said that Von Moltke has amply vindicated the grand science of war. For after all there is such a thing as a science of war. It is built mainly and chiefly on the deductions furnished by a critical examination of the great campaigns of celebrated commanders. The leading rules are simply based on the suggestions of common sense. The leading principles are simple enough; the whole difficulty lies in the application of them. It is all very well to say "Go in and win:" the question is how one is to "go in and win." It is all very well to say "Secure a safe base for operations-keep up your own communications and destroy your enemy's—leave no vulnerable point—concentrate vast masses of men and cannon at the critical points; and especially during those critical ten minutes which Napoleon used to say generally decided the fate of battles:"-but the supreme difficulty which affords scope for supreme genius is how to do all this. Sometimes the most astonishing successes have been obtained in violation of every known military principle. Napoleon at times encountered the greatest risks to achieve his objects. His successes were enormous, but his ultimate failures were enormous also, and after Austerlitz he retrograded rather than improved in his science. It has been the aim of Von Moltke to reduce the possibilities of blundering to a minimum. You may have books about war, as you have books about chess; both will tell you how to open your gambit and put out your front men to be slaughtered. But there is still a wonderful gulf between theory and practice, and the pre-eminent merit of Moltke is that he has bridged the gulf. He has succeeded, too, where even Carnot failed. Men of theory are always apt to find their results practically falsified. A calculation in dynamics is never found to be mathemati cally correct, because an allowance has to be made for friction. Moltke is a theorist who has learned by experience to allow

blunders as possible. Turenne used to for the full force of practical difficulties; but he has always thoroughly relied on whatever science of war there may be. He is said to have remarked that the Algerian camps had injured far more than helped the French army, as it had discredited all the regular operations of war.

We resume the simple narrative of his career. He returned from Lesser Asia into Europe in 1839. He was soon major in the 4th corps d'armée. In 1840 he married Fraulein Von Burt, from Holstein. In 1845 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia. This prince was the uncle of the present King of Prussia. He had turned Roman Catholic and lived for many years in Rome, a hopeless invalid, and then daily expecting death. After leaving Prussia it was long popularly believed that he was dead. In his leisure hours Moltke carefully studied Rome and its vicinity, and made some drawings which have been engraved.

It became his duty to bring back to Prussia the dead body of Prince Heinrich, In the great storm of '48 he was ordered to Magdeburgh as chief of the general staff of his corps. His promotion was now rapid: in 1850 lieutenant-colonel; in 1851 colonel; in 1856 major-general; in 1859 lieutenant-general. In this year, having received the appointment of aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince, he accompanied him to Balmoral, and was present at his betrothal to the Princess Royal. He was with the Crown Prince in Breslau for a year, and accompanied him twice to England, first on the occasion of his marriage, and next on the occasion of the funeral of the Prince Consort. He was appointed chief of the general staff. In that position it fell to his lot to inspect the whole of the northern coast, to arrange a system of defence which might be applied to all states bordering on the sea. Nothing, however, was done at that time. The German Diet voted against every Prussian proposition, and were especially averse to the idea of a German fleet being put under Prussian direction. In the Danish war he was in command of the general staff, after the storming of Düppel, and he projected the attack on Alsen and the occupation of Iütland. His reputation was now considerably extended; but few men even in Germany knew that in "the man in spectacles" the country possessed her best general and highest strategist. On the merits of the Danish war we shall not here enter. Most Englishmen felt acutely, many feel acutely still about the war. But we never met with any German who had any doubts about the justice of that war. The question was far too complex for general discussion. Most Englishmen asked whether Denmark wasn't a little state and Prussia a big state, and also whether a princess of Denmark was not also Princess of Wales? and having given these questions their obvious affirmative, they also gave their sympathies to the side of Denmark.

We now come to the great epoch of 1866. "It is a beautiful thing," Moltke is reported in the "Daheim" to have said, "when God lights up the evening of a man's life as he has that of the king and of many of his generals. I am sixty-six years old too, and have received as glorious a reward for my work as perhaps few men in this life. We old people who have come out of this Bohemian war can still call ourselves the favorites of fortune, however hard the struggles of our earlier life may have been." In the Danish war Moltke had been fully satisfied respecting the needle-gun, the new arm that was to be used with terrific effect against the Austrians. It was the first occasion on which the breech-loading weapon was used, which was to be employed with such deadly effect at Sadowa; which the Austrian government, despite warning admonitions, had treated with contempt. In '66 the Prussians used the new arm. In that year the Prussians showed that they had not watched unattentively the Italian campaign and the American war. In that year they brought into use the new military organization which M. de Bismarck, in a high-handed unconstitutional way, and against the wishes of the Chambers, had brought to perfection. Von Moltke afterwards, in a speech made in the Chamber of the North German Union, showed that the grand total of men called to arms was 664,000. Then, as now, Prussia had the preponderance of men, as Austria was obliged to keep large forces south of the Alps. Nearly the whole of the regular army, eight and a half of the nine corps d'armée, amounting to nearly 300,000 men, were placed at the disposition of Von Moltke. All the lines of railway were simultaneously used for the transport of the great army. What Moltke aimed at was the distribution of his forces over the different theatres of the war, and

their union on the battle-field. The problem was to bring this great army over the mountains, and to unite them before the enemy. The territories were overrun of Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and Nassau, all favoring Austria, and which, being interposed between the Westphalian and Rhenish provinces, might cut off communication between the Lower Rhine and Ber-The commencement of the war was made by advancing the armies of Breslau and Berlin through the enemy's country, and effecting their combination by forcing the enemy back. Moltke's characteristic tactics were seen on the field of Sadowa. His army had a front of four miles-so wide a front that he could not withstand an attack; but he turned this disadvantage to an advantage, by making an aggressive onward movement, by which he was able to concentrate all his divisons on the battlefield and surround the enemy. Only once did Moltke appear in the front at Sadowa. He had fully mastered the lessons afforded the staff by the American war, of combining the most distant field operations by the means of the electric telegraph. Seated at his desk in the rear, he received through the field telegraph a stre telligence from all the corp., tonowed their movements on the map, transmitted his orders through the wires, with such masterly strategic power that not a movement failed, and all the combinations were made at the right moment.

At the conclusion of the war Von Moltke was appointed, together with Count Bismarck, a Minister Plenipotentiary of Prussia for negotiations with the South German States. After the preliminaries of peace with Austria were signed, he was decorated with the highest honor which the King of Prussia has to bestow, the Order of the Black Eagle. Nothing during the war had been more remarkable. nothing more helpful to the Prussian troops than the absolute quiescence of the French during the deathful grapple with Austria. For the time being, the banks of the Rhine had been absolutely denuded of troops. Such a statesman as M. Thiers, who with an immoral patriotism thinks every gain lawful for his country, would have seized the opportunity afforded by Prussia's danger to strike a blow for "les frontières naturelles." Napoleon was not perhaps ill-pleased to see the two German powers wearing out

their strength. He thought, probably, that he would have that compensating slice of territory, or at least connivance in seizing Belgium. But the astute Bismarck had overreached him. Not an inch of German soil was to be ceded to the Frenchman. A great Prussian power was now on the flank of France. A collision was almost unavoidable. The whole political heaven was charged with electricity. It was evident that Von Moltke was studying the whole possible campaign of the future : all the defences. fortress by fortress; all the resources, fact by fact; all the territory, mile by mile. The triumph over Austria was only a point in the field of political vision. There were demands for funds in the face of possible emergencies. Von Moltke vigorously opposed the demand for reducing the term of service from three years to two years. He said in the Chambers in 1867, "During the last year own loss in missing amounted, on the other hand, only to 3000 men, of whom probably but a small proportion were taken prisoners. How are we to account for the enormous difference? I can only ascribe it to the duration of the service. . . . The instinct of hanging together under all circumstances cannot be drilled into a man; it must be the habit of his life." Of course Von Moltke carried the point, especially since he had the king's opinion on his side.

The war broke out. Von Moltke only prayed for a fortnight, and everything would be ready! He declared that if the Emperor did not see the Rhine by the 23d of July he would never see it at all. The prayer was granted. In fourteen days he had put 350,000 men on the Rhine. He is accredited with the whole vast plan of the campaign-a scientific game of chess without a flaw. We obtain just a glimpse of Moltke on the field of battle. According to the "Vossische Zeitung," on the night of the battle of Gravelotte the King of Prussia was sitting on a ladder near a garden wall at Rezonville. Around him were Bismarck, Von Roon, princes and grand dukes; all very silent, and waiting for news. The hour was come for decisive tidings. Presently Moltke, much heated, rode up to the King: "Your Majesty, we have conquered. The ene-

my is driven from all his positions." A vigorous shout was raised, and the whole party plied their flasks. The King drank from a broken tulip glass, and Bismarck munched a bit of ammunition bread. It is evident, on looking over the history of the compaign, that plan after plan has been devised, with flexibility in the formation of each plan and iron resolution in its execution. The first plan was how to resist the French in their supposed onset into Bayaria: then the plan of forcing their lines: then the plans of compaign and of invading march. The great strategist is no rigid theorist, but ever admits a new idea, proves himself equal to a new emergency, and adapts his plans to a new combination. It is also reasonable to expect that when this war may have ended there will be imposed on Von Moltke many of the duties of peace. To settle the conditions of a permanent and honorable peace will doubtless be we made some 50,000 prisoners. Our a glorious termination to his labors which he will highly value. Nothing has been a happier feature in the German army than the absence of jealousy and divided councils. Bismarck knows where to yield to Moltke, and Moltke where to yield to Bismarck. The dominant idea that has now seized upon the Prussian mind is that of the rectification of the frontiers. This idea is not prompted by any lust of territory such as has been the cause of Gallic aspirations for glory. It is no mere wish to re-annex Alsace and Lorraine, not even to get back Strasburg, of which Germany was robbed, two centuries ago, in a time of peace, by an act of political burglary with violence. But it is truly felt that imperial France need never fear any unprovoked aggression; that she is only suffering now, by a sort of poetic justice, the invasion which she sought to inflict. The belt of fortresses on her western frontier was never truly necessary for her protection, but was always an iron threat to Rhineland. So to rearrange the frontier that these fortresses may cease to be engines of terror and unrest, and form fortresses in the Vosges to command the wide eastern plains of France, will be, we may reasonably expect, the great strategical feature of the future peace. That probably will be the final good service which Von Moltke will render to the Fatherland, F. A.

[Dec.,

London Society.

NAPOLEON AND PARIS.

day, often in the night watches. "Paris, which I know and love so well, the fair Athens of the West; shall the golden city cease, the daughters of music be brought low, that girdle of battlements, those crested fortresses, be unavailing to resist the Teutonic horde of invasion?" Already, while I write these lines, the beauty of Paris has vanished, its Emperor a discrowned prisoner, the Empress and her child fled, and the billows of adversity are rolling in fast and dark whose blackness no keen vision can fathom. I know Paris well; I can hardly count up how many times I have visited the city, explored all its alleys and streets, sat in its boulevards, wandered in its woods and gardens, found home, friends, associates within its borders. That glorious avenue of the exile Empress, stretching from the proudest of proud arches of triumph to the beautiful gates of the Bois, where I have a hundred times lingered watching the incessant roll of chariots to and from the glorious city: those gardens of delight with their islands and waters which seemed to evolve the very scenes of fairyland-already their beauty is gone, the gardens trampled down, the waters disturbed, and fairyland has become a huge victualling ground for the city in its state of siege. And that enthroned Cæsarism, in which the imperial Gallic spirit seemed to find its highest embodiment and expression - which seemed to permeate all provincial France, which so dazzled the minds of men that the glorious vision of Liberty seemed but a mere dream—is discarded by the city which can forgive everything but failure, and in her fickleness and pride passes from change to change with passionate vehemence.

I say at once that I feel deeply sorry for the Emperor, albeit my hatred of Napoleonism is deliberate and deep. I know that for many years Napoleon has been our ally; but I have always felt that the alliance only lasted while it might be subservient to his own ends. I recall this moment a conversation which I once had with a highly-cultured and far-sighted Prussian one long summer evening on the bank of the Moselle. There was war in the

"And has it come to this?" I sorrow- Emperor's heart, he said, but he could not fully, wonderingly ask myself, often in the divine whether it was against England or against Prussia that war would be first declared. In any case our turn would assuredly come. He believed in his star. it was said, and his destiny would lead him to make war against England, even though the same destiny should finish him off with a cannon-ball in the streets of London or make him die in a London lodging-house. There is something infinitely presumptuous, something like the old Greek theory of fate in a man setting up his star or destiny as that which even controls the operations of Providence. At the same time we are not to believe all that we hear about the Napoleonic belief in destiny. I remember being told by an old peer of France, one of those who had tried him for his attempt on Boulogne, that there was no truth in the statement that he himself had asserted that it was his destiny to avenge Waterloo. It was characteristic of Napoleon that he never showed the least kindness to my old friend and others who had taken the mildest view of his case, but that he had given great honors to the two men who had voted for his execution. Let me, however, say that I have known many people who knew the Emperor more or less during his stay in England, and not from one have I ever heard any story of meanness, or cruelty, or ingratitude. On the contrary, there is hardly one but has his trait of amiability and kindly remembrance to relate. Towards English people he seemed ever to show a peculiar graciousness, as many known and unknown anecdotes would abundantly prove. Many people liked the man, many were fascinated by him, but hardly any who carefully studied the man and his system could fail to join in its condemnation. We need not believe all the furious pages of Mr. Kinglake, but his famous assertion is true that the Emperor "carried strategy into politics." This public immorality is believed to have been accompanied by a throng of private vices. Personal rule reached its acmé and its retribution when, with the insolence of the professional duellist, he caused torrents of blood to be shed in an unrighteous war. The same personal rule crushed the spirit

of liberty and would not tolerate the expansion of those constitutional liberties which might have saved the empire and the dynasty. The same personal rule introduced the degradation of the Lower Empire, fostered favoritism and corruption, and destroyed the integrity of the army and the state. It was impossible to argue with the master of three hundred legions. The army stood between the empire and all the thought, culture, and better aspirations of France. Now, in the unsearchable judgment of heaven, that army is annihilated; and History working, as she is wont, in her cycles and parallels, brings round again the era of an invasion and a

Committee of Safety.

What a stormy, chequered career has that been, lustrous with exceeding light, dark with exceeding darkness! There is no prince of ancient or modern times that might more truly be called the tennis-ball of fortune. Even the first Napoleon had not that infinite variety of change and adventure that belongs to the nephew. His history almost seems to resemble a series of dissolving views. We see him in tranquil days with his mother on the shores of the Lake of Constance. Then he is early immersed in Italian adventure, intrigue, and war. Then comes the mad attempt on Strasburg, in obedience to that inward whisper which, he declared, dragged him on. The scene changes, and he is tossing about under the Equator, relegated as an exile to America. Then once more comes the episode of Boulogne and the tame eaglethat satiric tame eagle which seems to typify the touch of bathos that has always clung to his career-and the long captivity at Ham, those silent, anxious years in which he matured his thoughts of war and policy, rounded the cycle of the Napoleonic ideas, and arrived at that dark, inscrutable character which ever seemed to retain a tinge of the fortress gloom. Then we see him in every variety of English life, on the one side literary, thoughtful, scientific, writing to Faraday, chatting with Landor, haunting the London Library; then again hunting with English squires, visiting in English houses, and once more associated with all the dissipations and frivolities of London life. We see him as deputy, as president, as emperor, but the glory of those days is tarnished with the black memory of the coup detat. The "Man of December" will leon and passed on to Paris, even if the

prove to him a title more lasting than any other-remain when all other titles are gone. For a time he seemed the arbiter of Europe; the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof seemed his. There are pleasant beneficent gleams in that career; glorious wars, triumphs no less glorious of peace; a navy constructed, commerce extended, new towns created and old ones enlarged; nor was severe literary study wanting, as evidenced by the "Life of Cæsar." So long as he kept to his programme that the Empire was Peace it was well with him; so long as war was dignified by something of an Idea, it was not ill with him; but when war recalled the most unrighteous of his uncle's deeds-wanton, purposeless, murderous war-his good genius, his better angels forsook him. Was there no warning dream, no fancied sound of shriek or wailing, no vision or phantom on the night of that morning at the Tuileries when he resolved that Prussia must give further guarantees of the renunciation of the Hohenzollern? If the dead could revisit the scenes of earth, would not some of the torture which the first Emperor inflicted return to him, when he saw his line, which had had such a marvellous resurrection. again hewed down to the roots? Then we see him brushing away his tears with his glove when he meets the Crown Prince as a captive, and hurries away from Sedan to his castle prison, none so poor as to do him reverence.

And Paris disowns and deposes him; petted, spoilt, beautiful, imperial Paris, whose river he had quayed with marble, which he had adorned with gardens and fountains, with new palaces, new boulevards, covered, even as Pericles did Athens, with a mantle of imperial splendor. But what shall be our thoughts of Lutetia and her children, Lutetia Obsessa now? Is the deposed Emperor alone, and is Paris no partner of his guilt and shame? Were they not accomplices, each to each? Was he not a ruler fit for such a nation. and was not the nation fit for such a rule? Did he not bend to her pride and love of glory, and did she not almost make his subservience a condition, if she would gratify his dynastic dreams? Has he not received in part his retribution, and is not that retribution come horribly anear her now, the bitter cup tasted by Napo-

genius and the art, the glory, valor, wit, eloquence, and loveliness! Her enemies are upon her-those who are burning with the recollection of present wrongs and the six years' iron despotism of the first Napoleon; those who have shown by the treatment of their own Frankfort, four years ago, and of Strasburg, almost their

new hopes of peace come to fruition? ledges and owns a God. Happy will it Alas for the beautiful city! Alas for the be for him and his own kingdom as well as France if he tempers judgment with generosity and mercy. Happy for Paris if—having sounded all the depths of glory, all the depths of woe-she attain at last to that supreme conquest, the conquest over herself, which will give her back whatever has been best in bygone supremacy! Happy for Napoleon if, in own now, how well they understand the the wild sad sunset of his life, he shall fierce science of the requisition and the learn the last lesson of abdicated and debombardment! The King of Prussia, un-posed monarchy, and find that there is like most conquerors, at least acknow- still room for pardon and repentance left!

Chambers's Journal.

THE YEAR AND THE DAY.

able property, that it turns on its own axis of their history, were aware that the revcompleting a revolution round the earth. known to state, with an air of scientific research, that it does not turn on its own But fiat experimentum in axis at all. corpore vili, for, as Herschel remarks, if a man will only walk several times round a stick, with his face always towards it, he will find from the unpleasant sensation of giddiness that he has been rotating on his own axis also.

Now, the earth moves in a most confusing manner round the sun. It rotates on its axis about 365 times while it revolves about the sun; if it were exactly 365 times, the year would be difficult to manage, on account of its not being readily divisible into months or other periods. But it is about 365‡ times, and, to make the confusion worse, it is less than this number by an insignificant fraction, which will make itself known in course of years.

If we were to go back to the earliest correct, or moderately correct, notion of the length of the solar year, we should probably find it among the Chinese. But in their case it is impossible to tell what is false and what true. If, however, we are to believe their historians at all, we shall have to allow that in knowledge of this sort they anticipated Europeans by about two thousand years. The Chalin the pursuit of astronomy, yet quite mod-

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Our satellite the moon has this remark- Europe, the Greeks, at an early period in precisely the same time that it takes in olution, called the solar year, occupied about 3651 days, but for a long time could The result of this is that men have been not arrive at a more exact determination, and it was not till 140 B.C. that any accurate idea was formed. At that time lived Hipparchus, otherwise "The Father of Astronomy." He pursued the science in Rhodes; and by comparing his own observations of the summer solstice with those taken by Aristarchus about 140 years before, he arrived at a fairly correct result: in fact, whatever inaccuracy there was lay chiefly with Aristarchus. Modern investigations give as the exact time occupied by the earth in moving from a point in the ecliptic to the same point again, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.62 seconds.

The Romans seem not to have had the advantage of even the imperfect knowledge possessed by the early Greeks; and as our calendar has come down to us directly from them, it will be our object to examine the development of their system.

At first, the moon was their guide. Romulus instituted an arbitrary year of 304 days, containing ten months, and com mencing with March. Numa, finding that this was so far from the length of the solar year, and that consequently the seasons occurred at different times in different years. added two months, January at the beginning, and February at the end. Here, by the way, we may mention that in 452 B.C. deans and the Egyptians were very early the Decemvirs altered the order, putting February between January and March. ern in comparison with the Chinese. In Numa's year contained 354 days; and the

tion of a day to make it an odd number, which was considered more lucky.

Thus the year became 355 days. This was known to be too short. Numa therefore ordered that every other year a month should be inserted between two days near the end of February, which month should consist alternately of twenty-two and twenty-three days. But notwithstanding this clumsy arrangement, the year was still nearly a day too long, for it was brought up to an average length of 3661 days. Lastly, this inaccuracy was to be overcome by the omission of one intercalary month in twenty-four years. This was pretty accurate, and might have worked well; but it was left in the hands of the pontifices. say that they abused their power over the length of the year to serve political or personal objects. It may have been from ignorance or carelessness; but certainly when Julius Cæsar, as pontifex maximus, examined the state of the calendar, he found that winter months had crept back into autumn, and the heat of summer was raging in the months of autumn.

At this period, he called to his aid the astronomer Sosigenes, by whose advice the so-called Julian Calendar was framed. The lunar year was abolished, and with it the confusing arrangement of intercalary months. Cæsar ordered that the average length of the year should be 3651 days; and, to effect this, decreed that every fourth year should contain 366 days, the others 365-so that there would at first seem to have been very little change from that time till now. But again the pontiffs interfered with the working of it. The Romans had a peculiarity in computing intervals of time which may have caused a mistake in the arrangement of the leap-years. They always counted intervais as including the extreme limits; that is to say, they would call the 5th day of a month the 3d before the 7th; we should call it the 2d before it. At all events, the pontiffs, instead of making every fourth year, made every third consist of 366 days. The error thus introduced was gradually corrected by Augustus: it was not large, and therefore he had not to resort to the violent measures of his predecessor Julius, who made the year of his reformation consist of 445 days, which truly was a "year of confusion.'

Our months are necessarily of different

superstition of the times caused the addi- lengths, but they might be more evenly arranged. They seem to follow no law except that of the little rhyme, which every one is supposed to know. Had we received the Julian system unaltered, this little poem about the thirty and the thirty-one days would never have been needed. The original distribution was such that the months were alternately composed of thirty-one and thirty days in the leap-years, and in the other years a day was taken from February, which was always regarded with spite as an unlucky month. Thus, July consisted of thirty one days, August of thirty. Accordingly, in the time of Augustus, gross adulation caused a day to be taken from February, the poor unlucky but ill-used month, and added to the one which bore the emperor's name, merely that his month might not be shorter than July, his predecessor's. The emperor may have been gratified by the attention, but it is hard that we should suffer for it.

The Julian method was nearly complete: the year thus established was only 11 minutes 10.35 seconds too long, which amounts to a day in 129 years.

When the Julian Calendar was instituted, the vernal equinox was fixed at the 25th of March; and had it not been for the slight error in the length of the solar year which resulted from the arrangement of Sosigenes, we should probably still have it on that day. As it was, however, the equinox receded; and at the Council of Nice, in 325 A.D., it was settled that the 21st should be distinguished as the day of its occurrence. And here it is remarkable that no correction was made which would prevent further recession, and absolutely fix the equinox on the 21St. The existing calendar was very convenient, simple, and accurate, as far as temporary results; but the error induced must have been manifest; and it must also have been clear that in every four centuries the seasons would be one day out of place. The necessity of reformation was felt by the Venerable Bede as early as the eighth century; it was subsequently recommended to the pope by the philosopher Roger Bacon; but the first attempt at correction was made in the fifteenth century by Pope Sixtus IV. To assist in this, he invited the great astronomer of that time, Regiomontanus; but by the death of the latter, the project was not carried into execution until the accession of Gregory XIII. to the papacy. His system was as follows:-

The Julian plan of intercalation was adopted, with the exception that the first year of a century should not be a leap-year unless it were divisible by 400. Thus the length of the year was brought so nearly to exactitude, that in a period of three thousand years the error amounts to less than a day, which is certainly of no great importance. This reformation was made in 1582; and it is a curious coincidence that whereas the Julian Calendar was finally drawn and fully written out by a scribe named Flavius, the Gregorian was published and explained by Clavius.

The reformed or Gregorian Calendar was almost immediately adopted in all Roman Catholic countries, and the seasons were brought back to their original places in the year by the omission of the ten days which had accumulated since the Council of Nice. In Scotland it was adopted in 1600, and in the Protestant States of Germany in 1700. In England the vox populi was so strongly opposed to change, that no alteration was made until the year 1752; and, indeed, when the change eventually came, it brought with it a most ridiculous outburst of popular ignorance. The 2d of September of that year was followed by the 14th; so that the eleven days, which was the amount of difference between the old style and the new, were omitted in

that month; and the lower orders of the nation, under the impression that they had been unwarrantably deprived of something, clamored vehemently but fruitlessly for the restoration of these days. At the present time, Russia is the only European country which adheres to the old style.

All things considered, our calendar seems remarkably simple, and, for all human purposes, sufficiently exact; but, in conclusion, we will quote a passage from Herschel's Astronomy with reference to

the system adopted in Persia:

"A rule proposed by Omar, a Persian astronomer of the court of Gelaleddin Melek Schah, in 1079 A.D. (or more than five centuries before the reformation of Gregory), deserves notice. It consists in interpolating a day, as in the Julian system, every fourth year, only postponing to the thirty-third year the intercalation, which on that system would be made in the thirty-second. This is equivalent to omitting the Julian intercalation altogether in each one hundred and twenty-eighth year (retaining all the others). To produce an accumulated error of a day on this system would require a lapse of five thousand years; so that the Persian astronomer's rule is not only far more simple but materially more exact than the Gregorian."

The Spectator.

THE "TEMPORAL POWER,"

As we are apt to take a good deal more notice of a great fire in the next street than of those vast hydrogen cvclones in the Sun, whose flames sweep over millions of miles, so it is not perhaps unnatural that in watching the military agony of France, we have paid far too little attention to an event which is as much more important than its proximate cause, as is an explosion in the centre of our system than a wee bonfire on the surface of one of its smallest planets. The relative strength of France and Germany is but the incident of a generation, which, as it has changed in one direction with the growth of one set of periodic causes, may just as well change in another direction with the growth of another set of periodic causes; there is nothing in the great reverses of France and successes

of Germany which need be more than temporary, nothing in them which marks the end or beginning of an age. But the death of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, if death, as we believe, it proves, is a phenomenon of quite another order of historic importance. Succumbing as it has succumbed, after a duration of some eleven hundred and fifty years, to the National idea,—(the question to be addressed to the people of the Papal States is, we are told, to be whether or not they desire an "Italy one and indivisible"),—an idea against which it has only made head during the last twenty years by the aid of the Emperor's French garrison, the fall of the temporal power really marks an epoch if not as important as the great political revolution epoch of the last century, or the great philo-

sophical revolution of the century previous, at least much more so than any which only dates the relative predominance of one nation and the inferiority of another. The end of the Temporal Power means the failure of an experiment of great grandeur, to which all the energy of the most popular and successful of Christian Churches has been heart and soul devoted. It means the failure of ecclesiastical ideas to override the affinities of national and popular feeling. It means a confession of the impossibility of making a church do duty for a nation. It means a practical demonstration that a civil government built upon a theological system and a dogmatic theory, is a civil government built upon the sand. Ultramontanes have often told us that "the rains descended and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock,"-the rock of Peter. To this the world can now reply that at least as far as civil government is concerned their assertion is false,-for "it fell, and great was the fall of it." The "infallible" Church, after 1150 years' trial, has failed to construct a single solid society or government rooted in the conscience and affections of the people. The domestic feelings of Christendom triumphed over the Church at the time of the Reformation, for she attempted to override instead of pacifying them. The national feelings of Christendom triumph over her now, for the same reason; she has not sanctioned and sanctified the political aspirations of nations, but, on the contrary, striven to crush them. Hence the slow dwindling of the political power of the Papacy, up to the moment of its recent dissolution. The secular power of the Papacy arose from the most natural possible causes. When the Goths and Lombards invaded Italy, the only power which stood firm and undismayed, was the power which rested on a deep spiritual faith; and of course around it the elements of a new secular society began rapidly to crystallize. It has just fallen from causes precisely corresponding to those from which it arose. Instead of exerting a creative, sustaining, and sanitary influence on the affairs of the world, it had for centuries been exerting a cramping and destructive influence upon them. Instead of standing as a

fresh spiritual power among the discords of earthly passions, uttering the voice of the purest consciences, and boldly opposing the march of stately injustice, it had become a power that finessed with courts for its own temporal safety,-that too often blessed princes who had their feet on the necks of the people, if only they supported the Pope against his enemies, —that resisted despotism (as in Poland) only when despotism happened to be schismatic,—that withdrew its half-formed and faltering blessing on Italian freedom the moment it seemed likely to endanger Papal authority,-and, in a word, more than compensated the wholesome influence of the most spiritual elements in its Christian faith, by its public exhibition of political imbecility, helplessness, and time-serving towards the powers of the world. The "Vicar of Christ," as the Popes have all loved to call themselves, gained his temporal power because he could honestly say with Christ, "The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." He lost it because, if he had at once self-knowledge and candor, he might truly have said, at least in his capacity of temporal ruler, "The Prince of this world hath made me his slave; Christ cometh, and hath nothing in me." The fall of the temporal power is, in fact, the result of the loss of that spiritual power which the popes once exerted. When they were more truly spiritual rulers than the secular powers of the world, they grew in strength; when they became less spiritual than the secular powers of the world, they lost in strength: when they became nearly the least truly spiritual of all the rulers of the nations, and began to force their alliances and to mould their policy with less real concern for the true liberty, strength, and manliness of the people under their control, than even the most blundering and coarse of the popular governments around them, their temporal power was doomed, and awaited but the fall of a few artificial props, to expire.

But the fall of the Temporal Power is so great an event, not merely because it marks the final failure of the first great and serious attempt to push a spiritual theology systematically into the political and social outworks of every-day life, but because it cannot but modify the attitude of millions towards the authority of the only

Church which wields a really great external authority,—an authority independent of the spiritual truth it preaches, -over the imaginations and consciences of men. The "Eternal City" has been a sort of standing monument to the power of that Church and her great place in history. The Pope has been a spiritual power standing apart from all the world, in the capital of that old pagan empire over which he triumphed,—nay, at the centre, we may say, of all human history,—on an island which defied the gross authority of political States. The Roman Catholics have been quite right in their almost instinctive feeling that this position of his had a great charm for the imaginations of men,-that his subjection to the authority of any secular power would have dissipated that charm, destroyed his unique position, and assimilated his position to that of the ordinary religious potentates of earth, the various patriarchs and archbishops who are subject to the laws of their respective States, and are unable to emancipate their minds from the influences which those laws naturally exercise. With the temporal power that distinctive position departs. Wherever he stays or goes, the Pope will have to reckon with the powers that be. Even if the Leonine city should be permanently left under his rule, he will not be able within so narrow a realm to bid defiance to the civil laws of the city and kingdom from which that realm is hollowed out. The tradition of centuries will be broken. The singular destiny which has appeared-no doubt, very falsely - to protect him absolutely from the rude interference of human polities, will be at an end. There will no longer be a spot of earth where a Roman Catholic penetrated with the ecclesiastical system in which he has been educated can live without incurring rude collisions with the actual life of the age. The protective system established over the conscience,which, however, in the Roman States has unfortunately not proved inconsistent with such great concessions to the spirit of the world as the establishment of State lotteries,—will have to consult everywhere the conditions imposed by the morale of the political Societies amidst which the Church finds herself. Undoubtedly, one great fascination of Roman Catholicism will have disappeared. Rome will have become Roman as distinguished from Roman

Catholic. The Vatican will be only one of the curiosities in the capital of Italy; and foreign Catholics will criticise the "Italian" influences at work upon the Vatican. The cosmopolitan character of the Church will necessarily suffer. Those who submitted to the Roman Pontiff may hesitate to submit to the Italian Pontiff. The mere authority of the Pope must dwindle; his spiritual authority will again begin to depend on his spiritual character, on the severity of his justice, the boldness of his resistance to wrong, the truthfulness of his intellect, the sincerity of his humility and love. As his prestige departs, he will be driven back on his real spiritual resources, and the weak and bad and narrowminded Popes will have less and less pow-

er to rule the Church.

Again, the fall of the Temporal Power, directly it is seen to be permanent, will strike a final blow at the theory of the Pope's infallibility. For the Pope, when "speaking ex cathedra, and in discharge of the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians," and defining "by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority," has committed himself to the view that the temporal power is necessary in the divine plan to the execution of the spiritual duties of the Vicar of Christ. And now the very Pope who has expressed himself on these matters with the greatest clearness and vigor, and who has just been declared infallible in all such utterances, is deprived of the temporal power under circumstances which seem to promise that that deprivation will be final. Can there be a harder blow at the doctrine of the infallibility of this organ of the Church of God? Can there be a heavier blow at the external authority of the Church which declared that infallibility? Of course, it will not strike home till the world sees that the Temporal Power is gone, not to be restored; but this, we imagine, it will begin to see very soon. That the Roman Catholic Church may continue to live, in some sense or other, by its theology, and its doctrine, and its social spirit, after the assumption of final authority which has hitherto been its great distinction from all other Churches is universally rejected, we think very probable and desirable. But the death of the present and visible organization must precede such a resurrection. It must die to dogmatic authority before it can live again to spiritual influence.

[Dec.,

The history of the Temporal Power of "The Vicar of Christ" has, indeed, been a strange parody on the history of him whose Vicar he claims to be, -of Him of whom it is written that when he "perceived that they would come and take him by force to make him a king, he departed into a mountain himself alone." "Vicars," on the contrary, as they proudly term themselves, when they have seen the people coming by force to take away their kingdom, have summoned all the powers of the world to defend and fortify the mountain on which they are enthroned,-not alone, but among palaces and courts. Hitherto there has almost always been some one of these powers which thought it its interest to lend that aid.

Now, for the first time, that aid seems likely to be permanently withheld. sceptre is departed from the Pontiff and the lawgiver from between his feet; and he has to learn once more the lesson of the Early Church, how to leaven with spiritual leaven a world in which he exerts no external power. It will be a hard trial, and one that will lead to the decomposition and reorganization of the Roman, and perhaps many other, Churches, before its full effects are seen; but still we will believe that the death of the Temporal Power will issue in the resurrection of a truer spiritual power than Europe has had any experience of during centuries of petty ecclesiastical tyrannies, and not very much less petty ecclesiastical rebellions.

Chambers's Journal.

CAPRI.

In the tideless sea of the Mediterranean there rise two immense rocks, bound together, as it were, by a long hill, on which are scattered white houses, surrounded by The brilliant an over-abundant foliage. rays of the sun harmonize with the deep azure of the sea, the gray tint of its rocky shore, and the dark shadow of its giant trees. At the foot of those abrupt rocks may be traced deep round holes, worn away by the action of the water, which makes a roar as of distant artillery when its waves pour into them. Higher up are immense grottoes, from which the stalactites hang in sharp points, or united at last to the rock itself, become a part of it. Two large masses rise in the sea, to remind him who sails past of a cathedral with its towers unfinished, through one of which the largest steamship may easily pass-a Gothic porch of nature's building; and when the northern point is doubled, the low landing-place is visible, and you are on shore at Capri. The remembrances of imperial Rome have left their impress there. It is a lovely spot, where nature seems too powerful for man. It is like the Sleeping Beauty; and human energy is powerless to grapple with it. The soil on this rocky island is so scarce, that the inhabitants treasure it with the utmost jealousy: they enclose it in walls; they arrest its natural fall into the sea by making terraces; they shelter it from the sun by the shade of thick trees; and, in return, it is not ungrateful for the care lavished upon it, as all that it produces is of the most excellent quality. The cereals are of the best; but at what an expense they are grown! Each grain is put into the earth separately: were it sown broadcast, the wind, to which the island is so exposed, would carry it away. Oranges and lemons are of first-rate quality. The olive trees, which are abundant, yield so rich an oil, that it is specially sought for to use at table. The white fig of Capri is as celebrated as that of Smyrna, and the vine yields a wine renowned among Italian vintages. The red, which is rather sweet, has a pleasant flavor of raspberries; the white, which is dry and sharp, has a taste of violets so strong, that the Neapolitan merchants imitate it by infusing orris-root into any ordinary wine, and sell it at ten times its value.

Even with the incessant pains they take to draw from the earth all it can produce, it is quite insufficient to feed the three thousand inhabitants. The Capriotes live like primitive races, by fishing and the catching of small birds, for which their island is a place of rest in mid-ocean during the months of April, May, September, and October. Then may be seen immense flights of quails, thrushes, turtle-doves, and woodcocks, which are taken by nets. All round the island, wherever there is depth of earth in which to fix a stake, they put in the broken masts of vessels at certain distances, between which the nets are spread by the help of a cord and

a pulley, exactly as a sail is hoisted on board a ship. The birds arrive in innumerable flights about half an hour before daybreak, fly into the nets, and are picked up by men lying in ambush. When the quails are more than usually plentiful, they are sold in the market of Naples at four centimes each, and sometimes exported as far as England. The number caught varies from forty to seventy thousand. In the spring they are thin and poor, having, suffered from the privations of winter; but in the autumn they are well fed and very succulent, and form a principal source

of the riches of the people. In the whole island there are but two towns, Capri and Anacapri, one at the east, the other at the west end of the island. Each has its own territory. There can be no disagreement when the cultivated ground is separated by an abyss: the people can only meet on the neutral territory of the place of embarkation. The twins might be supposed to live in peace; yet it is not so: they hate each other profoundly, and never lose any occasion of testifying it. The fishermen load each other with abuse when they meet; they each tear the other's nets. Each town has its own patron saint, and mocks its neighbor's. As the Capriotes mount the hill to Anacapri, they spit at the chapel, which is half-way up. No marriages occur between them, and the children pull each other's hair when they meet. An example will suffice to show how far this animosity is carried. As the island cannot grow sufficient, corn there is always a supply provided for six weeks, in case of war. This is kept at Anacapri, as being the least accessible part of the country, and it is never touched but in case of extreme need. It happened that, in the month of March, 1836, there was such a succession of tempests and contrary winds, that all communication with the mainland was rendered impossible for nineteen days, and the town of Capri found itself without bread. The syndic wrote to his brother-officer at Anacapri to ask for corn, to avoid starvation. The council met, and returned for their reply, that they should be happy to send some for the syndic's own use, as he was not a native of the island; but the Capriotes should not have any, as they would only be too glad to see them perish by famine. The syndic of Capri proposed to his townsmen to give an answer to this cruel insolence by taking their guns, and seizing the provision they needed by force. But he stood alone; and bread was made of potato-starch mixed with bean-flour until the storm subsided.

A narrow path covered with sparkling stones, so steep as to be a staircase in some parts, leads from the shore to Capri, a town protected by walls and gates, to which a drawbridge is attached. It extends in a crescent on the summit of one of the hills, and presents a most picturesque appearance from beneath; the houses perched on points of rock which crop out from the masses of verdure beneath. As the rocks are calcareous, whitewash is cheap and abundant, and each house has its annual bath, giving it a clean, bright aspect, which is sadly belied when it is entered. The streets are infested with small black pigs, which wallow in a mass of dirt, where the flies congregate, and the children play in rags. The town is interspersed by streets so narrow that two persons can scarcely pass, often roofed over, and the houses so open that the whole interior can be seen, giving a curious picture, which reminds you of the East in the middle ages.

As the isle of Capri is inseparably connected with the Emperor Tiberius, who retired here from Rome to indulge in seclusion and pleasure, it is naturally the first object of the traveller to visit the remains of his once gorgeous palaces. These were no fewer than twelve, which he dedicated to the twelve highest divinities; but after his death they were ordered to be destroyed by the senate, to mark their disgust at his sensuality and atrocious crimes. The one consecrated to Jupiter, which the tyrant preferred to the others, and where he shut himself up for nine months after the death of Sejanus, still shows some of its foundations. Mounting up a steep road from the town through groves of medlars, orange and fig trees, for about an hour, a mass of ruins marks the site; a fallen column, a broken step, the fragment of a cornice, prove that they were made of marble; but the walls seem to have been of brick, in the shape of lozenges bound together by the indestructible Roman cement, and laid in the form that the ancients called opus reticulatum. Man, time, and lightning have made the ruins indecipherable; the roofs have disappeared; the plaster has fallen;

where there is neither inscription nor painting, and which the people use for stables. Cattle ruminate and asses sleep where the Lord of the World, who thought himself the equal of the gods, tried to drown his guilty conscience in debauch, and paced his rooms in terror at imaginary enemies. A few white mosaics bordered with black are the sole remnant of ancient refinement. There is a semicircular hall, upon which open small siderooms, marked by arches in the walls, which is supposed by the guides to have been the theatre of the palace. Had it not been that Tacitus and other historians had related its history and poured contempt on its builder, none could guess who had been the master of this heap of rubbish. But when we look at its situation, it must be acknowledged that it was well chosen: it is isolation in the midst of magnificent nature. Placed on the summit of the rocks to the west of the island, the immense panorama has its equal only in the Bay of Rio Janeiro or of Constantinople. The azure surface of the sea is cut on the one side by the harmonious lines of the isles of Ischia and Procida, softened by the distance; beyond, is the Cape of Miseno, where Tiberius himself was to meet death in the house of Lucullus. The charming coast-line, dotted with villages and groves, forms the curve of the bay towards Naples, which is marked by a large white spot, stretching on to Torre del Greco, Torre dell Annunziata, and Castellamare. Where Cape Campanella juts into the sea, the land again disappears near the isle of the Sirens, to form the Gulf of Salerno. Above all these beauties towers Vesuvius, as if she were the guardian of sea and shore; and then, as a contrast to the great, the lesser beauties close at hand must be noticed. It is the wild flora, the seeds of which are brought in profusion by every breeze, and are the ornament and regeneration of a Pansies, pinks, eglantine, and broom, give life and beauty to the skeleton; whilst emerald lizards glide through the leaves, and swallows wing their rapid flight overhead.

A few steps from the palace is a small platform overhanging the sea, called the "Leap of Tiberius." The tradition is, that from this place his prisoners, after suffer-

the marble has been ground down; some ing horrible tortures, were thrown into the vaults alone remain, arched chambers sea in his presence, their bodies torn by the sharp rocks which lie at the foot of the precipice. It is above eleven hundred feet in height, and a moderate-sized stone occupies twenty-seven seconds in reaching the ground. The rock is straight as a wall, with here and there a sharp point jutting out, covered with a tuft of verdure. Still farther, on a pyramidal heap of earth, is an isolated gray ruin, to the top of which a modern staircase leads. Possibly it is the tower from which Tiberius watched for the signals which he established on all sides, to give him the first warning of the insurrections he so much feared. A beacon lighted on the coast of Campania would be easily distinguished here. Or it might be for the study of the stars, as it is well known that he was an adept in astrology, which he studied during his retreat at Rhodes. It will easily be believed that the people attach everything to his memory; they call him "our Tiberius;" if they show a grotto, it is where he sacrificed to the gods-or a cavern, it is where his prisoners were confined; the old people speak as if they had known him, and the children stammer his

> The emperor would be much surprised if he could again revisit his old haunts: where he had dungeons full to overflowing, and executioners always ready, there is now not a prisoner in the island. Theft is almost unknown; two murders are mentioned as having formerly taken place; but the peaceful and industrious habits of the people keep them from violent crimes. Each knows the other by name-life has no secrecy; a bad man would soon be discovered, unmasked, and obliged to leave the island. The greater part of the inhabitants have never been on the mainland. Any one coming from Naples astonishes his simpler neighbors by his descriptions of carriages drawn by horses, there being neither cart nor vehicle of any sort in Capri; as the roads are nothing more than staircases, they would not admit of them. The popular ignorance is great; there is a school in each of the towns, but only one master, who divides his days between them; and at eight years of age the children are sent to assist in the fishing, or to gather mulberry leaves for the silk-worms, or grapes from the vines.

Any notice of Capri would be incomplete without a word about the Blue Grotto. The entrance from the sea is so narrow that the persons in the boat must lie down; but as soon as that is passed, you enter into fairyland. The water, clear to the bottom, is of an exquisite celestial blue, which is reflected from the calcareous rocks in their pure whiteness. It is a palace of turquoise, built above a sapphire lake. The drops of water from the oars sparkle like pearls with a blue tinge. The effect on the body is most singular; the part under water of a swimmer is silvery white, with blue shadows round the muscles; whilst the head and neck, which are out of the water, are of a bronze color, looking like an alabaster statue with a

bronze head. It is certainly one of the most beautiful natural curiosities in the world. A fisherman was the first to discover it, in 1822, though there are some indications that it was known to the ancients. Much has been written as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon; perhaps the most plausible is, that owing to the peculiar form of the entrance, the sea is saturated with light, which is shut up within, and throws its rays to the farthest depths of the vault. In another part of the coast there is a grotto where the color is that of pale green; it is very similar to its neighbor, but not quite equal in beauty.

Temple Bar.
RENÉ, THE CONSCRIPT.

PART I.

It was in a dull garrison town in France. I was utterly weary of the place. Business took me there, and business detained me longer than suited either my pleasure or my pocket. I had reason to hope that the affair I was engaged in would prove lucrative in the end, but that end was long in coming, and in the mean time I was not flush of cash, and had to economize strictly.

With this laudable end in view, I generally dined at a small restaurant in one of the streets leading from the market-place. It had the advantage of being decently kept, and was much frequented by the subalterns of the regiment in garrison.

One of the most regular customers at this restaurant was a sous-lieutenant. He was a man of middle age; his grave countenance was tinged with melancholy. His thick moustache was already grizzled, and a scar across the cheek added to the general grimness of his appearance. There was something about this man that attracted me in spite of his grimness. By the medals on his coat, he had evidently been distinguished in active service, and by the manner of his brother officers, he was as evidently held in respect. What attracted me so much in this man was the singular change that came over his countenance when he spoke and smiled. It was as if he had two natures, one overlaying and keeping back the other, that was only allowed to appear on the surface at rare intervals. That man has a history,

I said to myself, and I watched him with interest.

The good people who kept the restaurant had one child, a chubby round-eyed urchin they called Babot; what his real name was I never heard. The favorite amusement with the boys of the town was playing at soldiers. Babot had one day got possession of an old tin saucepan; this he had converted into a drum—to his own infinite satisfaction,—when a party of older boys, marching past, seized the mimic drum and made off with it, leaving Babot howling.

Hearing the outcry, Fabre—that was the name of the sous-lieutenant I have been describing—started up from table and strode to the door. I followed, fearing the child had met with an accident. Fabre was first. Finding what had happened, he took the boy in his arms and carried him to the nearest toy-shop; and a smart scarlet and tinsel drum soon turned tears into crowing laughter.

"There!" said the sous-lieutenant, setting the child down; "if any of the boys try to take this from you, tell them that Fabre will be after them. Poor little fellow! we none of us like to lose our treasures, do we, Babot?"

As he spoke there came into his face that sudden change I have spoken of. He sighed deeply, and as he pronounced the word "treasures" his voice faltered.

This trivial incident led to conversation, and from that time Fabre and I became friends. When he was off duty, we frequently strolled together along the walls, or the poplar-lined banks of the sleepy river. He had been in both the Crimean and Italian wars; was a man of keen observation, and excellent company, when once the ice of habitual taciturnity and reserve was broken through.

One evening we were sauntering about the town, when a party of conscripts was marched in. They were evidently country lads for the most part,—the raw material, slouching and awkward. Each had the number he had drawn stuck in his hat. Some were indifferent or sullen, others laughed and shouted,—one or two looked dangerous, and a few were sunk in the deepest dejection.

"Pauvres diables!" Fabre exclaimed, with an emotional ring in his voice, regarding them compassionately as they passed.

I was surprised. Fabre was so completely the soldier, that till that moment it had never occurred to me to question his motive for entering the army. Then it flashed across me.

"You were a conscript, perhaps?"
The thought seemed to have found utterance almost involuntarily. I was vexed with myself; fearful he might be offended. He had always maintained a degree of reticence as to his personal history.

"If M'sieu has any interest in the matter, he shall hear," Fabre replied. "It is a simple story scarcely worth the telling."

Relieved from the fear of having given offence, I assured him, with perfect sincerity, I should feel an interest in all he chose to tell me. We were now in a boulevard where there were shady trees, and seats at intervals.

"Let us sit down, then," Fabre said; "it is cool here," and he lifted his military cap. "M'sieu shall hear all, if he pleases."

"We were only peasants," he began, as we sat down under the acacia trees and lighted our cigars. "We were born a few miles from Foix, in Ariège, I and my father and my father's father before him. My father was a vine-dresser. When my brother Pierre was a mere youth, and I little more than a child, my father met with an accident that lamed him; and after that he was unable to work at the vines, and was glad to take any odd jobs that came to hand. Pierre did not count

for much; he was idle, and had a roving disposition. Instead of helping, he was always getting into trouble."

"I was a strong, well-grown lad, and had no fear of work, and I was ambitious. You will smile, M'sieu. 'What has a peasant to do with ambition?' you will say. Ah, well! the hearts of rich and poor are much alike, I suppose.

"I had set my heart on one day being a proprietor; and when I went to work in the vineyard, I said to myself, I will one day have a vineyard of my own. I had to labor hard; not only to keep myself, but to help poor old father. By working early and late, and by a bit of carpentering I took up at odd hours, I not only kept the pot boiling, but week by week contrived to lay a trifle by. Each vintage I added to my store, for I had an end in view, you see, M'sieu.

"In a few years I expected to have saved enough to buy a horse and cart. Father could not do much amongst the vines, but he could drive a cart, and earn money as a carrier. This would be a beginning. After that we should be able to hire a bit of garden-ground, and when father no longer needed my help I would bring Toinette home. She would feed poultry and attend to the garden. We could send poultry and vegetables to the market at Foix in the cart, and so it would go on by degrees, till at last I should find myself master of a vineyard. Oh, it was a beautiful plan of life I had laid down! A thing to laugh at,—was it not, M'sieu?

"Toinette and I had been playfellows when we were children, and whenever I pictured a home of my own it was with Toinette there. I dare say there were prettier girls in the village; I do not know. I only know that I loved her, and love is not critical.

"Years went on, and I grew from youth to manhood. The little store accumulated slowly, for you see it was but a few francs here and there that I could save. But I thought when father had the carrying business, we should get on rapidly. Toinette listened to all my projects, and encouraged me in what I was endeavoring to do. I was now nearly twenty-five, and I had all but a few francs of the sum I had been working and saving nine years to gain. Nine long years!

"I knew I should be able to earn the rest of the money wanted before the win-

ter was over. Toinette was weaving some pretty scarlet fringe to trim the harness of the horse I was going to buy. She was to meet me on the road home from Foix, and have the first ride in the new cart; and when father was fairly started as a carrier I was to speak to the Curé about our marriage. We had settled it all, you see.

"Were you ever in our part of the country, M'sieu? 'No.' Ah! it is grand and beautiful there! There, instead of this dead level, we have the mountains, and the river flashes along in a rapid current, foaming and dashing against the rocks when the snows are melting from the upper mountains. On the opposite side of the river to where we lived, was an old ruined castle, on the summit of a rounded hill. The ascent to the castle was planted with trees, and was a favorite walk. Here often in the long summer evenings when work was over, or on our rare holidays, Toinette and I used to wander, talking about our future that was to be spent together-always together. Or we used to sit beneath the old walls overlooking the river, and were as happy as the birds that flew in and out of the ivy over our heads."

Fabre paused for a while. Then drawing the back of his hand across his brow, and clearing his throat, he resumed:—

"Just for the moment, M'sieu, it almost seemed to me as if I could hear the murmur of the river, and Toinette's voice, that was as sweet as the lapse of waters, or the song of birds—at least it was so to my ears.

"When we have fixed in our own minds the way we will go in life, it seems that the good God—for our benefit, no doubt—stops us, and turns our steps into a different path altogether. The time for drawing for the conscription was approaching; but it gave me no concern; I had drawn a lucky number before, and should do so again, I made no doubt. I had great faith in my luck, because all had gone so well with me hitherto.

"When the day came, Pierre and I, and the other young men of the district, assembled to draw the numbers. M'sieu, I thought the earth had given way from beneath my feet when the number I held was read out. I have no doubt my cheeks were blanched, for the sergeant whispered 'coward' as he passed me. I think when we were before Sebastopol he recalled his word.

"I was not a coward in the sense he meant. But it is no light thing to have all one's hopes and all one's efforts for nine years annihilated at a blow—brought to nothing, like the ashes of this cigar that I knock away.

I knock away.

"At first I had some hope that Pierre might offer to take my place; for when father was angry with him for his unsteady ways he used to talk of going for a soldier. But talking and doing are two different things, as I found. Father urged me to pay for a substitute. But a substitute was not easily to be found. It would have taken all my money—just all that I had saved.

"Toinette, too, begged me to stay; but to what end? We could not marry, if I had nothing but my daily work as a vigneron, and father and mother to keep. It might 'have been better to do as they wished; but what would you? We are but human, and I could not begin again.

"I determined to go. There would be the money, so that father could make his living as a carrier, and Toinette I knew would be true to me, and when I came

back, we should see.

"I found it the hardest to part from poor old mother. You see father being lame, and Pierre not good for much, she leaned upon me. When she hung crying round my neck, I began to wish I had let the money go, and consented to remain at home. But it was too late; and we were marched away, just as you saw those

poor fellows a while ago.

"I did not like a soldier's life: my heart was not in it; it was always in our valley, amongst the vines and olive-trees, and I longed continually for the time of service to be over. I did my duty. Time would have gone no faster for shirking that; and when our regiment was ordered to the Crimea, I caught something of the excitement, and was glad to go,—glad at the prospect of change and of active ser-

"I was no great hand at letter-writing, I had not had time for much learning; but I managed to write home to tell them I was going, and to bid them keep up their hearts.

"You know all about the war, M'sieu. Our regiment had its share in all that was going on. I escaped for a time, but at the taking of the Malakoff, I got this ugly sabre cut across my face, and my arm was

broken by a bullet. I suppose I fainted from loss of blood; they told me afterwards I was taken up for dead. I was a long time in hospital. I had fever, and it was months before I could crawl about again, and was strong enough to be shipped off for France, with other invalids like myself.

"All the voyage I thought of father and mother and Toinette, and how glad they would be to have me back, and how soon I should get strong again at home. It was four years since I had left the village; and I thought, with my heavy moustache, and the sabre cut across my face, and my uniform, no one would recognize René the vigneron; and I would go first to the auberge, and hear the news before making myself known.

"My heart leaped within me as I approached the village and saw the old castle upon its rounded hill, and the swift-flowing river. I said to myself, Perhaps I shall meet father in his cart, or perhaps Toinette may be at her door as I pass; but though I met several of the villagers, who turned to look with interest at the weather-beaten and wounded soldier, I saw neither father nor Toinette, and no one recognized

"I was still weak from illness, and when I reached the *auberge* I was glad to sit down and call for some wine. The landlord brought it. I asked him to sit down and partake. First, I had to answer many questions about what was going on in the East, and then I asked for news of the village. I had my cap drawn down over my forehead, and was sitting with my back to the light, but once or twice I saw my companion look at me narrowly, as if he suspected I was some one he ought to know.

"This was the news I heard: 'Fabre and his wife were both dead. The old man had no heart to do anything after his younger son, who was the stay of the family,' the landlord said, 'had been drawn for the army. Had I happened to meet with René Fabre? He was killed at the taking of the Malakoff—his name was seen in the list. That just broke the hearts of the old people; they never lifted their heads again, either of them. The mother went first. Old Fabre died only three weeks ago.'

"'Had they never received a letter?' I asked, making my voice as steady as I could; for one of the kind nurses at Scutari had written for me.

"'No. What letter should they receive when René was dead?'

"It had been lost then. I could not repress a groan. 'Was my wound paining me?' the landlord asked. 'Could he do anything for me?'

"I shook my head. 'Where was Pierre Fabre?' I asked.

"Pierre had got into fresh trouble, and had gone away two years before. No one knew anything about him.

"Then came the name that had been trembling on my lips all along—Toinette Dufour.

"Again I observed the landlord look at me inquisitively, 'That was the girl René was to have married,' he said. 'Her mother always wanted to marry her to Barbel's Ambrose, because old Barbel was rich. Toinette would not hear of it till the news came that René was killed, and then somehow it seemed as if she did not care what became of her, and the mother had her way. It had not been a very happy marriage hitherto, as, indeed, how should it, with a bride with no more heart in her than a ghost.'

"This, M'sieu, was my coming home. I did not make myself known. Where was the use? I engaged a bed for the night, and then I wandered out. I went first to the little cemetery, then I watched for one sight of Toinette. I saw her just at dusk, pale and sad-looking, at her husband's door. I did not dare to present myself before her; I could not trust myself to hear her speak. I turned away and climbed the hill to the castle, and there I threw myself down on the spot where we had sat so many summer evenings dreaming dreams—nothing but dreams, M'sieu.

"I do not know how long I lay there. It seemed during those hours as if there was neither past nor future any more, only one long ever-present agony.

"At last the glimmering lights in the village were being extinguished one by one, and I knew I must return to the auberge. Early the next morning I left my old home forever and returned to Marseilles, where I waited till my regiment came back from the East. Both officers and men were glad to receive me amongst them again, and I had no wish to leave them any more. Why should I? This is all. It is quite a simple story, you see, M'sieu.

"This medal was won before the Malakoff, and this at Solferino. Allons, vive la gloire! A few broken hearts, more or less—what does it matter! I am a sous-lieutenant, and perhaps may die capitaine. That ought to be enough for my ambition, you will say. But people are not all alike, and it seems to me that my ambition is over. Tiens! Let us go and have a cup of coffee; I am not accustomed to talk so much; my throat is dry." Pitching away the end of his cigar, Fabre rose from the bench where we had been sitting, and led the way to the café.

I followed slowly. We were both silent. What could I say? Where would have been the use of commonplace words of pity or consolation? Fabre never again made any reference to his past life in talking to me, and I was careful not to

allude to so sad a theme.

Shortly after this a change was made in the garrison, and Fabre's regiment was ordered to Algeria. A crowd followed the troops as they marched away to the roll of the drum. Fabre waved his hand to me as he passed. Will his weary spirit find rest in a soldier's grave, under the burning sun of Africa, was my thought, or will he live, a superannuated officer, to potter about some provincial town, shouldering "his crutch, to tell how fields were won?" Most probably I shall never know. Such was my conclusion as I sighed over the departure of my pleasant friend and companion.

PART II.

The business that had detained me so long was brought to a successful issue, and it was upwards of three years before I had occasion to revisit *la belle France*. This time my affairs led me to Bordeaux, and afterwards to Marseilles. As time was not pressing, I determined to take holiday for a few weeks, in order to visit the places most worth seeing on my route.

I had heard nothing of Fabre since we parted; but when I arrived at Foix, the place brought him vividly to my recollection, and I determined to ride over to Varilhes, and thence walk to the village Fabre had described to me. I found the castle was connected with some interesting historical associations,—it had been an appanage of the Counts of Foix, and had suffered in the religious wars of the sixteenth century,—so I had a double object in my ride.

It was a lovely day. The vintage had

commenced, and the vineyards were alive with busy groups of men, women, and children. I rode slowly, enjoying to the utmost the gay and animated scene, and it was already afternoon when I came in sight of the little town of Varilhes.

Putting up my horse, I set out for my walk; but after proceeding for about half a mile, I began to feel uncertain whether I had taken the right direction, and looked about for some one of whom I could make the inquiry. There was no one to be seen on the road, but to my right was a small country-house, a "bastide," as it is called there. It stood in the midst of a garden, where fruit and flowers grew together in all the luxuriance of the south; and from a vineyard at the back I heard the sounds of voices. I opened the gate, thinking I would skirt the garden to the vineyard, and there make my inquiry of the first person I

I had the gate still in my hand, and was just about to enter, when I was held spell-bound in astonishment, as if I had seen a ghost. A weather-beaten, military-looking man issued from the house at that moment, and at a glance I recognized René Fabre. He perceived me at the same instant, and advanced with open arms.

"Quel bonheur! I am overjoyed! Did M'sieu drop from the clouds?"

I returned his hearty greeting, for I was truly rejoiced to see him again.

As for my leaving him that day or the next, it was not to be thought of for a moment. Anything I needed could be sent for to Foix, but stay I must.

"Toinette!" he cried. "Come out, then, my child. Here is my good English friend; come and bid him welcome."

At this summons a pale, dark-eyed, Spanish-looking woman made her appearance, who was introduced to me as Madame Fabre.

"Oh!" cried Fabre, "M'sieu is surprised; and well he may be. But dinner is ready, is it not, ma mie? Afterwards M'sieu shall hear."

I was altogether surprised at such a turn of events, but at nothing more than the change in Fabre hunself. The nature that had formerly always been subdued and kept back was now triumphant. He w: s absolutely radiant.

After an excellent dinner, we strolled

into the vineyard to smoke our cigars, and then I asked Fabre how it had all come about.

"When I last saw you," he said, "I never thought to visit my native place again. But when I returned from Algeria, something seemed to draw me here in spite of myself. On All Souls' Day I said to myself, I will go and hang a wreath of immortelles over father and mother's grave. So I came to the village, thinking just to visit the cemetery, and walk up to the old seatle once more

the old castle once more.

"There were many people in the cemetery, for it was All Souls' day, you see; and I saw Toinette there amongst the rest. I did not accost her, but when she had hung her wreath and gone away, I went to see whose grave it was she had been visiting, and I found it was Ambrose Cauvin'sthat was the name of the man they had married her to .- I can't tell you how I felt at that moment, M'sieu; it seemed suddenly as if all the clouds had rolled away from the sky, and the sun was shining,as if life were opening afresh. Toinette was free, then ! and I had only to resign to be free also. I was no longer poor, for I had shared in prize-money, and I had saved more from habit, and from not having anything I cared to spend money upon, than because I had cared to save. But now I was glad-oh, how glad! I felt like a boy again.

"Well, M'sieu, to cut my story short, I got the good Curé to break the news of my being alive and at home to Toinette, gently; for she had suffered much unhappiness, and her health was not strong.

When we first met, we wept in each other's arms,—wept over all we had suffered before we could begin to take joy in being together once more.

"Toinette had been a widow four years—if I had but known sooner! Her husband was killed by the machinery of the oil-mill where he worked. I resigned my commission, and then we were married. I looked about and found this little place that happened to be for sale. I could not quite compass the purchase-money, but the mortgage will be cleared off in a few years, God willing. So you see my dream has come true, after all, M'sieu. If only poor old father and mother could have lived to see the day! But what would you? We cannot have everything, and they are in a better place, I trust," and Fabre reverently lifted his cap.

I heartily congratulated him upon the change that had taken place in his circumstances, and then we talked about the prospects of the vintage, about Algeria,

and other subjects.

I spent two pleasant days with Lieutenant Fabre and his gentle wife, and then I took leave, but not before I was made to promise to pay them a long visit at some future time.

"Then I hope M'sieu will not come alone," said Fabre, who is disposed to

commiserate my bachelor state.

I shook my head, laughing. His pleasant smile, as he stood on the platform of the railway station at Foix, looking after me, as the train whirled me away, is the last recollection I have of him.

The Student.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S "Origin of Civilization" is a very interesting and readable work, but it is impossible to peruse it without coming to the conclusion that he would have produced a much better one if he had not founded it upon a set of popular lectures delivered at the Royal Institution two years ago. The require-

ments of a miscellaneous audience, many of them totally ignorant of the subject, and not easily amused without their customary allowance of electric light, magiclantern work, and brilliant display, could only be met by a very frequent and considerable sacrifice of the subject, and by a treatment rather verging on the flimsy than penetrating into the profound. In spite of the difficulties created by these circumstances, and by the multitudinous labors and engagements of its undoubtedly able author, the book is well worth

[&]quot;'The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man. Mental and Social Condition of Savages." By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., author of "Prehistoric Times," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

having as a useful summary of informa- form the doctrine of the conservation of tion; and if its arguments are cautiously scanned it will give an important impulse in this country to a study that has many difficulties to contend with, arising from prejudice and old established ideas.

Unfortunately, we are not able to trace the progress of any race or nation from the rudest beginnings to the stage we call civilization; and when we contemplate the lives of the lowest savages, we see no tendencies towards a higher development, and in some cases very little capacity for it can be discerned. Thus we are without a satisfactory basis of history for our research; and when our travellers come into contact with savages, they have great difficulty in appreciating their mental states. Sir John Lubbock alludes to the unwillingness of savages to contradict what is said to them, as a frequent source of error, and he cites a story told by Mr. Oldfield of his asking an Australian, who brought him a specimen of Eucalyptus, whether it was a "tall tree," to which he answered in the affirmative; he was then asked if it was a "low bush," and again the reply was "yes." As tall trees pass through stages of growth, the native might have meant that the Eucalyptus in question was found both tall and as a low bush. If this particular Australian was somewhat confused about the relative tallness of trees, are not civilized authors as much so, when they describe vaguely as "savages" all sorts of races varying greatly in development? Mr. Dalton, cited by Sir John, speaks of wild men in the interior of Borneo, "who neither eat rice nor salt, do not associate with each other, but rove about the woods like wild beasts," and are so regarded by the other Dyaks. Among such persons it would be vain to look for more than a mere possibility of culture above the beasts they imitate.

Contrasting with the wild Borneans, whose ideas must be extremely limited, we may place the natives of Tahiti, be-lieving that "not only all animals, but trees, fruit, and even stones, have souls, which at death, or upon being consumed or broken, ascend to the Divinity, with whom they first mix, and afterwards pass into the mansion allotted to each." Here we have a people arriving at a conception of a general law, and exhibiting in a rude

force.

Sir John Lubbock adduces many interesting cases of curious customs prevailing amongst widely-separated tribes or races, and we think he is quite right in considering that similar ideas and practices may spring up under analogous circumstances without any communication between the people who adopt them. Probably many human actions have the character which in animals we term "instinctive"-that is, of necessarily resulting from the influence of circumstances on physical organization. In his remarks on the marriage customs of savages, Sir John is disposed to believe that marriage was first communal "when every man and woman in a small community were regarded as equally married to one another," and then became changed into individual marriage founded on capture. Marriage by capturing and acquiring a sort of hunter's or warrior's property in the woman caught, is shown to have had a wide prevalence by recent writers, but there does not seem sufficient ground for recognizing its universality, or for attributing that quality to the so-called "communal" arrangement. Many of the customs of savages in relation to marriage are so disgustingly cruel that they scarcely admit description, and in the book before us is a print representing an "Australian marriage," which consists in the would-be husband, assisted by his companions, dragging away the unfortunate woman, and belaboring her with clubs and wooden swords until she is covered with wounds and blood. Are there any wild beasts who treat their females so badly? Is there not in such cases a degradation from a previous state at least as good as that of tigers and wolves?

The peculiar position of the sexes amongst many savage races very naturally gives rise to the practice of tracing relationship on the mother's side only, the uncertainty of the paternity causing the father to be omitted from the calculation, and amongst the Tamils of India "a man's brother's children are reckoned as his children, but his sister's children are his nephews and nieces, while a woman's brother's children are her nephews and nieces, and her sister's children are her children." From tracing all relationship through the mother, to a practice diametrically opposite, is a strange contrast, if not transition; pletely the idea of relationship through the father, when once recognized, might replace that through the mother, we may see in the very curious trial of Orestes. Agamemnon having been murdered by his wife, Clytemnestra, was avenged by their son Orestes, who killed his mother for the murder of his father. For this act he was prosecuted before the tribunal of the gods by the Erynnyes, whose function it was to punish those who shed the blood of relatives. In his defence, Orestes asks them why they did not punish Clytemnestra for the murder of Agamemnon; and when they reply that marriage does not constitute blood relationship-'she has not the kindred of the man she slew,' he pleads that by the same rule they cannot touch him, because a man is a relation to his father, but not to his mother."

This view, which appears to us so unnatural, was supported by Apollo and Minerva, and, being adopted by the majority of the gods, led to the acquittal of Orestes. Sir John thinks that "at first a child was considered as related to his tribe generally; secondly, to his mother, and not to his father; thirdly, to his father, and not to his mother; and lastly, and lastly only, that he is related to both.' The foundation of this view is the opinion that in the "primitive" marriage the woman was the wife of the tribe, and that matrimonial pairing was a later invention. Of this we do not see adequate proof, though the wide prevalence of marriage by capture must be conceded. When parents acquired the notion that their daughters were property, wives would be obtainable by purchase, or by robbery, and it is no wonder that the latter was thought an excellent plan.

We do not think Sir John Lubbock treats the question of the moral and religious sentiments and opinions of savages with sufficient caution, nor should we be disposed to accept without considerable reservation and modification his "stages" of religious thought, which are as follows:—" Atheism; understanding by this term not a denial of the existence of a deity, but an absence of any definite ideas on the subject : Fetichism, the stage in which man supposes he can force the deity to comply with his desires : Nature Worship, or Totemism, in which natural objects-trees, lakes, stones, animals, etc.-

and Sir J. Lubbock observes "how com- are worshipped: Shamanism; in which the superior deities are far more powerful than men, and of a different nature, their place of abode is also far away, and accessible only to Shamans: Idolatry, or Anthropomorphism; in which the gods took still more completely the form of men, being, how-ever, more powerful. They are still amenable to persuasion; they are a part of nature and not creators; they are represented by images or idols. In the next stage the deity is regarded as the author, not merely a part, of nature; he becomes for the first time a really supernatural being. The last stage to which I will refer is that in which morality is associated with religion." Scarcely one of these "stages" is free from objection. Let us take the first, Atheism, and we ask, why should vagueness (absence of definitiveness, as the author explains) be sufficient to justify the use of this term? In tracing growth we must pay due attention to embryonic forms, and if any "vague notions" can be discovered that can make a step towards Theism, we should not use the term Atheism in such a case. Again, Fetichism is by no means the only stage of religious thought in which man supposes he can force the deity to comply with his desires. Men who take low views of the highest religions are not free from this error, and suppose that by rites, ceremonies, and penances, they can exercise a constraining power.

Sir John's "Shamanism" is scarcely more satisfactory. It may be doubted whether any savage race ever believed in deities quite of a different nature from themselves, and Anthropomorphism meets us at every step when we investigate modern varieties of faith. Accessibility only to "Shamans" is not peculiar to the religion of savages, for in a great variety of the religions of civilized men, we find the intervention of a particular class of persons deemed essential to the propitiation of supernal powers. If the Egyptians and the Hindoos are to be reckoned amongst idolaters, there is much to be found in their belief that will not fit Sir John's definition. Isis, Osiris, Vishnu, and Siva, are not mere parts of nature, or specially amenable to persuasion, and with regard to nature worship, we must not forget the difference between worshipping a particular object as a symbol, or as an actual deity, and the worship of natural powers—generation, etc.—which existed amongst nations who had made great progress in metaphysical thought. The idolatry of a savage is no doubt enormously lower than that of a learned Brahmin or an Egyptian priest, but wherever idols are employed as objects of adoration, the many will, in fact, be genuine idolaters, though the few may regard the images from a purely symbolical point of view.

What a civilized man accustomed to hard thinking calls "religion," is a highly complex compound of opinions and sentiments, and if we seek to find the earliest roots of such religion in the most barbarous and undeveloped races, we should only expect very simple germs. No creature can think of a deity from whom all things proceed, or by whom all things are fashioned, unless he is able to conceive the idea expressed by "all things." The reference of dissimilar phenomena to one common cause can only take place when considerable powers of generalization and abstraction have been reached. The discovery of savages who have "no idea of a Supreme Being," and "no rites of religious worship," is no proof whatever that germs of religion do not exist amongst them. A savage would not be likely to get at the notion of a Supreme Being until long after he had recognized forces in nature to which he would give names, and more or less distinctly personify. Sir I. Lubbock himself observes, "It seems d priori very difficult to suppose that a people so backward as to be unable to count their own fingers should be sufficiently advanced in their intellectual conception as to have any system of belief worthy of the name of a religion." This we can all agree with, but if religion is natural to man, as we contend, we should think it probable that a careful examination of savages who cannot count as far as their fingers, would lead to the detection of some rudimentary capacities which, if developed, would evolve religious thought. If the question were put, "is it natural to man to form general conceptions, and abstract ideas," the reply would be "yes," as soon as the requisite development takes place, and the same answer seems applicable to the inquiry whether religion is natural to man.

In attempts to estimate the religion and morals of savages we must avoid the error of treating as peculiar to them sentiments

that with more or less modification may be found in quite different states of society; and when the opinions of a whole tribe or race are described by a traveller, who with imperfect knowledge of their language, has spoken only to a few upon difficult subjects, we may well hesitate to accept any general statement as correct. In our own country, so long the seat of highly developed religious feelings and ideas, it would be easy to find thousands of persons to whom the whole subject is a blank. When Captain Burton, strangely denominated by Sir J. Lubbock, "as one of our keenest observers," says, "The negroes believe in a ghost, but not in a spirit; in a present immaterial but not in a future immaterial," the evidence is upon the face of it worth little. It is highly improbable that the negroes in question have any notion of the metaphysical distinction of the "material" and the "immaterial." Captain Burton's preponderating perceptions of himself, and his want of the power of appreciating any character different from his own, make him a bad witness in any but a purely objective matter, while his deplorably bad style of writing indicates an inability to distinguish delicate shades of meaning in words.

M. Du Chaillu, speaking of the negro, says, "Ask him where is the spirit of his great-grandfather, he says he does not know: it is done; ask him about the spirit of his father or brother who died yesterday, then he is full of fear and terror: he believes it to be generally near the place where the body has been buried." Although M. Du Chaillu may possess many qualifications superior to those of Captain Burton, we should not select him as the fittest person for an inquiry of this description. Those who believe ghost phenomena, when not imposture, to be entirely subjective, will readily understand why the majority of such alleged appearances should be of human beings recently dead, and who left a strong impression behind them on the memories of the ghost seers. When legendary tales acquire a powerful hold over the imagination, and a story has grown up of a particular sort of appearance, we find that reproduced for just the same reason that the form of a recently deceased person haunts a survivor. The mind is in each case strongly impressed with an image which its excitement invests with objective reality. That savages should not see ghosts of their greatgrandfathers, and should see, or fancy they see, ghosts of their deceased father or brothers, is easily explained by the fact that if they ever knew the former they may have passed out of their memory, while it has retained the more recent pictures vivid and distinct. It would be absurd, without further inquiry, to assume that when the negro said "it is done," or something equivalent to it, he meant that the great-grandfather's ghost had suffered extinction; and no such negro as Captain Burton describes is at all likely to have pondered over the distinction between

"immaterials," "present," and "future."

If Sir John Lubbock should at some future date publish a more elaborate work on this subject, we recommend him to pay more attention to the comparative aspects of his inquiry, and not treat opinions of savages without reference to analogous opinions of more advanced races. When he says, "Some races believe in ghosts of the living as well as of the dead," we cannot forget that many, conspicuous of reputation for scholarship and research, have done the same, and fortified themselves with the text, "whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." As an illustration of his assertion that when ideas of a soul and future life are more developed, they are "far from taking the direction of our belief," he tells us that "the Caribs and Redskins believe that a man has more than one soul;" and he adds, "to this they are probably led by the pulsation of the heart and arteries, which they regard as evidences of independent life." Sir John is a man of too much real learning not to be perfectly well aware that various schools of philosophers have ascribed a complex soul or spirit to man; and if the Caribs and Redskins have thought the matter out as he supposes, they will have arrived at a conclusion bearing analogy to the distinction now very commonly recognized between organic and mental life. Nothing that he states warrants the conclusion that the "belief in ghosts" entertained by savages is essentially different from our notions of a future life. Their "ghosts," he says, "are mortal," but no precise evidence is adduced of the assertion; and then we are told, even when a higher stage has been gained, the place of departed souls is not a heaven, but merely a better world. What of that? Was the Hades of the Homeric Greeks as good as earth? Did the Hindoos or Mohammedans ever give a picture of heaven that was not, in many respects, worse than modern civilization has made earth for its most fortunate individuals; and do not the great majority of uneducated Roman Catholics and Protestants picture the heaven of their aspiration in a very earthly shape?

Sir John Lubbock traces the worship of stones through many races and many ages, and with a little more pains he might find that all the leading points of superstition or belief amongst savage tribes reappear, with modifications, in more developed conditions of society.

The discussion as to the moral character of savages is very unsatisfactory, and the conclusion that "the lower races of men may be said to be quite deficient in any idea of right, though quite familiar with that of law," seems to have been arrived at without due consideration. It is no peculiarity of savages to have "a moral code which permits them to rob and murder." Civilized man, making a war of conquest, acts upon the same sort of code. As soon as savages live in associated groups, they do not think it right to take all opportunities of robbing and murdering each other, though they may direct attention of that description to outsiders. If at Jenna, "When a town is deprived of its chief, the inhabitants acknowledge no law," and anarchy begins. The same thing has occurred in Europe, and even in England, when the Crown was temporarily vacant; and if "the Fijees consider offences grave or light, according to the rank of the offender," so did the Anglo-Saxons, in arranging their schemes of pecuniary compensation, reckon them according to the rank of the person against whom they were committed; and our own law provides at this day much better means of punishing the petty pilferings of the poor than the wholesale swindlings of the rich. If we suppose ideas of morality to have grown with the advance of society, we shall perceive that honesty and other qualities beneficially affecting others would have a very limited range of operation in very early conditions, and would extend in area as improvements took place. A man would be honest to his family, to some extent at least, while he might think it praiseworthy to be successfully dishonest to any other within his reach.

Fidelity to his own tribe might easily consist with gross treachery towards another tribe, and those who praised Ulysses for cunning did not expect him to make an evil use of that property against his wife or his friends. When it helped the destruction of the suitors, it advanced what would be deemed the cause of moral justice; but had it been wrongfully turned to the injury of Penelope, it would have met with no commendation from the old Greeks.

To ascertain and correctly describe the mental and moral condition of rude races, is a task that would be extremely difficult to a skilful observer well acquainted with their language and customs. It is quite beyond the reach of the bold sportsmen, the fearless hunters, and men of physical rather than intellectual qualifications, who constitute the majority of travellers in unexplored regions. We have only to read the ordinary books of men who have courageously fought their way amongst barbarous tribes, treating them pretty much as the wild game they pursue, to see how little reliance can be placed upon what they tell us when they leave the ordinary details of adventure and sport. Sir John Lubbock places all sorts of travellers upon an equality as to evidence of matters difficult to ascertain. We cannot say he has done his best to elucidate his subject, but we hope to see him again entering upon it with more leisure and more thought.

The Spectator.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

THERE is an idea rapidly gaining ground among our own people, in Germany, and in America, which ought to be discussed. Is it not possible, ask grave men, astounded by the events of the war, that France is something more than defeated,-that she is in decadence, that her history is over, and that she will never revive? The question, though only uttered in Germany, is whispered in a great many households in England, and it is well worth a serious discussion. If France is to cease to be, the history of the human race is modified forever, and the world has lost one of its first advantages, the existence in Europe of an effective and propagandist intellect radically different from the Teuton. Not only the dominion of the world, though that is much, but the dominion of the thoughts of the world will have passed to a single branch of the human race, for the Anglo-Saxon is but the Teuton modified by centuries of freedom. This may be the best, as it is clearly the strongest branch of the human stock, but still a branch with no right and no capacity to supersede humanity. Prima facie, many of the events of the war justify those who apprehend so frightful a calamity. Fighting power, if not a high form of power in a race, is an essential form if the race is to keep its independence, and France appears to superficial observers to have lost its fighting power. We all, friends and

enemies alike, ask with General Blumenthal, in simple amazement, what change has come over the French? Why do they run away? The linesmen who in one place-Metz-fight to the death, everywhere else run, or capitulate, or mutiny, or do something or other for which explanation seems as difficult as apology. The citizens in many places give themselves up on mere rumors of a German advance. The departments seem utterly unable to organize anything, not only an army, but a regiment, a company, anything of any value for defence. No leaders, it is said, turn up even in civil matters, and not only no leaders, but no policies, nothing even like the vague but triumphant thought expressed in Lincoln's rude formula, "We must keep on pegging away." Vast regions full of men and wealth and spirit sit apparently inert, doing nothing, while in the occupied districts Frenchmen seem cowed to such a point that they dare not even attempt to cut a railway. What can it all mean, if it be not that France is in decay, that the attack has not made ruin, but only revealed it?

It is horribly true, all that, and yet we believe we may absolutely reject the deduction pessimists are inclined to draw. We should reject it even if all the facts were unfavorable, believing that a people, like an individual, may be temporarily

paralyzed, that no conclusion can fairly be formed as to the condition of a nation from an experience of only six weeks; but many of the facts are favorable to France in a high degree. Take those, first of all, which affect the question of military spirit. The army, as a whole, has shown want of discipline, want of staying power, and want of self-reliance; but, till disheartened by the revelation of the incompetence of its chiefs, it fought fairly well, and one section of it, exactly like the rest in all but discipline, has displayed a courage, tenacity, and carelessness of life worthy of the best days of France. It may be said that the soldiery ought to be more stubborn even if badly led, but the answer to that is that they never have been, that all the triumphs of France have been accomplished with armies of highly nervous, excitable men, of not very high physique, who make good leadership their condition of victory. That is not the English condition, and may not be the German; but it has always been the French, at least since the Revolution allowed the rank and file to form an opinion on their commanders. Outside the line, again, the people have revealed in the majority of instances a very high degree of spirit. Trochu has with him a hundred thousand men who in reality, if not in appearance, are volunteers, power to coerce them having disappeared; and they behave, even according to hostile accounts, very well indeed, holding their ground after the linesmen have retreated,-a dreadful trial to raw recruits. These men are provincials, and at least two hundred thousand more of them are in arms "behind the Loire" and in the South, and seem by all accounts determined men. The stories about the fall of Orleans, which, by the way, are absurdly misconceived, both at Versailles and in England, do not affect the Mobiles, who stand as long as their Generals will let them, or their want of artillery renders standing possible. The citizens of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have shown equal readiness, the Lyonnese in particular having faced an insurrection with the utmost determination, and have organized themselves so fairly, that France may be said in six weeks to have produced a hundred infantry regiments of 3,000 men each by voluntary enlistment. They are badly armed, equipped, and drilled; they have are no leaders, but let us just look at that.

new and therefore ignorant officers, and they are deficient in subordination off parade; but those lamentable facts only show how strong the spirit must be which brings them in such masses to the front. One victory, one sound piece of evidence that they can beat Germans, that the latter are fighting men and not genii, and these men will be formidable soldiers,-unable, it may be, to defeat Prussians-who are clearly the most tenacious fighters in the world-but able to make victory worthless to them. The French, be it remembered, are not fighting for home and hearth. They can have peace to-morrow by surrendering a strip of territory of which they have scarcely heard, but that surrender involves humiliation for France, and they fight on, not very confidently, for they see the regulars run, and not very ably, for they have no leader, but still with resolute pluck. So far from thinking that France shows signs of martial decadence, we think she shows signs that her people have improved, that they are more ready to fight than they have ever been, much more ready than in 1713 or 1815.

Then, as to civil capacity, look to the whole record, instead of part of it. Look how swiftly and strongly the National Guard of Paris-not the Mobiles, who were outside-poured to the assistance of the Government when threatened by the Reds,—poured in an instant, with clear determination to put disorder down. Or read the really wonderful account, by a most hostile critic, of the way in which the Battalion Croix Rousse at Lyons, 3,000 workmen-silk-weavers who, two months ago, never saw a rifle—swept Cluseret and his followers into space on behalf of a Prefect whom they disliked, but who represented order. Could Colonel T. Hughes's regiment have done better? Even these dangerous Reds are most dangerous because of the revolutionary energy with which they desire to defend France, and take for their leader a man wild enough no doubt in his ideas about property, but with some brains. Cluseret's plan for forming an army by a conscription under penalty of death, and the substitution of the non-commissioned officers for the distrusted caste, was, as a revolutionary scheme, the ablest yet propounded, and has, in part, been accepted by Gambetta. Men say every day there

Natural leaders, of course, there are none, for Senators, Deputies, officials, Generals, were all Imperialists, and the aristocracy has apparently ducked under, but where but in France could civil chiefs be so rapidly improvised, or so readily obeyed? Here is a Marseillaise lawyer, of Genoese extraction, who drops out of a balloon, remarks that he is going to save France if he can, and from Tours to Marseilles accumulates all authority into his own Who is "pronouncing" against Gambetta? The leader has not yet appeared-whenever did the Man of Destiny turn up in six weeks?-but what other country ever improvised a Government so well out of such materials, built a working machine by such a device as entrusting a Dictatorship to the members for the Capital? Just imagine the sort of obedience English counties would pay to self-elected Secretaries of State, representing London vestries, and supposed to be of dangerous, though uncertain political tendencies! We do not know all or much that this Government is doing, but we do know that it finds money to go on, that it has fortified Paris, that it has established two centres of government; that it is improvising armies, one of which—the Parisian one-impresses Baron von Moltkenot a bad judge of such things-with evident respect; that it is creating an artillery; that it does somehow carry on the official life of France. How it does it we

do not know; for no correspondent so much as alludes to such matters; but it does it somehow, and that in the teeth of gigantic difficulties, -such, for example, as the "League of the Fifteen Departments," that is, of a virtual declaration of independence on the part of Southern France. That very declaration shows a power of local action which, badly managed as it is everywhere, is a sign of life, of political vigour and capacity we had scarcely expected in the provinces of France. That the old machinery did not work, that France did not, as the Germans at first expected, fight from department to department, raising ever new levies in regular fashion as the Hohenzollerns would have done, is true, the failure being the necessary consequence of the Revolution; but the Republicans show everywhere that the old creative power still exists, and is stimulated by one of the greatest safeguards of States, a strong, indeed an almost overweening sense of patriotism. It may be very silly, as some Englishmen may think, for France not to yield and confess herself beaten: but the refusal itself, the certainty expressed by all travellers that any Government which agreed to cede territory would be destroyed, is of itself a proof that the national spirit has not decayed. that revival is not far off, and may be very near at hand. The State organization of France has perished, but not France.

CORNEILLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PIERRE CORNEILLE, who has been called the "father of the classical drama in France," and who takes the first rank among French tragic poets, was born at Rouen, June 6, 1606. Like Molière and Racine, he received his education at the hands of the priests, and like Molière, commenced professional life as an advo-After practising for a time, however, in the parliament of Normandy, with small success, he became disgusted with his profession and left it. His first tendency toward poetry seems to have arisen from a love adventure with a young lady of Rouen, which formed the subject of his first dramatic piece, Melite. Mélite was produced in 1629, and forms an epoch in the history of the drama in France.

Though written in accordance with the crude standard of the time, it was vet superior to anything that had yet appeared, and contained unmistakable evidences of the splendid genius which was destined to take French dramatic art out of its cradle and give it a form and a vitality which will last as long as the language which enshrines it. It was followed by six or seven other plays (among them Médée and L'illusion comique), which attained sufficient success to make the author known at court. Here CORNEILLE plied his art for a time upon plots dictated by Cardinal Richelieu, but his success incurred the jealousy of his master; and at the age of thirty, "having meditated on the resources of the dramatic art, studied

the ancients, and derived experience from his own productions," he returned to Rouen. There he devoted himself for a time to the study of the Spanish language and literature, the fruit of which was the tragedy of the CID, founded on a play of Guilhelm de Castro, and published in 1638. This beautiful and splendid tragedy is the first French dramatic masterpiece. Its popularity was such that it was translated into nearly every language of Europe, and in France "As beautiful as the Cid" passed into a proverb. The subject of CORNEILLE'S next play was taken from Roman history, and this choice, says a writer in the American Cyclopædia, "decided the character of French tragedy during the next century. Modern and mediæval ideas and history were from this time deemed unsuited to dramatic purposes; the forms of the classical tragedies were copied; and the stage, instead of illustrating Christian ideas and contemporary life, was occupied chiefly by Greeks, Romans, Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, and even Turks." In 1639 appeared the tragedy of Horace, which surpassed its predecessor in the force and grandeur which characterized alike the situations, personages, and dialogues. Horace was followed in the same year by Cinna, esteemed by Voltaire the most finished of the author's pieces, and in 1640 by Polyeucte, which French critics pronounce the greatest of CORNEILLE'S works. In 1641 and 1642 Pompée and Le Menteur were produced, the former of which showed that the author's genius had passed its culmination and entered upon its decline. After this he wrote a long series of plays designed to depict the darker workings of the human heart, and to illustrate "the doctrine of the murderous Machiavelli." The decided failure of Pertharite in 1653 caused him to renounce dramatic composition for six years; but in 1659 he was induced to take up his pen again-only to exhibit, unfortunately, the utter decadence of his powers. We have spoken in our notice of Racine of the lamentable failure which CORNEILLE made

when on the subject of *Tite et Bérénice* his aged pen was brought into competition with Racine's young and vigorous genius. After that he wrote two feeble plays, and assisted Molière and Quinault in a third, and then, in 1674, dropped his pen forever. He died in Paris, October 1st, 1684.

Socially, CORNEILLE was less successful than almost any of the great writers of his time. He was a poor conversationalist, a bad reader even of his own plays, and led a rather solitary and secluded life.

Of the characteristics of his genius the great German critic Schlegel says:-It was by no means so much the object of CORNEILLE to excite our terror and compassion, as our admiration for the characters and astonishment at the situations of his heroes. Not content with exciting our admiration for the heroism of virtue, he claims it also for the heroism of vice, by the boldness, strength of soul, presence of mind, and elevation above all human weakness, with which he endows his criminals of both sexes. He has delineated the conflict of passions and motives; but for the most part not immediately as such, but as already transformed into a contest of principles. It is in love that he has been found coldest; seldom does he paint it as a power which imperceptibly steals upon us, and gains an involuntary and irresistible dominion over us; but as a homage freely chosen at first, to the exclusion of duty, but afterward maintaining its place along with it. He often arranges his situations in defiance of probability, in such a way that they might with great propriety be called tragical antitheses, and it becomes almost natural when his personages express themselves in a series of epigrammatical maxims. He is fond of exhibiting perfectly symmetrical oppositions. His eloquence, often remarkable for strength and compression, sometimes becomes pompous declamation, amid which a few simple words interspersed here and there have been extravagantly praised. Instances of this are the Qu'il mourût of the old Horace, the Soyons amis of Cinna, and the Moi of Médée."

POETRY.

JUNE MEMORIES.

THE leaves drift down in forest ways;
The wind moans with a voice of pain;
But through the dim September days,
Like chords of some sweet haunting tune,
The memories of a happy June
Come back to me again—

A June for evermore that lies, A pearl of purest, rarest bliss, Shrined in delicious memories: Sweet words and sweeter silence blent With dewy twilights, and the scent Of thick-flowered clematis;

Long cloudless morning hours that pass Under oak-shadows cool and dark; The drone of insects in the grass, Through the hot noon-day hushed and still, Pierced only by the sudden trill Of one up-soaring lark;

The plash of oars at eventide;
The low clear rippling of the stream
Against the boat. Faint breezes glide
With lisping rustle in the reeds,
And slowly from the bank recedes
The sunset's violet gleam—

Lingering in mossy lanes to hear
The nightingale's first liquid notes
Pour rich and full. From meadows near,
Mown newly, fragrant breaths arise;
The moon across the tranquil skies
A globe of silver floats;

And all through the long summer days My heart thrills to the fervent tones Of one loved voice; a tender gaze Follows me ever. Strangely bright Life lies beneath love's mystic light.—But now the wild wind moans:

From their dead stalks the flowers are gone,
The leaves are swept by autumn rain;
I watch in silence and alone;
And by the wood-fire's reddening blaze,
The memories of the sweet June days
Come back to me again.

JOHN ANDERSON'S ANSWER.

I cannot kiss thee as I used to kiss;
Time who is lord of love must answer this.
Shall I believe thine eyes are grown less sweet?
Nay, but my life-blood fails on heavier feet.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

I cannot hold as once I held thy hand; Youth is a tree whose leaves fall light as sand. Hast thou known many trees that shed them so? Ay me, sweetheart, I know, ay me, I know. Time goes, my bird, time goes. I cannot love thee as I used to love.

Age comes, and little Love takes flight above.

If our eyes fail, have his the deeper glow?

I do not know, sweetheart, I do not know.

Time goes, old girl, time goes.

Why, the gold cloud grows leaden as the eve. Deepens, and one by one its glories leave: And, if you press me, dear, why this is so, That this is worth a tear is all 1 know. Time flows and rows and goes.

In that old day the subtle child-god came; Meek were his eyelids, but his eyeballs flame, With sandals of desire his light feet shod, With eyes and breath of fire a perfect god He rose, my girl, he rose.

He went, my girl, and raised your hand and sighed,
"Would that my spirit always could abide!"
And whispered "Go your ways, and play your day,
Would I were god of time! but my brief sway
Is briefer than a rose."

Old wife, old love, there is a something yet That makes amends, tho' all the glory set: The after-love that holds thee trebly mine, Tho' thy lips fade, my dove, and we decline, And time, dear heart, still goes.

BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,
And dances down the tide;
Beneath the sun bright colors gleam,
And glisten on its side.
What though, before a moment's past,
It all must burst in air—
The little while that it may last,
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream Be what I ne'er may see; My hope at least can make it seem As though it yet might be. A little longer, and I know It all may pass away; Then, when I must, I'll let it go, But keep it while I may.

NIGHTFALL OFF HATTERAS.

A SONNET.

WE marked a beacon lift its ruddy hand,
From a far height of tide-beleaguered land,
As round the blowing North at eve we sailed.
Then a lone cape, about whose crags of stone
The shifting robes of rainy sea were blown,
And shrouds of cold sea-fogs were lapped and
trailed.

The Day dropped down the windy marge, whitefleeced

The billows fled the way the day had flown, The night came drifting from the surfy east, Belated winds went hailing down the main;
Then sight and sound were drowned in jarring sea,
Save where a glory ringed the lantern-pane
Blown through with surge, and tumult on the lee
Of sea-fowl beating through the dusk of rain.

WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNG.

SONNET.

Nor that Disease his cruel hand has raised, And clutched away thy beauty and thy strength, Threatening to hold them all thy sad days' length;— It is not this which made the eyes that gazed Falter, and fill with trembling tears that dazed

My inward vision, like my outward view, Till hope and courage faded, and I knew A bitter dread, which left me dumb, amazed. No, it was this: that fell disease should gain

Over thy virtues and thy steadfast mind A hold, which through long years of health to find.

All sins, and all temptations sought in vain.

Ay, 'tis this dread which sometimes makes me dumb;

Death, tho' I love him, ere this comes, oh come!

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A grammar of the Siamese language is to be published at Bangkok, by J. T. Jones.

A weekly edition of the Waverley Novels, price on penny, is the latest English novelty in cheap literature.

Swinburne is engaged upon a new poem founded on the old mediæval romance of 66 Tristan and Yseult."

A new story by Björnsen, with the attractive title, The Newly Married Couple, has been published in London.

Among the new books announced is a metrical version of the Arabian Nights. It is to appear under the title of The Pearls of the Orient.

Messrs. Longman & Co. are preparing to issue in London a uniform edition of Disraeli's novels, to which the author will prefix a new general preface.

An English critic, with more wit than wisdom, describes Hawthorne's English Note-Books as "two volumes of prejudice tempered by a love of antiquity."

An English writer, Mr. J. C. Earle, is engaged upon a work which ought to be both interesting and valuable—"The Lives of the English Premiers, from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel."

George Eliof's new work is said to be not a novel after all, but a long poem. This is sincerely to be regretted, for she will certainly never do as good work out of the field of her early efforts as she has done in it.

It is announced that Mr. W. W. Story, our sculptor in Rome, has in hand a work on the history of the Castle of St. Angelo, and in contemplation a tragedy on a Roman mediaval subject—the loves of Otho and Stephania.

Already is the attempt being made to put the literature of the present war into permanent shape, Mr. Elihu Rich has undertaken to compile a popular history of the war between France and Germany, for issue in monthly parts,

A new work in preparation in England, on the History of Hindoo Poetry, will give names and specimens of twenty-eight poetesses. This is worthy of note, as the Hindoo women have hitherto been regarded as nil intellectually.

The Rev. Mr. Cummings (whose gift of prophecy seems hard to distinguish from secular idiocy) has in preparation another work on "The Seventh Vial; or, the Time of Trouble Begun, as shown in the Great War, the Dethronement of the Pope, and other Collateral Events."

Among Messrs, Chapman & Hall's forthcoming scientific publications are included "A History of Animal Plagues," by Mr. G. Fleming, R.E.; "The Earth: being a Description of the Globe," by M. Élisée Reclus, and "The Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals," by Mrs. G. Leroy.

A series of papers on that ethnological mystery, the barbarous hill-tribes of China, the Miao-tse, has been commenced by the Rev. J. Edkins, in the Chinese Recorder. The notes and queries department of that celestial magazine is largely occupied with the binding and unbinding of girls' feet.

The largest Bible in the world, that of J. G. Bell, a Manchester collector, was sold at auction in London recently for £165. It was a fine copy of Macklin's beautiful foilo, with eleven thousand engravings and cuts illustrative of the text, and gathered from every possible source, the whole handsomely bound in sixty-three thick volumes.

In the "Studii di Storia Siciliana," by Isidoro La Lumia, published in two volumes at Palermo, the author has made a valuable contribution to Sicilian history, which he investigates in four special treatises—Sicily under William the Good; Matteo Polizzi, or the Latins and the Catalans; Sicilian Jews; and Sicily under Charles the Fifth.

A very curious and unique book is announced for the holidays in London. It will consist of a series of twelve brief poems by Tennyson, which are connected by a love-story, and which will be illustrated by as many designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes. The verses will be accompanied by music, the composition of Mr. Sullivan, the celebrated English composer.

We hear from Oxford that Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, is writing a set of shilling histories for a well-known publisher. If the writer can abstain from his usual violent partisanship, the books will supply an often and much felt want. But the task needs

more heads than one. Why not let each of the leading historians of England select his own field and work it up?

Under the title of "Tarekh-i-Kitabet ve tesbile Tebia't," Hassoun Effendi, the Turkish ambassador in London, has printed for private circulation a short philological tract in Turkish and Arabic, on the printing of those languages, as also of Persian and Hindostanee. At present, at Constantinople, a compositor has to pick out from 550 characters, though there are no capitals. These Hassoun Effendi reduces to 110.

The first volume is now ready, in England, of the authorized Church of England Commentary on the Bible Strangely enough, the text of 1611, and not the new version, is used. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with bishops and eminent laymen, acted as a committee to apportion the work, of which Canon Cook has the general editorial charge. This first volume, now published by Murray, includes the Pentateuch only.

Mr. William Morris will have the fourth and concluding part of his poem, "The Earthly Paradise," ready before Christmas; a considerable portion is already in type. The titles of the six tales of which it will consist are: "The Golden Apples," "The Fostering of Aslang," "Bellerophon in Argos," "The Ring given to Venus," "Bellerophon in Lycia," and "The Hill of Venus." An epilogue will, of course, conclude the work, but it will not be a long one—nothing like the prologue in length.

Abbé Peyron, the celebrated Coptic scholar, has died at Turin, in his eighty-fifth year. Besides laboring as an Orientalist, the Abbé was distinguished as a discoverer of Greek and Latin palimpsests. He discovered at Turin, in 1824, the fragments of the Theodosian Codex; and also published fragments of Parmenides and of some of Cicero's Speeches. His translation of Thucydides into Italian is much esteemed. Abbé Peyron was a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

Dr. Franz Höffer is writing a series of critical articles on living English poets, in the Ergänzungsblätter, a quarterly review of large circulation in Germany. The articles hitherto published have been on Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Dante Rossetti. They are to be followed by others on Mr. Browning, Mr. William Morris, George Eliot, &c. On many of these poets nothing has as yet been written in Germany. Mr. Rossetti has declared that no one has so well interpreted his meaning in the poem "Jenny," as his German critic.

The Bodleian Library has just acquired two important MSS. from Sanaä in Yennen, the region of the Himyaritic inscriptions. One is a prayer-book written in the 15th century. The liturgical directions are in Arabic, the prayers in Hebrew, with the so-called Assyrian punctuation, which has been found only in a MS. of the prophets at St. Petersburg, and a single leaf of Deuteronomy in the Bodleian. The other is a MS. of the Pentateuch, preceded by a grammar in 52 leaves, hitherto quite unknown, in which the chapter on the accents is much more complete than in any

other grammatical work. The great Massora in the margin differs considerably from that printed in the common editions.

An English paper says :- "So very little attention has hitherto been vouchsafed in England to the Slavonic languages, that we are almost as much surprised as pleased at hearing that Oxford is about to pay them special honor. A lectureship, which it is to be hoped will expand into a profesabout to pay them special honor. sorship, has just been founded in the University, for the purpose of encouraging Slavonic studies and a competent scholar has been appointed to hold it, Mr. W. R. Morfill, of Oriel. As very few Englishmen have even so much as glanced at the literatures of Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Servia, &c., the University may well be congratulated upon having been able to find among its own members a scholar who is likely to do justice both to those literatures and to the languages in which they are embodied. The stipend attached to the lectureship will be paid out of the interest of the money bequeathed to the University some little time ago by Lord Ilchester, for the purpose of founding a Slavonic chair."

Modifications of Language. — A Testament was once published, in a West Indian negro jargon, which was withdrawn on account of the ridicule it provoked; but the publication of grammars of what are called "Creole" dialects is of some scientific utility. These essays illustrate the influence of a foreign grammar on a living language, for the modifications in such dialects result from the application of African grammar. There is a widely-spread but little-known dialect of English, called the Levantine, and spoken in the Levant, the peculiarities of which are derived from the modern, or, as it is more properly called, "Bad" or vernacular Greek, to distinguish it from the classic. Mr. Thomas has treated of the Creole French of Trinidad, and Mr. Van Name, librarian of Yale College, of the like dialects of Louisiana This department of Comparative and Hayti. Grammar will enable us in time to understand the influences exerted under the same circumstances on ancient languages: influences that are to be traced in modern Armenian from Turkish, in Gipsy from the local languages, in Albanian from Greek. Dialects of one language are modified by the surrounding languages with which it is severally brought in contact.

The Rules of Rhyme.—Mr. Tom Hood has published a book with the foregoing title, in which he lays down very fully the laws of versification and elucidates the principles of poetic composition so far as those principles are amenable to "rules,"

Mr. Hood knows well enough the difference between a mere versifier and a poet, and in his modest and well-written preface has very clearly stated the distinction. He does not pretend that he can make poets, but is content with teaching how to construct verse, and this he does with good taste and scholarship. We think Mr. Hood hardly does Tennyson justice. Some most apt illustrations of sound being the echo of sense, are to be found in Tennyson's works. "In Memoriam," indeed, abounds with lines as good in that respect as the almost perfect one in "Virgil":—

[&]quot;Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

And the line from his "Northern Farmer," just published, is hardly inferior-

"Proputty, proputty, canter and canter awaäy."

One suggestion of Mr. Hood's deserves serious attention. He says: "Were English versification taught at our schools, the boys would acquire a better understanding and appreciation of their own tongue. With such a training a lad would shrink from a mispronunciation as he does from a false quantity in Latin or Greek. . . . The purging of our pronunciation would be of general benefit.

At present it is shifting and uncertain, because it it is never taught." All this is very true, and middle-class education, when it includes thorough instruction in this art, will, we believe, be found much more serviceable than the higher public school teaching; more especially now that French grammar has been so scientifically elaborated that it may very well take the place of the classical languages for teaching essential principles of grammar. Mr. Hood has added a dictionary of rhymes, in which all allowable rhymes may readily be turned up, and some sensible and useful comments upon burlesque, comic verse, and song-writing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Glance at some Books of the Month .- The number of good books at present upon our table is larger than for any month since the beginning of the year, but the space devoted to our Foreign Literary Notes and the encroachments of the Long Primer, prevent our doing more than enumerating

a few of them.

Commencing with Messrs. Appleton & Co., we find their imprint upon the "Origin of Civilisation," by Sir John Lubbock (New York, D. Appleton & Co.), a work of great research and bristling with facts gathered from the whole field of peripatetic literature, but which is subjected to criticism elsewhere in our pages. Also upon the "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," by S. Baring-Gould, and "Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews," by PROF. HUXLEY. The latter contains the best of Prof. Huxley's miscellaneous writings during the past ten years, and is indispensable to whoever would understand the attitude in which modern science stands toward philosophy on the one hand, and religion on the other. Some of the best of these papers have already appeared in the ECLECTIC. and Development of Religious Belief is brought to the second and concluding volume, and treats of "Christianity" as the first did of "Heathenism." It is a work of great interest, and a valuable contribution to the religious literature of the time. It will scarcely stay the tide of modern skepticism, but it ought to be read by every man who feels the bases of his old beliefs breaking

The leading book from Boston this month is "The Geology and Physical Geography of Bra-zil," by Prof. Hart, of Cornell University (Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co.), and is one of the many good results of Prof. Agassiz's expedition up the Amazon several years ago. It forms a thick volume, and is by far the best and most comprehensive treatise on South American Geology and Geography that has yet appeared. It is hand-Geography that has yet appeared, somely and contains somely and copiously illustrated, and contains come valuable maps and charts. Vagabond Adsome valuable maps and charts. Vagabond Adventures, by RALPH KEELER (Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co.), is a sprightly record of a singularly adventurous career-extending from the age of eleven to twency-two, and tells how a boy who entered life by running away from home, "Lived Six Months on Five Cents;" how he "Spent Three Years as a Negro Minstrel;" and how he made the " Tour of Europe on \$181, in currency." All of which, we believe, has before appeared in one or more of the magazines,

Messrs, Roberts Bros, (Boston) have issued another volume of their neat edition of George Sand's novels,—Monsieur Sylvestre, translated by Miss Vaughn. Also, "Companions of My Solitude," by ARTHUR HELPS; another collection of those quaint, part philosophical, part moral, and part literary essays which characterize this most genial of writers; and Ten Times One is Ten, a Story, by EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Coming back to New York, The Early Years of Christianity, by the great French Protestant writer, M. de Pressensé (New York, Scribner & Co.), is a work of much more than ordinary value to those who are interested in theology, or in Christian history. This volume is the first of a series of four, and treats of "The Apostolic Era." We ought also to mention as an event of literary interest, that Messrs, Scribner & Co. have this month brought their editions of Mommsen's History of Rome, and the Popular Edition of Froude's History of England to a close, by the publication of the fourth volume of the former, and the eleventh and twelfth of the latter,

New Facts and Remarks Concerning Idiocy (New York, Wm. Wood & Co.) is a republication, in pamphlet form, of a Lecture delivered by Doctor Edward Seguin, before the New York Medical Journal Association. It gives, in a popular and untechnical shape, "the minimum of what a general practitioner must know about Idiocy, and ought to be carefully read by every one who either professionally or otherwise must be brought in contact with this lamentable phase of human life. Dr. Seguin is considered, both here and in France, as one of the highest authorities on this special subject; and his large physiological knowledge and dealing with the organic principles of life and health, commend whatever he writes to a larger audience than that of merely professional readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, of any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

Harpers' School History of the United States. By DAVID B. SCOTT. Illustrated with maps and engravings. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 425.

The Berean's Casket. By J. C. Wellcome. Boston: W. H. Piper & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 469.

The Juno Stories. III. Juno on a Journey. IV. Hubert. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, pp. 300. Illustrated.

The Castaways. By Capt. MAYNE REID. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Nelly's Dark Days. New York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, pp. 144.

The Vivian Romance. By MORTIMER COL-LINS. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 144.

Which is the Heroine? A Novel, New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 148.

The Heir Expectant. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 167.

Mental Arithmetic. By John H. French, LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, boards, pp. 180.

Words and their Uses. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 437.

Geoffrey, the Lollard. By Francis Eastwood. New York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, pp. 342. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

A New Notion about Dreams .- The Lancet publishes a paper by Dr. Henry Maudsley, who has devoted himself to the study of the reciprocal action between mind and body. He attributes to disease certain psychological as well as physical effects, and believes that the consequences of a disordered liver and a disordered heart will be mentally different. In suggesting a mode of ascertaining this difference he remarks that a scientific observation of the phenomena of dreams would be of help. "The ground tone of feeling in a dream, the background on which the phantoms move, is often determined by the state of the internal organ, the irritation of which awakens into some degree of activity that part of the brain with which the organ is in specific sympathy; accordingly sympathetic ideas spring out of the feeling, and unite in a more or less coherent dream drama." He then goes on to say that dreams ought to furnish us with a fruitful means of studying the specific effects of organs on the mind, because, while dreamingt impressions from the external senses are shu, out by sleep. "As the stars are not visible, although they still shine in the daytime, so the effects of an internal organ may not be perceptible during the waking state, while the whole consciousness is actively engaged; but just as when the sun goes down the stars shine visibly which before were invisible, veiled by his greater light, so when active consciousness is suspended organic sympathies which before were insensible declare themselves to

the mind." Dr. Maudsley then propounds the view that a certain class of dreams, comprehending those in which people imagine they would be seized with a peculiar kind of disease, may be explained by supposing that the organ which would be attacked in this complaint prematurely discloses its weakness under the above conditions. A person to whom this occurs will afterwards wonder to find, if, as the saying is, his dream come true, so much in advance of the wakingly conscious symptoms has been the revelation made while active and vigilant consciousness was out of the way during sleep. Of the truth or inaccuracy of Dr. Maudsley's theory, or rather suggestion, we shall not stop to inquire. No doubt the subject will meet with the attention which any proposition coming from such an authority ought to receive. But here, at least, we find, not merely an effort to discover the nature of the stuff of which our dreams are made, but an attempt to render serviceable to humanity the vagaries of the mind- which have hitherto been regarded as so fantastic or so dim as to elude their being made serviceable, The future phyeither absolutely or relatively. sician would, if Dr. Maudsley be correct in his inferences, possess another method of diagnosing the ills to which flesh is heir. What a singular work the note-book of a doctor would be after a large experience of dreams gathered for therapeutic purposes. He would have, we suspect, no little difficulty in sorting and differentiating his records, Suppose a poet and a ploughms. oth to be afflicted with disease of the heart. The physician must find something in common between the visions of the bard and the visions of Hodge. The same cause for the dream drama in both cases must produce an effect in a degree consonant. There are people who dream but very seldom, or, to write more correctly, who never remember their dreams. The doctor would have a good deal of trouble with them; the source of knowledge would be closed against him. It is a fortunate and merciful provision of nature at any rate that the dreams such as Dr. Maudsley refers to, where a diseased organ is promoting the phantasmagoria, are not very common.

Weather Reports.—We mentioned in our October number the preparations which were making at the War Department for heralding the approach of storms, "for the benefit of commerce on our Northern lakes and seaboard." These preparations are now completed, and weather reports are received in Washington, by telegraph, three times a day from twenty stations, and are published in all the daily papers, besides being posted in conspicuous places. The telegraph arrangements for their collection and distribution work so satisfactorily, that they are all received in Washington, and distributed throughout the country in less than one hour's time, although the points of observation range from Key West to Cheyenne. The system promises most valuable results, and its further development will be watched with interest by the scientific world.

Velocity of Nervous Transmission.—Helmholtz and Baxt, in the course of their investigation on the velocity of transmission of nervous impulses, found, by producing an irritation at a remote spot and then at a point nearer to the con-

tracting muscle, the rate in question to be between 31.53 and 37.49 mètres per second. Comparatively recent experiments, of which the details have now been published, led to the discovery of what was at first believed to be an experimental error, but has since received an approximate explanation as a systematic phenomenon. It is found that the rate already mentioned applies to a cold winter, whereas a mean value of 64.56 mètres is the number obtained in a hot summer. As this result evidently pointed to temperature as the determining cause of the change, special and very varied experiments were made on the same day at very different temperatures. These fully establish the rule, that the velocity of (motor) nervous transmission is about twice as great in winter as in summer.

The Electricity of Clouds, - The electricity of clouds has been the subject of an attentive and laborious inquiry by Dellmann. He employed a Thomson's electroscope, with subsidiary arrangements enabling him to determine the intensity of every part of a passing cloud. Dellmann's conclusions will be of much interest to meteorologists. All clouds are electrical, and compositely so in dif-ferent parts; they are negative at the centre, which is begirt with positive zones. The intensity of the electricity increases from the outside to the interior; but its maximum is not at the centre of the cloud. A sudden decrease of the one kind of electricity corresponds to an equally abrupt increase of the proximate opposite kind. A cloud can only rain by virtue of a loud or silent electrical discharge.

Alcohol from Air and Water. - Amongst the most remarkable of recent discoveries relating to minute organism, is that of M. Béchamp, and of a mould capable of producing alcohol from air and water. He thus describes the process:-"I took very pure distilled water, and exposed it to contact of air in a phial closed with paper. Colorless moulds appeared, formed of microzymas, very small bacteria, and an extremely fine mycelium. The apparatus was put on a stove, and at the end of six months I obtained enough alcohol to give a large flame. At the same time a good quantity of volatile and ammonia were formed. Shall we say that distilled water, carbonic acid, and the elements of air have fermented? Evidently not; but we may say that the moulds grew and effected the synthesis of the materials composing their own substance, as all vegetables do, and that they then gave off the alcohol which they formed by aid of this substance."

An Ancient Sun-dial.—When M. Renan accompanied the French army in Syria in 1860, he discovered, amongst other things, a fragment of a sun-dial at Oum-el-Awuvonid, some leagues south of Tyre. M. Laussedat restored the pattern of this dial, and exhibited a model to the French Academy, and confirmed what M. Bertrand had previously said about it. It belongs to the class of conical dials, and M. Laussedat noticed that one of the horary lines was straight, and that the two others entering the base of the cone and the arcs of the circle parallel to it, at centre angles, were not so. The straight line was undoubtedly the meridian; and the size of the arcs cut by the horary

line, showed they were not intended to indicate equal hours, such as we use, but temporary hours, employed by most of the ancient nations. A "temporary hour" is a twenty-fourth part of the interval between sun-size and sun-set, whatever may be the season.

The Ague Poison,-M. P. Bolestra has communicated to the French Academy some observations on ague poison. He says, that in examining marsh water he always finds, in proportion to its degree of putrefaction, a granular microphyte, somewhat resembling in form the Cactus Peruvianus. It is always accompanied by a considerable quantity of small spores 1000 of a millimetre in diameter, greenish yellow and transparent, and also by sporangia or vesicles containing spores from 100 to 100 of a millimetre in diameter, and of very characteristic form. This plant grows on the surface of the water; when young, it is rainbow-like in tints, and looks like spots of oil. At the low temperature of cellars and in water containing no vegetation, it develops slowly, but in contact with air and exposed to solar rays in the presence of decomposing vegetation, it grows fast, disen-gaging small gas bubbles. A few drops of arsenious acid, sulphite of soda, or, still better, neutral sulphate of quinine, stops its vegetation at the surface of the water, the spores become thin and transparent, and the sporangia alter so that they would not be recognized. These changes may be seen under the microscope. M. Bolestra states that these spores can be found in marsh air. He caught agues twice during his researches-once after having been exposed to air from water in fermentation covered with fresh algæ in full vegetation, mixed with an extraordinary quantity of spores. He thinks these spores constitute the ague poison.

Preserving Bread. - Bread becomes mouldy and sour from the action of the moisture it contains. When carefully dried, bread will keep sweet for a very long time. Any process by which fermented bread can be preserved for an indefinite length of time would be a great boon to travellers in countries where bread cannot be procured, and to sailors, who would find it a very agreeable change from ordinary ship biscuits. The following process for effecting this object has been lately patented, and it possesses this advantage, that the bread being compressed can be packed iu a smaller compass, and is therefore very portable. Well-made and well-baked bread is exposed to a current of dry air; the evaporation of the moisture should be slow, in order that the bread may not crack. duration of this drying process varies from eight to fifteen days, and depends on the size of the loaves and the form of drying apparatus adopted. If the bread were compressed in the state in which it is left by the desiccation it would break; and to prevent this it must, before being pressed, be submitted during four or five minutes to a heat of from 150° to 200° C., in a stove filled with steam. effect this operation the bread is arranged in layers, separated by iron plates, which form moulds in which the bread will assume the shape and size previously determined upon. These layers are loaded upon a cast-iron carriage running upon rails, and thus introduced into a stove which is immediately closed; in a few minutes the bread

becomes soft, although it will have absorbed but a very small quantity of water; the load or batch is then withdrawn and pushed by means of a carriage between two pressing plates, in order to be compressed. Any press will serve, but as the pressure should be rapid and powerful the hy-draulic press is best. The bread should remain in the press for twenty-four hours; it may then be removed, is dry and cold, and will preserve the shape which has been impressed upon it. Bread thus prepared should be put in cases to preserve it from the attacks of insects, and should be stored in places free from damp; it may thus be preserved for several years. This compressed bread has a nice color, the teeth masticate it without effort, the fluids of the mouth penetrate it rapidly, it has an agreeable taste and digests readily; a piece three ounces in weight, thrown into broth, will absorb, in three or four minutes, fifteen ounces of liquid and swell considerably.

Paint.—A very desirable paint has been invented, which has no disagreeable smell like that in ordinary use, and will for this reason no doubt become popular. Instead of using ordinary linseed oil and turpentine, to which the unpleasant smell of ordinary paint is owing, it is proposed to employ as a vehicle a composition made by combining alcohol, shellac, and a vegetable oil (castor oil is preferred). This vehicle is then mixed with white lead or other pigments to form paint. The proportions in which the several ingredients are mixed is as follows: Eight parts of alcohol, two parts of shellac, and one part of vegetable oil. They are gently heated together, and stirred until the shellac is dissolved. This paint is inodorous, dries very quickly, and is not liable to crack or blister by exposure to heat.

Confirmation of Jupiter's Colors: Dr. Mayer's Observations, - We mentioned in our last number the strange, and not very creditable conduct of Mr. Airy, in attempting to get rid of the facts of the remarkable color changes noticed by Mr. Browning, and others, in the planet Jupiter, by a foolish, because scarcely relevant statement he inserted in the annual report of the Greenwich Observatory, to the effect that on some occasion they were not seen by one of his assistants, and that the idea of change was therefore negatived. Now we have before us Dr. Mayer's "Observations on the Planet Jupiter," made at Lehigh University, U. S. He commences by saying, "Every astronomer, who during this fall and winter (1869-70) has made careful observations of Jupiter, must have remarked the unusual color of his disk and belts, and the remarkable forms and mutations which the latter have frequently presented." These remarks were founded upon seeing: Mr. Airy's not seeing, which appeared to negative the idea of any change in the color of Jupiter's belts, is so discreditable to our national observatory, that we trust the Board of Visitors in the Admiralty will take such special notice of it, as may prevent anything of the sort in future.

Dr. Mayer's observations were made with a sixinch refractor by Alvan Clark and Sons, and one on January 5, 1870, when the sky was astronomically perfect, and definition so clear and steady that the six stars of the trapezium of Orion and the companion of Sirius were readily and continu-

ously seen. At this time Dr. Mayer noticed 46 a ruddy elliptical line lying just below the south equatorial belt," He saw it first when it had advanced about half the major axis from the east limb. The ellipse became more distinct as it progressed to the centre, and Dr. Mayer followed it till it was almost bisected on the west line, when it gradually faded from view. He considered that the irregular nearly detached masses forming the south equatorial dark belt, with their streamers pointing in the opposite direction to that of the planet's rotation, presented appearances which incline one to imagine them distinct masses of cloud or colored vapor instead of openings in a cloudy stratum, disclosing the ruddy body of the planet, and this view, held by Mr. Browning and Mr. Proctor, was favored by the elliptical form already described, and concerning which he says: "Can we be so bold as to regard it as a great gaseous mass, having its origin in the equatorial region, and sweeping south (as with the terrestrial cyclones of the southern atmosphere), and flattened with the rapid rotation of the planet with an equatorial velocity of 450 miles, a minute." . In another passage Dr. Mayer speaks of the irregular and violent changes in the southern equatorial belts which took place last winter. On January 8 he entered in his note-book, "The south border of the southern equatorial belt was evidently divided into southern equatorial pelt was evidently divided into two," and on the 9th, "The division of the belt has increased rapidly." On the 21st, "the southern division of this belt had drifted 8° in latitude to the south of the band which gave it birth," and "the south equatorial belt at this date presented the appearance of irregularly massed cumulus clouds, forming three distinct aggregations with blunted summits." In drawing the unusual colors, Dr. Mayer used pure yellow, yellow with crimson lake, and a very thin wash of light lead tint over the paler shadings.—The Student.

Chambers's Journal says :- Among the many interesting communications read at the meetings of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Shaw's account of his travel to Yarkand and Kashgar merits particular attention. The common idea of Tartary is an expanse of great plains, over which wander barbarous hordes with cattle and tents; but it will surprise many readers to learn that Mr. Shaw found a remarkably mountainous country, full of settled habitations, with flourishing cities of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, where numerous arts are practised, and a considerable amount of civilization exists. Life and property are secure; commerce is protected; light carts drawn by horses frequent the roads; and markets are held on a fixed day of the week even in the smallest villages. In Yarkand alone there are sixty colleges, with endowments in land, for the education of students in Mussulman law and divinity; and in every street is a well-attended school attached to a mosque. Merchandise is abundant; in one street are displayed the silks of China; in another, the cotton goods and prints of Russia; and elsewhere, tea, spices, and all kinds of foreign produce. Horse-flesh, camel, beef, and mutton are found in the butchers' quarter; the bakers offer excellent light loaves made by a process of steaming; and shops for the sale of iced sherbet and of tea are everywhere to be seen. The esti-

mates formed of the number of the population are from twenty to sixty millions. Their industry is remarkable; for as no rain falls, the fields and gardens are everywhere watered by canals and water-courses, great and small. If the system of artificial irrigation were cut off, the whole country would become a howling desert. Yakoob Beg, the ruler, is a man of intelligence and energy, under whom the extension of irrigation, road-making, bridgebuilding, and sinking wells in the desert for the use of travellers are actively carried on. teresting country was visited by Marco Polo five hundred years ago; but it is so cut off from the rest of the world by high mountains and deserts, as to be lost in the vast and unknown regions described as Tartary. Mr. Shaw may therefore be regarded as having made a wonderful discovery. And now he, and Mr. Hayward, who has also travelled in those parts for the Geographical Society, and the explorers employed by the Trigonometrical Survey of India, will have to find the easiest passes by which Yakoob Beg's dominion may be reached from Upper India.

New Way of Making Magic Lanterns.—At a meeting of the Franklin Institute, a method was described of preparing magic-lantern pictures in a new way, thus: Get a sheet of gelatine such as is used by engravers for tracing purposes; fix it over the engraving or drawing which is to be shown in the lantern, and, with a style or steel point, trace the lines of the picture pretty deeply on the transparent substance. Then rub in black lead or crayon dust lightly with the finger, and the slide is ready for use. Any one acquainted with the magic-lantern will know how to frame or mount it for use. In this way any number of pictures may be easily prepared, which, when shown in the lantern, have a satisfactory effect.

Number of Farms in the United States.—To those persons who take pleasure in comparing the condition of different countries, the following statement of the number of farms throughout the United States may be interesting. Beginning with the smallest, there are 52,642 farms of 3 acres and under 10 acres; 157,810 of 10 acres and under 20 acres; 612,245 of 20 acres and under 50 acres; 607,668 of 50 acres and under 100 acres; 20,289 of 500 acres and under 1000 acres; and 5,348 of 1000 acres and under 1000 acres; and 5,348 of 1000 acres and upwards. The total number of farms is 1,942,241.

The Silk-Worm Disease.—Pasteur, one of the ablest of French chemists, has been engaged for the past two years in investigating the silk-worm disease, which has prevailed so fatally on the continent, and brought down large districts in France from pro-perity to adversity. In 1853, the revenue from silk-culture among the French amounted to one hundred and thirty million francs; the effects of the disease may be judged of by the fact that in 1865 the amount was not more than thirty millions. In the same time the weight of cocoons produced had fallen from twenty-six million kilogrammes to four millions. Here was, indeed, a case of sufficient gravity to justify the employment of the very best means in a search for the causes and for a remedy. Owing to the black spots by which it manifests its existence, the disease has been named pébrine; and this disease consists in the presence of an infinite number of living corpuscles, which take possession of the whole interior of the worm. They swarm to such an extent as to leave no room for the secretion of the fluid from which the silk is spun. The worms die by thousands; but it has been remarked that many of them, prompted by instinct, go through the movements of spinning although they have not a particle of silk to pro-Pasteur's inquiry led him to be able to predict what would take place with certain parcels of eggs of which he knew the history; he showed how the disease could be propagated either by inoculation, by food, or by placing infected worms among healthy ones. Having gained a thorough knowledge of the disease, he showed what methods should be adopted to prevent its further spread, and pointed out the remedy. By careful observa-tion it is possible to detect the healthy moths: if these are kept by themselves, there will be a stock of healthy eggs, and thus in course of time a new breed of healthy silk-worms may be introduced. In concluding the book which he has published on this subject, M. Pasteur mentions that in some colonies the mulberry-tree would flourish, and the cultivation of silk might there be taken up with advantage.

ART.

A Painting by Correggio rescued, - In the palaces of the kings of Spain there was on y one copy of Correggio, and there was therefore nothing in them to give up to the Museo del Rey. But the Escurial was able to supply this deficiency, as it had done in the works of Leonardo da Vinci. It has given to the museum one of the most beautiful as well as least known works of Correggio, This precious picture had been hidden under a cover of paint, with which it had been outrageously smudged, under pretence of veiling some very innocent nudities. Happily some one guessed what was concealed under this sacrilegious covering; it was removed skilfully, and now the picture of Correggio, which had been thus protected from the ravages of time, has assumed the fresh and brilliant coloring which three centuries would ne-cessarily have injured. The figures are half the size of life, and there is a landscape background; the subject is that usually known as the Noli me tangere, and represents the appearance of Jesus after His resurrection to Mary Magdalen. On her knees, her hands joined, her head cast down, the Magdalen drags her rich garments in the dust. The attitude of the Saviour, in whose hands the painter has placed a spade, is truly admirable, as also is the expression of His countenance. Nothing in the work of the pencil can surpass the execution of that fine figure, the soft tints and harmonious colors which stand out against the deep blue of the sky and the dark green of a thick foliage. This is a true and complete Correggio, a charming picture, which without possessing through its proportions and subject the importance of his great compositions in Parma or Dresden, yet yields in charm and value to none of the rare works of its immortal author.-From the Wonders of Italian Art.

The Athenaum says: Mr. Watts will probably contribute to the forthcoming exhibition in the

Dudley Gallery three works: 1, "Love repelling Death," which shows Death, a gigantic female figure, veiled in white, the back of which is towards us, pressing irresistibly but gently through the doorway of a house where lies a sick person. Love, a beautiful youth, naked, the shadow of the Indomitable falling on his form, struggles in vain, and with outstretched arms and many-tinted wings strives to bar the entrance against the intruder. 2, "Paolo and Francesa in the Infernal Regions," a new version of the subject, or rather a new treatment of it. 3, A Land-scape, consisting principally of a tall pine, the grace and grandeur of which are rendered most ad-Besides the sculptures by this artist to which we referred last week, he has a very important design in course of execution, being a colossal figure of Venus, as a type of perfect womanhood, gravely unveiling herself. We shall return to this work. Mr. Watts has likewise in hand a model for an equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, to be executed for the Marquis of Westminster, and erected in bronze at Eaton Hall. This statue represents the commander as if startled by the appearance of some of his Welsh foes, and reining in his horse sharply; a fine action, which is admirably supported by the design of the horse and the attitude of the rider, as, shading his eyes from sunlight, he looks fiercely forth, as one might think, along a mountain-side.

Restorations of English Cathedrals.—The enthusiasm for architecture in England does not abate; but it is still scholarly rather than productive, and spends its strength in restorations. Fifty thousand pounds sterling have lately been spent upon Worcester Cathedral, and the sixteen thousand now needed to complete it have just been collected almost without effort. A subscription is now circulating for the completion of St. Paul's, in London, after the original plans of Sir Christopher Wren, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand pounds will be enough, or nearly so, for the work. More than one-fourth of the sum is already obtained. Many other cathedrals are now undergoing restoration, among which those of Chester, Canterbury, Salisbury, and Exter are the best known to American travellers.—Putnam's Magasine.

One of the results of the Capture of Toul by the Prussians has been the discovery of the extent of the damage done by their artillery to the Cathedral. A writer, who evidently knows nothing of his subject, states that some of the famous stained-glass windows "have been smashed," and shows his ignorance by adding, that "they can be repaired." The most interesting part of this church is the western front, a superb example of delicate, though late, Gothic architecture, dating from the fifteenth century; the towers have been much injured in the delicate carvings of the octagonal lanterns, which characterize their summits. One of the most interesting parts of the church is its cloister: this appears to have suffered most of all.

An account of the present state of glass-making in Venice is to be found in the "Relazione dell' Industria Vetraria nel 1869," by Prof. Alberto Errera. At the Exhibition of Murano the experiment was tried of giving prizes, where it was possible, to individual workmen, and not to

the firms for whom they worked. This attempt to give greater emulation and independence to each artisan has been carried out in England in the present International Exhibition of Workingmen.

The Column of the Place Vendome, in Paris, is daily bombarded by indignant patriots, who demand that it shall be razed to the ground, and the metal of its statue and bas-reliefs melted down into cannon. The statue of Napoleon I., in the cocked-hat and great-coat, which used to be on its summit, and which was removed a few years ago to a pedestal at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, has been concealed to preserve it.

A Lottery of Works of Art has been established by the Munich Artists' Union, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the German "Invaliden-Stiftung," or Invalids' Association. Circulars have been issued to the artists of Germany, requesting contributions of works of art as prizes, and the Artists' Union of Hamburg has already promised to give a number of valuable paintings, estimated at \$5,000. The Munich Committee intend issuing one hundred thousand tickets, at seventy-five cents each.

It is announced that in Rome a commission has been appointed for the preservation of the libraries and museums of the Eternal City. Contrary to the experience of unfortunate Strasbourg, no harm is reported to have befallen the buildings and other works of art in Rome. Former accounts of ravage and destruction in Strasbourg are more than confirmed by those who have entered the desolated city.

M. C. Daly's Revue Générale de l'Architecture states that a new museum, to be called the Decaen Museum, has been endowed with 120,000L by the Comtesse Decaen, of Paris. The endowment comprises prizes for the students of the Académie, and scholarships, tenable for three years, and amounting to 160L per annum, for painters and sculptors, and for architects 120L per annum.

The Government Contributions to the six great theatres of Paris have been discontinued, and all the theatres have been closed by order of the police. The six theatres heretofore receiving Government aid were the Opera, the Comédie Franciaise, the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Lyrique, the Odéon, and the Théâtre Italien.

The famous Painting of "Bathsheba at the Bath," by Paris Bordone, formerly a chief ornament of the Fesch Gallery in Rome, has been bought for the Museum of Cologne.

A monument is to be erected to Ivan Fedovitch, the first Russian printer.

VARIETIES.

The Play at a Chinese Theatre.—I visited the Chinese Theatre, and was fortunate in being present on a benefit night, when the entertainment was wholly for Chinese. I was the only white man present, with the exception of a policeman in plain clothes. The play was so far intelligible in that it involved love and jealousy. The theatre was crammed, the actors who did not play in the piece

sitting on either side of the stage. There appeared to be an Emperor and his Queen, who quarrelled because of some attentions paid by the former to a young lady, who sang a song accompanied by a gong, bones, and a sort of fiddle. The Queen pulled the Emperor's beard, whereupon he beat her. Then came, gorgeously dressed, the Council of State, who drank tea from tiny cups with his But something went amiss, for the Majesty. Queen enlisted their services in her favor, and they pulled the Emperor about the stage by his hind legs. Then he sang a comic song, and the mandarins played at leap-frog. The play was followed by a tumbling performance, in which the chief feat of the tumblers was to jump off two tables, set one upon another, and fall flat upon their backs with a thud which ought to have broken their ribs, But they got up and did it again. The whole business was a caricature of a pantomime, in which all in turn were clowns and pantaloons. The audience appeared to be gratified, for they laughed The price for the whole theatre, exclusive of two boxes tenanted by Chinese aristocrats, was the same—half a dollar, and barbarous music was kept up throughout the performance.

Rejected Suitors.—No one can be infidel enough to doubt that ladies whose unlucky lot it is to reject the affections they have won, feel all the sympathy they profess for the sufferings of which they have been the cause. Yet, with its regrets and remorse, it is not in the most angelic feminine nature to be insensible to the glory of involuntary triumphs; to think, without some thrill of pleasure, on the sorrows of its victims. There are women, of course, who hunt down hearts for the sheer pleasure of the sport, and parade their bruised and bleeding trophies as a veteran Indian carries at his belt the scalps he has torn away in a score of razzias. We suspect there are few of the sex who can resist gratifying a pardonable vanity by taking some one into the secret of the tribute paid their fascinations; who have the strength of kindness to do the best they can for their lover next to accepting him, and consign to oblivion the episode he unpleasantly figured in. Unless an offer be so wild as to amount to an insult, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the gentleman may find comfort in thinking he has left pleasant memories with the lady to whose happiness he would have consecrated his life.— " Against Time," in Cornhill Magazine.

City Styles for our Country Cousins.—
There seems to be a constant tendency on the part of every kind of business to concentrate in large cities, and to avail itself more and more of mechanical agencies. The American Tea Company, by means of Uncle Sam's mail, has found customers in nearly every household in the land, and probably the larger number of commercial transactions to-day are carried on by telegraph. Even in the matter of clothing, which would seem in a peculiar degree to require personal contact and supervision, the cities bid fair to absorb the country custom, and to cause the rural tailors, like Othello, to find their "occupation gone." Several years ago Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, of this city, invented a plan of "self-measurement," by which persons living anywhere within reach of the

mails can have choice of as large a variety of goods, and have these goods made up in as fashionable style as if they were personally in New York. Profiting by experience, and encouraged by the favor with which the plan was received, Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR have perfected this method, until now the business of this department extends into every State and Territory in the Union, and even beyond the confines of our own land. Scores of orders are received every day, and we know of our own knowledge and from personal experience that the clothes thus made afford uniform satisfaction. So simple is the plan that a mistake can scarcely occur, but should one occur, it is always satisfactorily adjusted by the house.

Thus much for our rural readers. To those who are in the city, or who contemplate a visil, we would suggest, that Messrs. Freeman & Burr have as extensive show rooms, and as comprehensive a variety of goods, both ready-made and in the piece, as can be found in the city, while the reputation of their custom department is second to none. Commencing a few years ago in a modest way, the House has steadily risen in public favor, until at present it takes rank among the largest clothing establishments in New York. The ware-houses of Messrs. Freeman & Burr are at 138 & 140 Fulton street, where those who are beginning to shiver at the approach of winter would do well to call. Besides their large stock of clothing and piece goods, there is always on hand a fine assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, and Gents' Furnishing Goods generally.

The North American Lakes .- The following figures are given as the latest measurements of the great lakes-Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation above the level of the sea, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 390 miles; greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 270 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 8 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation 260 feet; area, 600 square miles. The length of all the five lakes is 1,584 miles, and they cover an area of upwards of 130,000 square miles.

Weather Warnings.—The British Board of Trade has published, for the benefit of seafaring men, the following remarks on the appearance of the sky: A rosy sunset presages fair weather, and a bright yellowish sky in the evening indicates wind, and a pale yellow, wet weather.—A neutral gray is a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. If the forms of the clouds are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; but if the edges are hard, sharp, and well-defined, it will be foul. Any deep unusual lines bounding the clouds betoken wind or rain, while quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

It seems to be generally conceded that the revision of our Authorized Version of the Bible, in accordance with the conclusions of modern Philology, will soon be commenced, and the periodical press is already much agitated with the subject. Our leading article from the Quarterly Review, though somewhat too rigidly conservative in tone, gives a temperate statement of the reasons which render this revision desirable; and is, moreover, a very excellent and satisfactory sketch of the past history of the English Bible.

Professor Müller's Lectures, of which the second appears in this number, have attracted much attention since the appearance of the June Ecizotic. A Southern gentleman has written to us to say that he has anticipated Professor Müller in these speculations and conclusions, in a work which he had ready for the press several years ago. It may be well to state, therefore, that these lectures do not contain the first statement by Professor Müller of the results of his investigations in this field, though it is the first time he has formulated them in a popular manner. Nor is the Professor the only one of the philologists who has given expression to these conclusions.

The Discourse of Professor Huxley, before the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association, will be read with the interest which attaches to every production of his pen; but the theme, and the occasion, and the gimpse which it affords of the methods by which the "dwellers in the extra Christian world of science try to distinguish truth from falsehood, in regard to some of the deepest and most difficult problems that beset humanity," give it an altogether exceptional timeliness and value.

There are other articles which are well worthy of notice, but we have not space to mention them.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—Volume XI. of the ECLECTIC, embracing the Nos. from January to June, 1870, both in green cloth and library style, is row ready.

The Volumes will be exchanged for Nos. on receipt of 75 cts. per vol. in cloth style, or \$1.25 in library style. Covers for binding supplied at 50 cts. per vol., or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

A FINE portrait of Corneille this month brings to a close the series of illustrious Frenchmen which was commenced with Louis XIV.

Our leading article in the present number is a neat and entertaining Essay upon the "lost art" of "Letter-Writing," showing what are its requirements, and who have been the most famous letter-writers of all ages. The paper upon "Father Arndt," the author of the German National Song, not only sketche the life of that great man, but gives an interesting survey of German politics in the time of Scharnhorst and Stein, when those agencies were just beginning to develop themselves which have built up the Frussia of to-day. In "Ruskin's Lectures on Art," the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke makes some fine criticisms upon Mr. Ruskin, and also upon the principles of Art.

To that small fraction of our readers who have criticised the stories which find place in the ECLECTIC (as in every other magazine published) we commend the article from Bluckwood, "On Fiction as an Educator." It is just, able, and temperate, and we believe its position to be invulnerable.

There are a large number of other papers which might be specially mentioned, but their titles and the subjects of which they treat will commend them to the attention of readers.

